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EDITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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WILLIAM ARCHER AND THE SURVIVAL OF PERSONALITY

By John Middleton Murry

ON December 20th last I received quite unexpectedly a long letter from William Archer, which struck me as singularly impressive, above all since I was almost a total stranger to him. When, on re-reading the letter, the full significance of the time and place of his writing came home to me, I said to myself : "William Archer is going to die : this is his spiritual testament."

I hastened to reply to the letter before it was too late. Hurriedly and incompletely I tried to tell him that my rejection of *personal* immortality was different, altogether different, from an acceptance of annihilation. This hasty letter of mine I have also reprinted below. Though I cannot prove the fact, I am reasonably certain that William Archer received my letter while he was still able to read it, for by the kindness of his brother, Mr. Joseph Archer, I received an empty envelope addressed to myself in a handwriting notably less firm than that of his original letter. I shall always believe that this envelope was intended to contain a reply to my reply.

William Archer's letter speaks for itself. I have added by way of explanation the passage from my book to which he refers.

27, Fitzroy Square, W.1,
December 19th, 1924.

Dear Mr. Murry,—

"I am really writing from a nursing home, where I am awaiting an operation to-morrow. This is my excuse for troubling you with a letter about your book *To the Unknown God* before I have had time to finish it. I shall scarcely finish it before the time fixed for the operation; and when I may be able to write after that, who can say?

"The book interests me greatly, though it deals with an order of experience to which I am a total stranger. For instance, on p. 75, the whole passage from 'What one feels to be true . . .' to the end of the paragraph conveys practically no meaning to me.* 'Truth,' as

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* The passage in question is the following:—

"That, it seems to me, is the obligation I have undertaken: to write and to publish what I feel to be true. Not what I *think* is true: I can make mistakes about that, without any consciousness of wrong. And where a mistake is a matter of indifference, at worst no more than a prick to an intellectual vanity, there the assertion is not worth making. What one feels to be true is quite another affair. Now the whole man is involved. If he is mistaken in his feeling for truth, the very roots of his being are troubled and torn. When through his whole being there comes a flash of sudden awareness of unity within him, and from some place that he scarcely knew leaps up a sense of knowledge and a sense of oneness in that which knows; when his deepest, unfamiliar self rises and takes possession of all that he is, body and mind and soul, and declares: *This is true,*—then, if he is wrong, it is disaster and dismay.

"Yet perhaps the man to whom that truly happens never can be mistaken. If his deepest, unfamiliar self has risen and taken possession and pronounced: *This is true*, perhaps indeed it *is* true, for ever and ever. For this mysterious judgment is pronounced first and foremost upon a man's own acts. Of a man's acts many are indifferent—even this also may be a mark of imperfection: were we more truly living, perhaps our smallest acts, having the self in its oneness directly behind them, would be no longer indifferent but vital—but as we are, many, nay most of our acts are indifferent. But a moment

I understand it, means the correspondence between an inward conception and an outward reality, and I cannot be satisfied with what may be called intuitional evidence, or evidence from desire or satisfaction. What reason have I for believing that the nature of things, if I could arrive at it, would be satisfactory to me?

"My purpose in writing, however, is not to raise such questions. I might or might not wish to raise them after having finished your book; but as yet I am only at the before-mentioned p. 75. My real wish is to suggest to you a sort of *caveat.*

"I understand from what I have read, and still more explicitly from the review in the *Times Literary Supplement,* that you totally and rather emphatically reject the idea of the survival of personality, of individual consciousness, after death. Now, I am myself very far from being convinced of any such survival; but my mental constitution forbids me to reject positive evidence on *a priori* grounds; and I hold the evidence on this point to be such as to leave it a *very* open question. If it is so, I suggest that any philosophy which builds on the idea of annihilation is necessarily incomplete and over-hasty. A grub who should construct a religion on the assumption that he could never be anything but a grub, would be rather nonplussed when he found himself a butterfly.

"If there is one thing I am certain of in this world, it is that there is *something* which we do not begin to understand behind the phenomena which we loosely describe as spiritualistic. Of course, there is often trickery, fraud and hysterical delusion behind them—I make every allowance for this element. I further

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comes when the whole being is awakened and on the alert: a crucial act is coming to birth. And on this judgment is pronounced. *This is right,* or *That is wrong;* and from that judgment there is no appeal."

admit the extremely unsatisfactory nature of the alleged 'communications' which 'come through.' They are trivial, commonplace, futile—they seem to rob death of its dignity, and discount the very idea of a future state. (I speak, of course, of ordinary communications alleged to come from recently deceased people. The outpourings of great men, from Socrates downwards, are manifest bunkum—mostly fraud, I fancy, though partly perhaps, due to sincere delusion.) Both on account of the poverty of the communications, and of the enormous antecedent difficulty of conceiving at what point of the evolutionary process the power of surviving the death of the body came into being, I am myself, as I said before, quite unconvinced of survival. But at the same time I am absolutely convinced, from repeated experience and observation, of the genuineness of a very great number of the phenomena, and of the crass stupidity of the men of science and others who simply denounce and refuse to study them. There is *something* there which science must, so to speak, fathom and assimilate, on pain of wilfully living in an incomplete universe. And a complete outline-picture of the universe is, I take it, as essential to the man of science as to the philosopher.

"It would take far too long to go into the nature of the evidence on which I base this opinion. You will, of course, suspect me of absurd credulity—but why should I be credulous? I have no strong desire for a survival which I cannot conceive, and which seems, on the evidence, to be most unalluring; and I have no shrinking, physical or sentimental, from the idea of annihilation. Only I have an instinct which impels me to include in my mental vision of the world whatever I believe to be *fact*, and to disregard *a priori* objections to things of which the evidence seems to me convincing. Now I have had many communications from a dead relative, under circumstances *absolutely*

excluding trickery or fraud, which can be explained, I think, only on one or other of three hypotheses :

" (1) That some part, at any rate, of his memory and intelligence survives.

" (2) That some more or less mischievous intelligences, of an order inconceivable to us, are able imperfectly to simulate the characters of the dead.

" (3) That certain living people have the most marvellous powers of getting at, and so to speak pumping, not only the supraliminal, but also the profoundly subliminal, memories of other living people.

" Now if either one of these hypotheses could be established it must enormously change our picture of the world.

" Hypothesis (2) I take to be the most difficult, not to say the absurdest of the three. It could be accepted only by a man violently prejudiced against the other two.

" Hypothesis (3) is the least upsetting to our preconceptions, for I suppose we all admit the reality of a certain measure of thought-reading. But to make the hypothesis work, we should have to conceive an almost *in*conceivable extension of the power ; and even then many of the phenomena would, I think, remain unaccounted for. If, however, this should ultimately prove to be the right hypothesis, it would point to the possibility of methods of communication between mind and mind, which, if developed, would revolutionize life.

" The reasons against Hypothesis (1)—some of them at any rate—I have stated above. But there is no denying that this is by far the simplest, most obvious hypothesis. The other two are to be regarded rather as last-resort methods of escape from it. And if Hypothesis (1) should establish itself—not necessarily as implying immortality, but at all events the survival (perhaps temporary) of certain elements in the human

personality—I presume that the bases of your philosophy, or religion, would be seriously disturbed.

"Forgive me if I touch upon matters that are painful to you. There are obviously very wide differences between our points of view and habits of thought; but in writing this letter I have assumed that we have in common a desire to be loyal to things-as-they-are, which I take to be synonymous with intellectual honesty.

"Should I emerge all right from to-morrow's ceremonies, I should be glad to meet you, and to tell you in some detail the facts on which I base my conviction that there is *something there,* and something of importance. Of course I am not going only on my own experiences, but on hundreds of others, which my own enable me (not uncritically) to accept.

"Yours sincerely,

"WILLIAM ARCHER.

"Written in bed."

To this letter I replied in these terms:—

"DEAR MR. ARCHER,—

"I sincerely hope that all has gone well with the operation.

"It is difficult for me to answer your letter fully in writing; a long conversation (which I hope we shall have) would be necessary. But on the point with which your letter is chiefly concerned, I would say this.

"You have been compelled to take my views on this matter of survival at second-hand. Unfortunately such questions as these are precisely those on which the 'reporter' (critic or not) invariably plays one false. It is true that I do not believe in *personal* immortality; but I do most strongly believe that something survives, and is immortal. . . .

"I most emphatically do not believe in annihilation. I have no fear of it, and for many years I did believe in it; but now I do not. But with equal emphasis I do not

believe in the immortality of this personality. You will find something of my belief if you read the essay at the end of my book called *Lost Secrets*. What precisely I do believe is very, very hard to express : but I think I could convey it to you in conversation.

" With regard to your difficulty concerning my criterion of *truth,* I can say only this. To me there are at least two kinds of certainty. For instance, the voice of conscience is just as *real* to me as the existence of the physical world. It is, for me, just as *true* that conscience exists, as that this paper on which I am writing exists. But these two existences are apprehended in a different way. So I conclude and firmly believe that there are two kinds of knowledge. I cannot escape this conclusion. If I try to avoid it, I find that, in spite of myself, my whole life is shaped by it. Therefore, in any final truth I must be able to include both these kinds of truth. The temptation is to neglect one for the other : I have tried to resist the temptation. That has led me into positions, and at last into certainties, which I find it extraordinarily difficult to express without becoming unintelligible or being misunderstood.

" Once more with every sincere wish for your speedy recovery,

" Yours very sincerely,

" J. MIDDLETON MURRY."

That letter was written in great haste, and its language in part is not my own. I had just been reading the manuscript of Mr. Henry King's article on " Newman and Sidgwick " which appeared in the February ADELPHI, and I used some sentences of Sidgwick which corresponded very closely with my own experience. To be more precise would have taken time which could not be wasted. That William Archer should receive my letter while he was able to read it was to me a matter of life and death. As I have said, I believe he received it, and read it, and prepared to reply.

Now I will try to say what I should have tried to say to William Archer if the meeting had taken place.

Murry: I believe in, I am convinced of, the immortality of the *soul*.

William Archer: But what *is* the soul? Does such a thing indeed exist?

Murry: I believe that it does exist, but I do not believe that its existence can be *proved*. For a long while, for many years, I did not believe that it existed. I knew nothing whatever about it. I had a body, I had a mind, but I had (so far as I could tell) nothing besides. Somehow that body and that mind co-existed, but in growing discord; and this discordant co-existence of two elements was all that I meant when I used the word "I." I said I knew this or that; it was my mind that knew: I said I did this or that; it was my body that did it. I had no self. I was conscious that I had no self. Therefore in all things I took the line of least resistance. In whatever I did I tacitly sought the approval of others, and lacking that I did not know whether what I was doing was right or wrong: it reached such a pass that I can truly say I needed the recognition of others to be secure of my own existence. And when I had reached this extreme condition of not-being, I remained there for many months.

William Archer: I am not *sure* that I know what you are talking about, but I think I have been in something of the same condition: it is painful.

Murry: It is terrible: it is a waste and stony place; it is the dark night of the soul.

William Archer: But can you speak of the soul? Its very existence is what you are going to persuade me of.

Murry: You are right. I must not speak of the soul. In this waste and stony place I knew nothing, except that what I desired was not. I desired to be myself,

and my self was not. I longed for truth, and all I knew was that the truth was not here or there. I did not long for a soul (though, perhaps, indeed I did, though I did not know it), because I did not know that such a thing could be. What I desired above all else, what I desired in all things that I desired, was *to be*. Simply that.

William Archer: I do not understand. But wait a moment: let me say I am not sure that I understand. How did you know that you were not?

Murry: That I cannot say: for it had taken me many years to learn, and I learned it as one grows, unconsciously. I found at length that I did not believe in myself, but in others' belief in me. That came to me very slowly; but when it came to me, it was an agony. On some days it seemed to me that I was struggling—and in vain—to be born, and that until I was born I could *know* nothing.

William Archer: But you knew a good deal, surely? Self or no self, that could make no difference to your knowledge.

Murry: It made all the difference in the world. "Though I have *all* knowledge and have not charity, I am nothing."

William Archer: I do not understand. What difference would "charity" make?"

Murry: In the Greek, you remember, charity is love. I was like a man who is an infinitesimal part of a great process. I knew the process; there were moments when I could see that it was a wonderful and beautiful process and I worshipped it (yes, worshipped it) in awe-struck adoration. Yet something in me was frozen. It was my mind which adored; but in my heart I rebelled against this monstrous and lovely tyranny to whose beauty must be sacrificed all that I prized and dreamed. I adored the beauty, but I did not love it.

William Archer: Do not be mystical. I shrink from mysticism.

Murry: I am simply trying to describe what I felt and was. Many men had felt it before me. Spinoza called this condition the *amor intellectualis dei*—the intellectual love of God.

William Archer: Of God?

Murry: So he said. But he was wrong. His was but a love of the outward and visible garment of God. His *amor intellectualis dei* had yet to become an *amor spiritualis dei*—that is what " charity " means.

William Archer: Can we not leave God out of it? Remember I have yet to be persuaded of his existence also.

Murry: I will try to leave God out; but do not misunderstand me: I did not say and do not believe that *he* exists.

William Archer: But surely you spoke of an " intellectual love of God," which, you said, had to be somehow changed into a " spiritual love of God." I can understand an attitude which could be called " an intellectual love " of a God who is not a person, although, as I say, I do not believe such a God exists; but I cannot attach any meaning to " a spiritual love " of a God who is not a person.

Murry: Perhaps it is only a word that troubles you: there is love of the body, as a man's for a woman, or a mother's for her son; there is love of the mind, as love of beauty or of justice or of truth; and there is love of the soul; but for the love of the soul there is no object but God, and there can be no love of the soul for any person. Indeed love can be predicated of the soul only by metaphor. That may be seen if we consider by what means the soul is born.

You will remember where and what I was: a mind and a body in a waste and stony place. This mind and body were not me: there was no *me*. I was now one, now the other, never a single and certain thing—save perhaps at fleeting moments when I was as it were

possessed by the strange beauty of words I could not understand, or moved beyond myself by the sight or sound of some harmony I could not grasp.

William Archer: That was ecstasy : you should have known it for what it was.

Murry: I did; nevertheless it haunted me. It seemed to whisper that there was indeed a condition—a something—that could be attained.

William Archer: A condition, *not* a something.

Murry: A condition, *and* a something. If I were to *be,* if that incessant discord within me were resolved, I should have attained *something.* Would not being itself be something?

William Archer: Why not an illusion?

Murry: If it were an illusion, it would not last. Illusions do not last. But I do not believe that I *thought* these things at that time. It is hard in remembering oneself not to interpret what was in terms of what is. I can vouch only for desolation, for longing, for a profound sense that I was not. *I longed to be.* I remember that I said those words to myself many times; but I can scarcely have known what I meant by them.

I had come to a point when I no longer believed in other's belief in me. What did it matter to me that they should believe in me, when I did not? Or of what profit that they should believe in my existence, when mere existence was worthless to me? But there was one person remaining who believed in me in a different way. I felt that she *saw* something in me that I could not see. I mean exactly what I say: I felt that she verily did see a *me* of whom I knew nothing. To him she spoke, and sometimes he answered. Am I becoming mystical? If so, I cannot help it, for I am trying faithfully to describe what was.

William Archer: Not more, and perhaps not less, than you have been hitherto.

Murry: It does not matter. I had come to the point

when all the *self* of which I knew was simply this woman's belief that such a self existed. Nothing more —nothing. The woman died.

Then I was alone, and there was no going back. The last straw at which I could clutch was gone, and I knew this had to be. I had to be stripped naked, and I was. I do not know how to describe this nakedness. You drown, and I cannot describe this drowning. All I know is that there is a point at which you do not struggle against it : you do not fight for life : you go down, down, with a sense of gladness and relief. The struggle is over. You go back, back into the dark from which you sprang.

William Archer : And then?

Murry : Then a spark is born, which is, and knows, and is your self and is something quite other than yourself. At the moment you are not, you are ; and that which you are not, you are. That is the birth of the soul ; and in knowing itself, it knows I AM THAT I AM, which is the name of the nameless God.

You shake your head. Is it indeed incomprehensible?

William Archer : I fear so : it means nothing to me.

Murry : But wait. Forget all that I have said, save only this : that the soul verily exists, that it is other than mind and body, that it is as it were the hidden meaning of them both, that it is man's purpose here on earth to attain his soul, that at the moment he attains his soul he knows that the soul exists out of time and space and belongs to another order of reality than any our body feels or our mind knows. Can you *conceive* that this should be true?

William Archer : Yes, I can conceive it.

Murry : Suppose it were true. Then it would be wrong, somehow vulgar and belittling, to speak of personal survival. The soul which is out of time and space eternally is, and therefore is impersonal. There is the eternal soul ; there is that in which the eternal

soul eternally exists, in another mode of being, which neither our senses nor our mind but our soul alone can comprehend. To seek to reimpose personality upon the soul which is the triumph over personality—that would be strange, would it not? Strange and futile and unworthy.

William Archer: If the truth were as you say, it would be so.

Murry: I put it before you as a hypothesis—to explain that "something there" of which you speak—that this may indeed be the goal and purpose of human life: to achieve a soul, here and now, but that this purpose is not always attained before death. (It can be attained before, I believe, only through a death in life.) But mortal death must come, and then it is attained. Suppose that mortal death is indeed such a nakedness and such a drowning as I have described—suppose that the spark of the soul is born in that darkness from which we sprang and to which we return, and that we do indeed put on this incorruptible—inevitably, without distinction of saint or sinner, wise man or fool, by the very fact of death—then would not your sense of "something there" be explained?

William Archer: Not explained, perhaps—yet perhaps indeed explained.

Murry: And if this should be true, as I believe it is true, then would not our business here on earth be to conquer the last enemy death through a death here in life, and not by seeking communication with the dead? They live indeed, but not with our life: they have paid the price for their souls, and for their entry into that incomprehensible mode of being which mankind has called God. Something *is* there. I believe it more strongly than you, but because I believe it, yes, and know it, I believe that to seek to compel that eternal and timeless being to re-enter this world once more is mistaken.

> We do it wrong, being so majestical,
> To offer it the show of violence.

William Archer: So you condemn effort at communication with the beyond.

Murry: I condemn nothing. I simply say that our effort should be to attain a condition and a knowledge whereby we should not even desire such communication, because we should know that it was impossible by such means. We shall conquer death only by dying; and if we die, whether in this life or at the end of it, we shall need no communication with the dead.

William Archer: But I have had such communication.

Murry: So have I, though I did not seek it. And it told me, as it told you, that there is "something there." But what more could it tell? What would you have it tell? That all is well? Would that be enough? And if it were not enough, would all indeed be well?

The knowledge that "something is there" may come to a man by many ways; but to know the something that is there—to that, I believe, there is but a single way.

TO READERS.—At the moment of going to press it was impossible to come to a final decision concerning the continuation of THE ADELPHI. Moreover, it has been made evident to me that very many regular readers of THE ADELPHI—probably a majority of them —cannot afford to take a direct subscription. I wish to assure such readers that they will be giving the magazine valuable support, and to me the knowledge necessary for a final decision, simply by ordering THE ADELPHI from their newsagent, provided that they order it immediately, so that I may quickly know the total number of such orders over and above the promises of direct subscription.

AN UNKNOWN FRIEND

By Ivan Bunin

October 7th, 19...

On this picture postcard with a grand and gloomy view of the shores of the Atlantic by moonlight, I hasten to write my warm thanks to you for your last book. This place—my adopted country—is the furthest point on the west coast of Great Britain, so you see from how very far one of your unknown friends sends you greetings. Be happy and God keep you.

October 8th.

Here is another view of the desolate country where I am destined to live for the rest of my life.

Yesterday in a terrible downpour of rain—it is always raining here—I went to the town on business; I happened to buy your book and was reading it all the way back to the house where we have been living for the last year on account of my health. It was almost dark with the rain and the clouds, the colour of the flowers and the trees in the garden was unusually bright, the empty train rushed along throwing out violent sparks and I read on and on feeling almost painfully happy, I do not know why.

Good-bye, thank you again. There is something else I want to tell you, but what? I do not know, I cannot define it.

October 10th.

I cannot resist writing to you again. I expect you receive too many letters of this sort. But then they are

the response of those very minds for whom you produce your work—so why shouldn't I write? You were the first to communicate with me by publishing your book, for everyone—and therefore for me—to read.

To-day, too, it has been raining ever since the morning; our garden is almost unnaturally green and it is half dark in my room; I have had a fire all day. There is much I would like to tell you, but you know better than anyone how difficult, almost impossible, it is to express oneself! I am still under the impression of *something* insoluble, incomprehensible, but beautiful which I owe to you—tell me, what is this feeling? What is it people experience when they surrender themselves to the influence of art? Is it the fascination of human skill and power? Is it the longing for personal happiness—a longing that is never extinguished in us and becomes particularly intense when something affects our senses—music, poetry, visual image, a scent? Or is it the joy of recognizing the divine beauty of the human soul, revealed to us by a few such as you, who remind one that this divine beauty does, after all, exist? It often happens to me to read something—even something horrible—and suddenly to say to myself, "Oh, how beautiful it is!" What does this mean? Perhaps it means that life is beautiful, in spite of all.

Good-bve, I will soon write to you again. I do not think there is anything improper in this, writing to authors is quite a recognized thing, isn't it? Besides, you need not read my letters . . . though, of course, I should be grieved if you did not.

At night.

Forgive me, perhaps it doesn't sound nice to say it, but I cannot help telling you: I am no longer young, I have a daughter of fifteen who looks quite grown up, but there was a time when I was not bad looking, I have not changed very much since then. . . . I do not want you to imagine me different from what I am.

AN UNKNOWN FRIEND

October 11th.

I wrote to you because I wanted to share with you the emotion which your talent caused me. It has the effect of melancholy and noble music. Why does one want to share things? I do not know, and you don't know either, but we both know quite well that this need of the human heart is ineradicable, that there is no life apart from it and that there is a great mystery in this. You, too, you know, write solely because of this craving, and indeed you give yourself up to it completely.

I have always read a great deal and kept diaries like all who are dissatisfied with life ; I had read some of your things, too, but only a few, though, of course, your name was familiar to me. And then came this new book of yours. . . . How strange it is ! A hand far away writes something, a mind shows the tiniest glimpse of its hidden life—for what can words express, even your words !—and suddenly space and time and difference in destinies seem to vanish and your thoughts and feelings become mine, become common to us. Truly there is only one single soul in the world. Don't you understand then my impulse to write to you, to express something, to share something with you, to complain? Are not your books exactly the same thing as my letters to you? You, too, say things to someone, you send your lines to some unknown friend out there in the distance. You, too, complain for the most part, you know, for complaining, or in other words, asking for sympathy is the most essential characteristic of man. How much of it there is in songs, in prayers in poems, in declarations of love !

Perhaps you will answer me, if only with two words? Do !

October 13th.

I am writing to you again in my bedroom at night. An absurd desire torments me to tell you something that it is so easy to call naïve and that cannot in any case be expressed adequately. It really comes to very little—

only that I feel very sad, very sorry for myself, and yet that I am happy in this sadness and in being sorry for myself. I am sad to think that I am in a foreign land, at the furthest edge of Western Europe, at a strange house in the midst of the autumn darkness and the sea mist that stretches right out to America. I am sad to be alone not only in this cosy and charming room but in the whole world. And the saddest thing of all is that you, whom I have invented and from whom I already expect something, are so infinitely far from me and so unknown and alien to me in spite of anything I may say—and are so right to keep aloof. . . .

In reality everything in the world is beautiful—even this lampshade and the golden glow of the lamp, and the glistening white linen on my bed, and my dressing gown, and my foot in the slipper and my thin hand below the wide sleeve. And one feels infinitely sorry : what is the good of it all? All will pass, all is passing and all is in vain—just as my everlasting expectation of something which takes with me the place of life.

Write to me, I beg you. Just two or three words, simply so that I might know that you hear me. Forgive my insistence.

October 15th.

This is our town, our cathedral. The deserted rocky beach—the view on the first postcard I sent you—lies further north. The town and the cathedral are black and gloomy. Granite, slate, asphalt and rain, rain. . . .

Yes, write to me briefly, I quite understand that you can have nothing but two or three words to say to me and believe me, I will not mind in the least. But do write!

October 21st.

Alas, there is no letter from you. And it is already a fortnight since I first wrote to you.

But perhaps the publisher has not yet forwarded my letters to you? Perhaps you are taken up with urgent work, with social engagements? It would be a great pity, but it is better to believe this than to think that you have simply taken no notice of my entreaties. It wounds me to think this. You will say I have no claim on your attention and that, therefore, there can be no question of my being wounded. But is it true that I have no claim on you? Perhaps I have, since I have a certain feeling for you? Has there ever existed a Romeo who did not claim reciprocity, even if he had not the slightest ground for it, or an Othello who had not a right to be jealous? They both say "If I love you, how can you not love me, how can you be false to me?" This is not a mere desire for love, it is much deeper and more complex. If I love someone or something, it is already mine, it is in me . . . I cannot explain it to you clearly, I only know that this is what people have always felt, and it seems to me that there is something very profound in it. Everything in the world is wonderful and incomprehensible. . . .

But be that as it may, still there is no answer from you and I am writing to you again. I invented all of a sudden that you are in some way near to me—though, again, is it a mere invention on my part? I came to believe my own fancy and began writing to you persistently and I already know that the longer I go on with it the more necessary it will be to me, because some bond will be growing up between you and me. I do not picture you to myself, I do not see your physical form at all. To whom do I write then? To myself? But it does not matter I, too, am you.

And yet—do answer me!

October 22nd.

It is a lovely day to-day, I feel lighthearted, the windows are open and the warm air and the sunshine make

one think of Spring. This is a queer country! In the summer it is wet and cold, in winter and autumn—wet and warm, but now and again there are such lovely days that one wonders whether it is winter or Italian Spring. Oh, Italy, Italy, and myself at eighteen, my hopes, my happy trustfulness, my expectations on the threshold of life which lay all before me, bathed in a sunny haze like the hills, the valleys and the flowering orchards round the Vesuvius! Forgive me, I know that all this is anything but new, but what do I care?

At Night.

Perhaps you have not written to me because I am too abstract for you? Then here are a few more details about me. I have been married for sixteen years. My husband is French, I met him one winter in the French Riviera, we were married in Rome and, after a wedding trip through Italy, settled here for good. I have three children, a boy and two girls. Do I love them? Yes, but not like most mothers whose whole life is in their children and their home. While my children were little I looked after them and shared all their games and occupations, but now they no longer need me, and I have a great deal of leisure, which I spend in reading. My own people are far away, our lives have lain apart, and we have so little in common that we seldom write to each other. Because of my husband's position I have to go out a great deal, to pay calls and receive people, to go to dances and dinner parties. But I have no intimate friends. I am different from the women here, and I do not believe in friendship between men and women.

But enough about me. If you answer this letter, say something about yourself. What are you like? Where do you live? Do you like Shakespeare or Shelley, Goethe or Dante, Balzac or Flaubert? Are you fond of music, and of what kind of music? Are you married?

Are you bound by an old tie of which you are weary, or are you just betrothed and still at that tender and beautiful stage when everything is new and joyous, when as yet there are no tormenting memories that deceive one into believing in a happiness that one missed and passed by?

Write to me if you can.

November 1st.

There is no letter from you. What agony! Such agony that sometimes I curse the day and the hour in which I ventured to write to you.

And the worst of it is that there is no way out. I may assure myself as much as I like that there will be no letter, that I have nothing to expect, and yet go on expecting it: for how can I be sure that it will really not come? Oh, if only I knew for certain that you will not write! Even that would make me happy. But no, no, hope is better! I hope, I wait!

November 3rd.

There is no letter, and my misery continues, though really it is only the morning hours that are bad. I dress very slowly with unnatural composure, my hands cold with secret anxiety; I come down to breakfast and give a music lesson to my daughter, who practises with such diligence, sitting at the piano charmingly straight, as only girls of fifteen can do. At midday the post comes at last, I rush to it, find nothing—and grow almost calm till the following morning.

This is a lovely day again. The autumn sun is shining brightly and softly. Many trees in the garden are bare and black, the autumn flowers are in blossom, and unutterably beautiful is the fine blue haze in the valley beyond, seen through the branches of the trees. And there is gratitude in my heart, I do not know to whom and what for. What for, indeed? I have nothing, and nothing to look forward to. . . . And yet,

is it true that I have nothing, once there is this heart-melting feeling of gratitude?

I am grateful to you, too, for having given me the chance to invent you. You will never know me, you will never meet me, but in this, too, there is much melancholy charm. And perhaps it is a good thing that you do not write to me, that you haven't written me a single word, and that I do not visualize you at all. Could I have written to you and felt about you as I do now if I had known you or had a letter from you? You would then certainly have been different, certainly have been a little worse, and I would not have felt so free in writing to you.

It is growing cool, but I do not shut my window, I keep gazing at the blue mist over the hills and valleys beyond the garden. And that blue is painfully beautiful —painfully because one feels that one ought to do something with it—but what? I do not know. We know nothing!

November 5th.

This is like a diary, and yet it is not one, for I have a reader now, if only an imaginary one.

What is it that impels you to write? A desire to tell a story or to express yourself, even indirectly? The second, of course. Nine-tenths of writers, even of the most renowned ones, are merely story-tellers and have really nothing in common with that which deserves the name of art. And what is art? Prayer, music, the song of the human soul. . . . Ah, if only I could leave behind me a few lines just to say that I, too, have lived, loved, rejoiced, that in my life, too, there had been youth, spring, Italy . . . that there is a remote country on the shores of the Atlantic where I live and love, expecting something even now . . . that there are in this ocean wild and barren islands and people, poor and savage, whose obscure language, origin, and destiny no one knows or ever will know. . . .

I am still waiting for your letter. It is an *idée fixe* with me now, a kind of mental disease.

November 7th.

Yes, it is all very wonderful. There is, of course, no letter. And would you believe it—because there is no letter, no answer from a man whom I have never seen and never shall see, no response to my voice calling to a dream in the unknown distance, I have a feeling of terrible loneliness, of the world being terribly empty, empty, empty!

And again there is rain, fog, the usual workaday weather. And it is a good thing indeed, all is just as it should be. It calms me.

Good-bye, may God forgive you your cruelty. Yes, after all, it is almost cruel.

November 8th.

Three o'clock, but it is quite dusk because of the rain and the fog.

At five we have people coming to tea. They will come in their motors in the rain from the gloomy town, which in wet weather seems blacker than ever, with its wet black asphalt, wet black roofs, and the black granite cathedral whose spire is lost in the rain and the mist.

I am dressed and seem to be waiting to come before the footlights. I am waiting for the moment when I shall be saying all that one is supposed to say, will be kind, solicitous, lively, and only slightly pale—which is natural in this awful weather. In these clothes I seem younger, I feel as though I were my daughter's eldest sister, and I am ready to burst into tears at any moment. After all, I have been through a strange experience, something like love. For whom? Why? There is no understanding it, but it is so.

Good-bye, I expect nothing now—I say this quite firmly and sincerely.

November 10th.

Good-bye, my unknown friend. I end my unanswered letters as I began them—with gratitude. I thank you for making no response. It would have been worse if you had. What could you have said to me? And at what point could we, without awkwardness, have broken off our correspondence? And what could I have found to say to you, except what I have said already? I have nothing more—I have said everything. In truth, about every human life one can only write two or three lines. Yes, only two or three lines.

With a strange feeling—as though I had lost someone—I remain alone again, with my home, the misty ocean close by, that everyday life of autumn and winter. And I return again to my peaceful diary, though why I need it—or why you need to write—God alone knows.

I dreamt of you a few days ago. You were somehow strange and silent, and I could not see you in the dark corner of the room where you were sitting. And yet I did see you. But even in my sleep I wondered how I could dream of one I have never seen in my waking life. Only God creates out of nothing. And it felt uncanny, and I woke up frightened and with a heavy heart.

In another fifteen or twenty years probably neither you nor I will be in this world. Till we meet in the next! Who can be certain that it does not exist? Why, we do not understand even our own dreams, the creatures of our own imagination. But is it our own imagination—those things which we call our fancies, our inventions, our dreams? Is it our own will we obey when we strive towards this or that soul, as I strove towards yours?

Good-bye. And yet, no—till we meet.

Authorized translation by Nathalie A. Duddington.

MONTESENARIO

By Aldous Huxley

It was March and the snow was melting. Half wintry, half vernal, the mountain looked patchy, like a mangy dog. The southward slopes were bare ; but in every hollow, on the sunless side of every tree, the snow still lay, white under the blue transparent shadows.

We walked through a little pinewood ; the afternoon sunlight breaking through the dark foliage lit up here a branch, there a length of trunk, turning the ruddy bark into a kind of golden coral. Beyond the wood the hill lay bare to the summit. On the very crest a mass of buildings lifted their high sunlit walls against the pale sky, a chilly little New Jerusalem. It was the monastery of Montesenario. We climbed towards it, toilsomely ; for the last stage in the pilgrim's progress from Florence to Montesenario is uncommonly steep, and the motor must be left behind. And suddenly, as though to welcome us, as though to encourage our efforts, the heavenly city disgorged a troop of angels. Turning a corner of the track we saw them coming down to meet us, by two and two in a long file ; angels in black cassocks with round black hats on their heads—a seminary taking its afternoon airing. They were young boys, the eldest sixteen or seventeen, the youngest not more than ten. Flapping along in their black skirts they walked with an unnatural decorum. It was difficult to believe, when one saw the little fellows at the head of the crocodile, with the tall Father in charge striding along at their side, it was difficult to believe that they were not masquerading. It seemed

a piece of irreverent fun; a caricature by Goya come to life. But their faces were serious; chubby or adolescently thin, they wore already an unctuously clerical expression. It was no joke. Looking at those black-robed children, one wished that it had been.

We climbed on; the little priestlings descended, out of sight. And now at last we were at the gates of the heavenly city. A little paved and parapeted platform served as landing to the flight of steps that led up into the heart of the convent. In the middle of the platform stood a more than life-sized statue of some unheard-of saint. It was a comically admirable piece of eighteenth-century baroque. Carved with coarse brilliance, the creature gesticulated ecstatically, rolling its eyes to heaven; its garments flapped around it in broad folds. It was not, somehow, the sort of saint one expected to see standing sentinel over the bleakest hermitage in Tuscany. And the convent itself—that, too, seemed incongruous on the top of this icy mountain. For the heavenly city was a handsome early baroque affair with *settecento* trimmings and additions. The church was full of twiddly gilt carvings and dreadfully competent pictures; the remains of the seven pious Florentines who, in the thirteenth century, fled from the city of destruction in the plain below, and founded this hermitage on the mountain, were coffered in a large gold and crystal box, illuminated, like a show-case in the drawing-room of a collector of porcelain, by concealed electric lights. No, the buildings were ludicrous. But after all, what do buildings matter? A man can paint beautiful pictures in a slum, can write poetry in Wigan; and conversely he can live in an exquisite house, surrounded by masterpieces of ancient art and yet (as one sees almost invariably when collectors of the antique, relying for once on their own judgment, and not on tradition, "go in for" modern art) be crassly insensitive and utterly without taste. Within certain limits,

environment counts for very little; it is only when environment is extremely unfavourable that it can blast or distort the powers of the mind. And however favourable, it can do nothing to extend the limits set by nature to a man's ability. So here, the architecture seemed impossibly incongruous with the bleak place, with the very notion of a hermitage; but the hermits who lived in the midst of it, are probably not even aware of its existence. In the shade of the absurd statue of San Filippo Benizi a Buddha would be able to think as Buddhistically as beneath the Bo tree.

In the grounds of the monastery we saw half a dozen black-frocked Servites sawing wood—sawing with vigour and humility, in spite of the twiddly gilding in the church and the *settecento* bell tower. They looked the genuine article. And the view from the mountain's second peak was in the grandest eremitic tradition. The hills stretched away as far as the eye could reach into the wintry haze, like a vast heaving sea frozen to stillness. The valleys were filled with blue shadow, and all the sunward slopes were the colour of rusty gold. At our feet the ground fell away into an immense blue gulf. The gauzy air softened every outline, smoothed away every detail, leaving only golden lights and violet shadows floating like the disembodied essence of a landscape, under the pale sky.

We stood for a long time looking out over that kingdom of silence and solemn beauty. The solitude was as profound as the shadowy gulf beneath us; it stretched to the misty horizons and up into the topless sky. Here at the heart of it, I thought, a man might begin to understand something about that part of his being which does not reveal itself in the quotidian commerce of life; which the social contacts do not draw forth, spark-like, from the sleeping flint that is an untried spirit; that part of him, of whose very existence he is only made aware in solitude and silence. And if there happens to be no

silence in his life, if he is never solitary, then he may go down to his grave without a knowledge of its existence, much less an understanding of its nature or realization of its potentialities.

We retraced our steps to the monastery and thence walked down the steep path to the motor. A mile further down the road towards Pratolino, we met the priestlings returning from their walk. Poor children! But was their lot worse, I wondered, than that of the inhabitants of the city in the valley? On their mountain top they lived, under a tyrannous rule, they were taught to believe in a number of things manifestly silly. But was the rule any more tyrannous than that of the imbecile conventions which control the lives of social beings in the plain? Was snobbery about duchesses and distinguished novelists more reasonable than snobbery about Jesus Christ and the Saints? Was hard work to the greater glory of God more detestable than eight hours a day in an office for the greater enrichment of the Jews? Temperance was a bore, no doubt; but was it so nauseatingly wearisome as excess? And the expense of spirit in prayer and meditation—was that so much less amusing than the expense of spirit in a waste of shame? Driving down towards the city in the plain, I wondered. And when, in the Via Tornabuoni we passed that well-known pillar of Anglo-American-Florentine society, Mrs. Thingumy, in the act of laboriously squeezing herself out on to the pavement through the door of her gigantic limousine, I suddenly and perfectly understood what it was that had made these seven rich Florentine merchants, seven hundred years ago, abandon their position in the world, and had sent them up into the high wilderness to live in holes at the top of Montesenario. I looked back; Mrs. Thingumy was waddling across the pavement into the jeweller's shop. Yes, I perfectly understood.

AT NIGHT

By Frances Cornford

THIS is your nursing-mother—this is sleep,
And milk of darkness. Dedicated lie
With graspless hands. Or is this the bottom of the sea?
Now let my fancy wander a little while,—
I am a rock a thousand fathoms sunk,
Dark and for ever immobile. My thoughts
Like droves of silvery soundless fish appear
And visit me, and pass, who wave-lapped lie.

When I was a child, I used to think the elves
So curled round safely in the centre of flowers.
White, perfect-petalled roses lapped them round
Through all night's darkness; with the light they woke
And shook the pollen from their heads, and danced
On tippity toes.
Or next I am that Princess
I dreamed in youth, with eyes like hazel pools,
And gold-encircled head. She has left the lawns
Where peacocks with their furled embroidered tails
Sleep on the balustrades; left far behind
Lit galleries and gallants, lutanists,
And long-curled princes with their captured eyes,
She has laid aside her green embroideries
And with long fingers lifted off her crown,
And won this wealth of solitude. Yet she
So lovely, lying in her silken sheets,
Is not more safe than I am.

I am safe
As all wild creatures. In their burrows deep,
Rooty and dark the furrèd rabbits lie
Safe till to-morrow's dewy, nibbling dawn—
And somewhere unimaginably far
Striped tigers with their sleep-enchanted paws
In Eastern caverns.
Why, I am so safe
That if an ichthyosaurus came outside
In the bright moon, and with soft primitive nose
Snuffed at the window-pane, I should not care!
I should not care though all the garden filled
With monsters humping to the star-strewn sky;
I am too remotely safe in this dark bed.

I think my bed is a fortress on a rock.
Now faintly, as I lie unreachable,
I hear the wash and roar of the waves of care,
I hear the retreating shingle of desire
Pour away—far off. O, this falling night!
O, this dark dew, this balm! O, undeserved
Coming to me, the haggard, as to a child,
A child with sealed eyes, innocent as a flower
Enwrapped with wisdom—what strange wisdom is it?
Hearing with tender ears—what soundless truth?

O, even as a child, that wisdom and truth I crave,
My sustenance and peace. In the chaos of day,
On far to-morrow's shore, I am lost alone,
Rootless and jangled. Pour them, too, on me
—Even as the splendour of the whole sea stays
With one beglistened pebble on the beach—
Now, as my phantasies foldward drift, like sheep—
Bestow them on me, O my mother, Sleep!

WHY CHRISTIANITY FAILS

By T. A. Bowhay

THERE are many reasons for the apparent weakness of Christianity, or for what is the same thing, the failure of Christians. That we need not be surprised at it is easily seen, when we consider another similar failure. Thousands, not only of the poorer classes, with whom the pressure of material needs makes it somewhat excusable, but of the classes whose time is more at their own disposal, and with whom the failure is almost without excuse, go through the process of education without showing any signs, in later years, of the result in themselves which it is the object of education to produce. The end of education is to arouse, into an activity corresponding to their proper nature, all the intellectual powers of man, so that an educated person should know not only what they are, but also how to control and apply them, that he may by his own efforts cultivate and develop them to their complete capacity. Generally, the result of education is that the educated man, except in what is technical and so mechanical, never does anything so well as the uneducated, whence has arisen the proverb about the value of mother-wit, and the opinion to which most people appear to be coming, that the value of school is not the training of the mind, but the production of moral character. To a vast extent, intellectual training is a failure as Christianity is also a failure. Intellectual training appeals to a lower side of human nature than Christianity does, and for that reason its failure is the more remarkable. Both failures, however, are due to the same cause.

Intellectual training and Christianity both appeal to the inner nature of man, that side of man to which his senses supply material to be used, but do not in any way contribute towards the activity of the powers which make use of those materials, those powers being born in him, and working according to their own mode of action. Science has succeeded because scientific men have learnt the lesson which those engaged in intellectual and Christian teaching have got to learn. The lesson is that man cannot create. He can call no material into existence, and can originate no mode of action. All existence and all possibilities of existence have been already determined before man comes into contact with them. They are ; and he must find them out.

As far as existence and the possibilities of it are concerned, all that man can do is to discover them. Scientific men have recognised this with regard to what is stupidly called nature, but should rather be called natural facts. I say stupidly called nature, since so to call it, is to personify that which is not a person. People say, " nature does so and so," when all they have the right to say is, " so and so is a natural fact " ; but why so and so is a natural fact is an inquiry very different from the inquiry as to the actions of the facts, so different, indeed, that the facts themselves give no hint whatever of the answer to it. When scientific men have dealt with the question, why, and have sought to confine the answer to what has been only a restatement of the facts, they have been guilty of the greatest absurdity, as the best of them have learnt to recognise. Their real greatness consists in their appreciation of the truth that existences and their possibilities are facts already determined, and that therefore man cannot create. He can combine, and his combinations often appear like creations ; they never are so. Intellectual teachers and Christian teachers have yet to learn the lesson.

It was reasonable that scientific men should learn it first, the material they deal with is more palpable, and its independence of man more easily evident. In intellectual and Christian teaching it is man who is being used as material to be operated upon, and all men are so conscious of their own mutability, that it could not be expected they would discover their own fixed nature before they discovered that everything in the world around them was predetermined in power and modes of operation. Intellectual teachers and Christian teachers have to learn, then, this lesson, that all existences, natural, intellectual, and spiritual, alike, are fixed and predetermined in their essential power or powers, in their possibilities, their modes of operation, tendencies, in whatever, in short, constitutes their reality. Now, hitherto, very few intellectual or Christian teachers have remembered this, and therefore have failed in their work and must continually fail, till they do remember it, and act in the same way as men of science have acted.

I said it was easier to recognise the fixed nature of the world about us, than to recognise the fixed character of man's intellectual and spiritual nature. Besides every one's consciousness of his own mutability, such a recognition of men's predetermination has been hindered by the doctrine of free will, the ordinary explanation of which is a mischievous one, that it is man's power of choice. The power of choice is not that of free will, but that which can develop into free will. Free will does not have to choose, when it has come to be able to act, it spontaneously sees before it only one thing to do, and does it, not compelled by any so-called reason or motive. It has been hindered also by man's wonderful adaptability, the plasticity which enables men to call into existence the large variety of occupations in which they are engaged. It is unnecessary, however, to think of all the hindrances which have stood in man's

way, they may be summed up in one description. Right throughout his history it has been true of man, that the things which should have been for his advantage have been to him an occasion of falling. Christianity could have been of infinite service to man, and it is terrible to think of the evil it has done, through the teaching of many which has made the thought of another life the great enemy of this one, as if God could possibly have placed man in this life to think only of the next. It serves little, however, to remember the mistakes of our predecessors, though we cannot forget that our present difficulties are due in great measure to their errors. One great purpose of life is not to observe mistakes but to correct them.

I have spoken of natural facts, of intellectual facts, and of spiritual facts. How are they distinguished?

A natural fact is one which does not know and cannot control its mode of operation. An intellectual fact is one which knows and can control its mode of operation. A spiritual fact is one which can know itself as a fact, but is ignorant of its mode of operation, and consequently can in no way control it. A natural fact has no self; an intellectual fact has a self which it can control; a spiritual fact has a self, but cannot control it.

A scientific man is a combination of natural and intellectual facts, and it is this which gives him a seeming superiority over a spiritual man. He has an assurance of knowledge in and through his own power which the other cannot have of his own power. It is, however, only a seeming superiority, being rather a very great inferiority. The scientific man deals with fixed facts, and intellectual facts, and therefore can always be certain of the extent of his knowledge, and not only that, he can produce the facts for the examination of another, who can acquire the same certainty by the use of the same means as the first. This very certainty, while it is the source

of an apparent power, is at the same time an unmistakable evidence of the very limited nature of what is being handled. There is such a wonderful relationship between natural facts (the world of nature) and intellectual facts (the soul of man), that by his examination of natural facts, man not only learns to know what are the intellectual facts of his psychic nature, but also whenever he is confronted by a difficulty in his endeavour to reach the essential nature of the world around him, he always finds a means to overcome that difficulty by a reliance on the native energy of his own intellectual vigour. His very consciousness of the difficulty is due to his own energy. The natural facts do not make the difficulty, they are always the same. His intellectual nature is such, that in his examination of those facts he is always conscious of something which lies behind the position to which he has attained. His knowledge at any given time is like a veil which hides from him more than it reveals, and he cannot rest until he has made that veil transparent or has pierced beyond it, only again to be confronted with another curtain. Continued success convinces him he can trust to his own powers, and he can imagine no limitation by which his inquiry can be brought to an end, until he has reached a root from which all things have come.

What, then, is the result of all this labour, the end of this continual examination of the world about him? In a word, it is knowledge, that is to say, man can describe to himself, according to his own intellectual methods of description, the whole of the natural facts with which he can come into contact, the whole of the inferior nature about him, inferior because it could in no way aid him in his examination, it could only be, and what was more than being depended entirely on the intellectual powers of man. Supposing, then, man has acquired all such knowledge ; what is its value?

But it is not only true he has gained a knowledge

of inferior facts, he has also learnt to know what his powers are, and how to use them, as far as inferior nature is concerned, and he may have learnt how to employ them for his own wonderful pleasure and happiness, in art, literature, philosophy—in a word he may have come into the possession of himself intellectually. What then?

All that he has so long and so laboriously striven to discover is nothing new, it has been in existence all the way through; it was there all the time. He has his knowledge, indeed; the world of facts is not altered one iota thereby, nor is he in himself changed in the smallest degree, except that he knows what he did not know. To what serves his knowledge?

He knows the world of natural facts, and he knows the sum of intellectual facts, which constitute himself; he knows himself, and what is the value of himself to himself? He is, in this employment of himself, an absurd paradox. He is like a shadow which all along had been what it was seeking to discover. Can anything more ludicrous be imagined? The end of human intellect is to be able to discover that all along it has been what it has toiled so wearily to find out! Self knowing itself, and in the end the same self which it was in the beginning. Such is human life, if natural facts, and intellectual facts, are the only facts in existence. There is no meaning in it at all; no value to be attached to it all; it and all its operations are the absurd folly which all intellect has declared it, when intellect has credited its own conclusions.

Thus it is that the apparent superiority of scientific men, which they owe to the certainty of their conclusions, and to their ability to convince others, issues finally in the perception of the worthlessness and folly of all they do, if it stands alone.

Happily for man, there are spiritual facts in existence. Life does not depend on knowledge. A man

may be ignorant of all the knowledge in the world, and live a perfectly happy and reasonable human life; it may be even a more happy and reasonable life as he is the more ignorant. The great difference between men with knowledge and those without it, is principally in the use of the implements they employ, and the subjects of their thoughts. It is a part of everyday experience, as a rule, that an ignorant man is much more a man than the so-called educated men of the same level of life, with more character, more self-reliance, and more to be depended on in an emergency. It is also an assured historical fact that, when knowledge has reached a certain point, nations and empires have declined. The uneducated Romans overcame the learned Greeks, became their scholars, and were ruined by that which they had deemed it so excellent to receive. Stagnation or ruin has always followed general education. That man does well without knowledge is because of the existence of the facts. The natural facts of the world are the same now, when man knows so much of them, as they were a thousand years ago, when he knew so little of them; and so far as they can influence man, because he is also one of them, they do so in spite of his ignorance or knowledge. A man's food feeds him equally well, although he may know nothing of the constituents of it scientifically, as it feeds the most learned; generally better. The intellectual facts of man's life were the same thousands of years ago, when he knew so little of the world of natural facts, and consequently so little of the intellectual ones, as they are now when his knowledge of the external world is grown extensive, and he is much more aware of what he is in his soul. All men, however ignorant they may be, as far as they are men, and merely because they are men, act reasonably, and do not become reasonable by the knowledge they acquire of what their reason is. It is

only because they are rational, and as far as they are rational, that they can discover what reason is.

Man's ignorance of natural facts in no way interferes with their operations, and his ignorance of intellectual facts does not prevent their operation. It is the same with spiritual facts. Man may know nothing of them, but so far as they are spiritual facts they will be operative, and although men may not have been conscious of it, they may have been a very influential element in the life of humanity. It cannot have been accidental that scientific progress was first established where Christianity had most power. The subtle and active intellect of neither Hindoo nor ancient Greek, though the remains of their thought frequently baffles the keenest intellect of the West, set them on the road to a true conception of science. The learning of Egypt was great, but it passed away. The mind of India reached its highest in the doctrine of Maya, that is, that all appearance, and consequently all knowledge (since that depends on appearance) is illusion. The philosophy of the Greek could not preserve him from a shameful and ignominious end. We have before us two historical facts ; keenness of intellect and its advanced cultivation, without even a dream of true spirituality, ending in hopelessness or in degradation ; comparative dullness of intellect, with a conception of true spirituality (a very imperfect conception indeed) with the result of a marvellous scientific progress. It is a logical law that the difference in the cause is that which produces the difference in the effect. Hence it is permissible to conclude that the influence of the conception of true spirituality, imperfect as it was, was the real cause of scientific progress.

What then is the nature of spiritual facts?

It is that they are facts over and above man's intellectual nature, of which he can know, but which he cannot control. They are not facts like those of the outer

world, which appeal to man's senses, and to which one man, not deficient, may direct the attention of another man, not deficient, and be sure the second will perceive what he himself has perceived; spiritual facts cannot be observed by one man at the suggestion of another. Nor are they facts like those of the intellectual world, which one man may assist another to perceive and comprehend by a proper course of intellectual training; spiritual facts cannot be revealed to another by any intellectual process of discipline. Spiritual facts can in no way be controlled by man.

He who knew most of the spirit has said: "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit." That is spiritual action, creation. A man finds a spiritual fact, when he finds a fact which has not grown out of any other fact which he has been or is; he knows it is what he was not; in knowing it he is more than he was, not because that which was dormant has awaked, nor because the undeveloped has become developed, nor because the potential in him has become the actual, but because that which was not in him is in him. He is born again. He was in darkness, and now is in light. He knows that this which he has is as real as any other possession of his, but that it differs from all other possessions; it possesses him, and for this reason man can be certain there is that which is higher than he. He can in no way reveal it to another. But it is as certain to the one who has it, as anything else is of which he is aware.

It is this which is nearly always forgotten, and it is the chief cause of the weakness of Christianity, as it is to a similar one that the failure of education is due.

(*To be concluded.*)

SYLVIA

(An Idyll)

By William Gerhardi

I.

It was evening. I played that voluptuous bit from the *Liebestod* in *Tristan,* and Sylvia sat by and listened, absorbed. From the open window the moon swam out exactly as in romance, causing me to remember that I was not Hamlet but Romeo. I played louder and louder, till suddenly the door opened and the maid said :

" Your aunt asks you to stop playing, as she has a *migraine.*"

" Come out on the balcony," Sylvia said.

" Ha, ha ! High-heeled shoes at last ! How they show off the calves ! "

She laughed—a lovely dingling laughter.

" It's dishonest to show too much of your legs. It upsets men's equilibrium. Either don't go so far, or if you do, then go the whole hog."

" Alexander " (she called me by my third name because George, she thought, was too common, and Hamlet a little ridiculous)—" Alexander, read me something."

" What ? "

" Anything. This."

" Whose book is this ? "

" Maman's."

I opened and read : " ' . . . Besides, Dorian, don't deceive yourself. Life is not governed by will or intention. Life is a question of nerves, and fibres, and slowly built-up cells in which thought hides itself and passion has its dreams. You may fancy yourself safe,

and think yourself strong. But a chance tone of colour in a room or a morning sky, a particular perfume that you had once loved and that brings subtle memories with it, a line from a forgotten poem that you had come across again, a cadence from a piece of music that you had ceased to play—I tell you, Dorian, that it is on things like these that our lives depend.' "

Sylvia had shut her eyes.

" Lovely," she murmured.

Night, the patron of lovers and thieves, enwrapped us, casting upon us a thin veil of white mist. But the light was on in the corridor, and I had the feeling that every moment the door might fling open and my aunt would come in. This disconcerted me somewhat. A wicked smell, as of burning fishbones, rose from behind the back-yard wall which the balcony overlooked.

" To-morrow I'm going back to school," she said, " and—and we've never been out by ourselves. What cold hands you have, Alexander."

" What is it like at your school? "

" Quite nice," she said. " We play hockey."

A phenomenon of transformation. A Belgian girl after four years in an Irish Catholic convent in Japan came out an Irish colleen; there was even a trace of the delicious brogue in her accents. But withal there was a Latin warmth of grace in Sylvia which underlined her naturally acquired Anglicism. There was a British freedom in her, but she would remember the restraints of a Latin upbringing, what was at Brussels, and the ceremonious notions of her parents as to conduct that becomes a Belgian young girl. And there was " something taking " in such chastisement, as in a beautiful young horse submitting to the harness, or the discomfiture of ornament upon a lovely female form.

" ' Play me something. Play me a nocturne, Dorian, and, as you play, tell me, in a low voice, how you kept your youth. . . .' "

While I read aloud Sylvia " prepared " an expression of wonderment on her face, to show that she was sensitive to what I read. But she began to fret as I read on, absorbed, and nestled to me closely. Her nostrils widened as she breathed in the air.

" ' The tragedy of old age is not that one is old, but that one is young. . . .' " And although neither of us had anything to do with the tragedy of old age, here we kissed. A light breeze that moment wafted the smell of the burning fishbones upon us.

" Isn't it lovely? " she purled.

I agreed.

Besides, it was.

" Lovie-dovie-cats'-eyes," she said.

" ' Why have you stopped playing, Dorian? Go back and give me the nocturne again. Look at that great honey-coloured moon that hangs in the dusky air. She is waiting for you to charm her, and if you play she will come closer to the earth. . . .' "

We kissed. . . .

And then we kissed again, this time independently of Dorian.

She had soft warm lips, and I held my breath back —at some considerable inconvenience to myself. Then I released her, and began breathing as if I had just climbed up a very steep hill.

" Go on, darling."

" What lovely hair you have."

" Wants washing," she answered.

I stretched out my legs, my hands in my trouser pockets, and stared at the moon—and suddenly shot out : " Art thou not Lucifer? " (causing Sylvia a little shock) :

> . . . he to whom the droves
> Of stars that gild the morn in charge were given?
> The noblest of the lightning-wingéd loves,
> The fairest and the first-born child of Heaven?

> Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves,
> Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven;
> Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes
> Oppress'd the common people of the skies.

She stretched herself to my mouth the moment I finished, having, as it were, watched all this time till it was vacant. I kissed her, with considerable passion. " What are all your names?" I asked.

" Sylvia Ninon Thérèse Anastathia Vanderflint."

" Ninon," I said, and then repeated lingeringly, sipping the flavour—

" Sylvia Ninon. Sylvia Ninon. Sylvia," I said, and took her hand. " Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises, sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.

> Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
> Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
> That, if I then had waked after long sleep
> Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
> The clouds, methought, would open and show riches
> Ready to drop on me: that when I wak'd
> I cried to dream again."

" Who wrote this?"

" Shakespeare."

" It's—very lovely."

I trotted out such quotations as I could remember —my Sunday best, so to speak. And, presently, grasping her passionately by the hand—" Adorable dreamer," I whispered, " whose heart has been so romantic! who has given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs and unpopular names and impossible loyalties!"

" Who wrote it?"

I wanted to say that I wrote it; but I told the truth. " Mathew Arnold wrote it," I said. " It's about Oxford."

"Oh!" She was a little disappointed. "And I thought it was about a woman—who (she blushed) —who gave herself to some hero."

"No, darling, no."

After that I recited the passage about Mona Lisa, who, like the vampire, has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants: and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and to whom all this has been but as the sound of lyres and flutes, that lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands.

"Oh, darling, let us talk of something else."

"But I thought you liked—literature?"

"Well, darling, I *listened*—for your sake. But you are so long, you've never finished."

"But good heavens!" I exclaimed. "I've been trotting it out for *your* sake! I thought you liked books."

"This is too highbrow for me, darling."

"Highbrow! What do you like then?"

"Oh, I like something more—fruity."

"What d'you mean?"

"Anything with a lot of killing in it."

"Of course, my case is different, I admit. When I cease earning my living by the sword I shall commence earning it by the pen."

"One day you will be a great author and I will read your story in the *Daily Mail*," she said.

"The *Daily Mail*! Why on earth the *Daily Mail*?"

"They have serials there. Don't you read them? I always do."

"Oh, well—yes, there are—I know there are."

"I also write," she said.

"You?"

"I do! Letters to the Press." She went out, and returning brought a newspaper. "I wrote this," she said.

Under a rubric headed "Questions and Answers," I read:

"Do you think it wrong for one girl and one boy to go for a picnic up on an island by themselves?"

"I wrote this," she said.

"But why did you write it?"

"I write—because I want to know things. Besides, it's nice to read one's letters in the Press."

"And what is their answer?"

"Here is their answer." She showed me: "Not necessarily."

I read on, questions from other correspondents. "What is the proper height and weight of a boy nineteen years and one month?" asked one. "Is he too young to be engaged?" asked another. "If you say yes, it'll be in time to save him, as he is my friend. I'd like to persuade him to wait a while, but what's your answer?"

"Those others are silly," she said, wrinkling her nose.

I smiled. She looked at me with a long, searching glance, as if taking stock of me as a man and a lover, while I, conscious of her scrutiny, manipulated an expression like this—M'm. There is something soft about my nose and mouth, like a rabbit's. I forget whether I told you I'm good-looking? Sleek black hair, brushed back from the forehead—and all the rest of it.

"You're so clever—and yet you're nothing much to look at," she said.

This, I must confess, astonished me. I have no shallow vanity—but this astonished me. Sleek black hair and all that sort of thing. It astonished me.

" Never mind, darling, I don't like handsome men," she added.

Now this sort of thing puzzles me. What am I to make of it?

" I love you all the same," she said.

" How am I to understand it?"

" There's nothing to understand."

" H'm. It's—strange," I said. And then, after a pause, again : " It's strange."

I looked at her tenderly. " Lovey-dovie-cats' eyes."

" Now, darling, don't be soppy."

" But I'm so—for you," I replied.

" No, darling, I don't like this soppy stuff."

" Oh, my——!"

She laughed her dingling, silvery laughter which was a lovely thing.

II.

She leaned out of the train window and I came up to say good-bye. My hat nearly came off as we kissed, and so the kiss was too slight ; we barely brushed each other's lips. She stood at the window and looked at me with her large, luminous eyes. Her broad black velvet hat gave her a kind of Spanish appearance, and there was her nose faintly *retroussé*, nearly as good as her mother's—but too heavily powdered. And pink powder on her cheeks, too.

" You have a natural complexion," I told her, " but when you put powder on the top you make it seem artificial, and that's a pity."

She laughed and showed a gold crown at the end of her mouth ; and even that crown seemed exceedingly sympathetic.

" Back to the *Sacred Heart* ! " she purled, blinking.

I looked up with something like anguish. " What will you do there all these long months without me ! "

" Well—I'll play hockey," she said.

III.

Now we are married. I watch her comb her hair and wash her face and brush her teeth; then get into bed—so trustfully. She sits there, a dark-curled, large-eyed, long-limbed little girl. Quickly she raises herself on her knees, and bringing her fingers together and closing her eyes—like an angel child—hurriedly mumbles her prayers; then falls back on to the pillows and pulls the sheet to her chin.

"Darling," she says, "you have come to me."

I am grateful. Somehow I could never make myself believe that another human being loves me. She looked at me whimsically:

"I'm your wife?"

"Yes."

She was warm; she lay there all in a bundle, purring, "Mrr-mrr-mrr. . . ."

She was with me—altogether mine; I was assuaged; and I could think of other things. I lay still, and my soul went out to the world. I am a serious young man, an intellectual. My thoughts went back to my *Record of the Stages in the Evolution of an Attitude,* which was the central thing round which the world revolved. Released at last, my soul went forward with another, finer passion of the mind, and I could see things, near and distant with a minute acumen teeming in a pool of quivering sunlight. I suddenly perceived the difference between the subjective and objective aspects at the succeeding stages in the evolution of an attitude. And thinking of this difference between two aspects, I just as suddenly fell asleep.

"Oh, my goodness," she said, waking me.

"What?"

"Well, never mind," she turned her back to me.

"Well, if one can't sleep then one must do the next best thing—think."

I was silent—thinking.

" What are you thinking of ? " she asked without turning round.

" Well, I was reading this evening—just before going to bed—a book that, to my way of thinking, defines very clearly the difference between the subjective and objective attitudes in life and letters."

But when I spoke to Sylvia of the confusion of the terms " objective " and " subjective," she looked as though she thought that it was a confusion which I succeeded in confusing further still in my painstaking efforts to elucidate the difference ; and I think she felt sorry for me. The trouble was that Sylvia with all her charm was not an intellectual ; but though I felt that my endeavour to raise the level of our conversation was doomed to failure in advance, I nevertheless went on : " What is the meaning of ' better,' unless it be ' better fitted to survive ' ? Obviously ' better,' on this interpretation of its meaning, is in no sense a ' subjective ' conception, but is as ' objective ' as any conception, can be. But yet all those who object to a subjective view of ' goodness,' and insist upon its ' objectivity ' would object just as strongly to this interpretation of its meaning as to any ' subjective ' interpretation. Obviously, therefore," I continued, looking at Sylvia, who only blinked repeatedly the while, " obviously, what they are really anxious to contend for is not merely that goodness is ' objective,' since they are here objecting to a theory which is ' objective ' ; but something else. But something else," I said, looking at Sylvia.

" Darling, talk of something else," she said. " This is difficult for me to understand."

I am an intellectual, and I do not like to be interrupted in the midst of an elusive analysis, the less so when this analysis is none too clear even for an intellectual.

" I'm an intellectual," I said. " A purist. I can't be for ever kissing and cuddling."

" You talk to me like a teacher," she complained.

" All the more reason why you should listen attentively. And so where have we left off? Ah, yes. *But something else*. And it is this same fact—the fact that, on any ' subjective ' interpretation, the very same kind of thing which, under some circumstances is better than another, would, under others, be worse—which constitutes, so far as I can see— " (I looked at her again, and she gave me a bright, anxious gaze, as though frightened that I might lose the thread)—" so far as I can see, the fundamental objection to all ' subjective ' interpretations. Is that quite clear? "

Sylvia tickled me.

" Go to sleep," I said, tenderly.

" Kiss me good-night."

I kissed her tenderly on the left eye. Beautiful, beautiful eye!

She curled up close to my side.

I kissed her again, close on the mouth, with considerable passion, and then said:

" Go to sleep."

And she purrs, having bundled tightly around me, " Mrr-mrr-mrr. . . ."

Dangerous Doctrines.—" If a doctrine is true, it cannot produce other than good results and respect and promote everything that is good. It is idle to worry about its possibly being misunderstood by others or about the evil effects it might produce by being thus misunderstood, and to take the stupidity of one's neighbour for granted. If we did this, we should never know what to do. Every word, even silence itself, might be misunderstood. There is only one way of demolishing a theory, and that is to show that it is logically wrong and on that account pernicious." (*Benedetto Croce*.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

T. E. HULME.—T. E. Hulme was killed in the war at the age of thirty-five. His friend Mr. Herbert Read has now collected into an imposing—perhaps a little too imposing—volume called "Speculations" (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net) various lectures and fragmentary essays.

These show that Hulme possessed an original and vigorous philosophical mind. He was not what professional philosophers would call a philosopher: the phrase he used for himself was "philosophic amateur." But indeed we have no word for the genus Hulme in English, probably because we have not felt the need of one. The phenomenon is pretty rare among us. Hulme was a critic of ideas, a critic of philosophies, a critic of critiques—into whatever phrase we use for him, the words "critic" or "critical" must enter somewhere. But what the precise province of his criticism was must be left vague. That was Hulme's misfortune. In his writings one quickly becomes conscious of a lack of *engrenage* somewhere. This keen and vigorous mind is, after all, not cutting very much ice. He insists on clarity, and is himself rather vague. He stimulates, but fails to satisfy.

Take, for instance, his leading idea of a fundamental antithesis between the Humanist and the Religious attitudes of mind. He directs all his criticism against Humanism, arguing, I believe truly, that the humanist presupposition has been implicit in all European thought since the Renaissance. At that moment, he says, man began to regard himself as perfectible, or even as naturally perfect. Whereas under the dispensation of mediæval Christianity he had profoundly acknowledged himself the victim of original sin, under the new dispensation he repudiated any such essential disability, and held that man was, by his own effort, capable of

perfection. On this instinctive category of thought the modern consciousness and modern life is based.

As a general statement of the antithesis this is acceptable. But, implicitly during a great deal of his argument—which is rather tedious, chiefly because it is not so original as he believed it—and explicitly at the conclusion, Hulme declares himself an anti-humanist. He is on the side of the religious attitude, and he foresees (on slender evidence) the advent of a new religious epoch, when men will abandon this unconscious assumption of their own perfectibility and once more regard perfection as an abstract and unattainable ideal.

But the question Hulme seems to have failed to ask himself was: Why did *he* take up this position? Quite possibly man is not perfectible by his own efforts. But to make of this possibility a certainty is an extraordinary step for a sceptical critic to take without recognizing its implications. The mediæval Christian could be certain of man's imperfectibility because he knew God who was perfect, and because he knew by the scriptures, which were the veritable word of God, how sin entered into the world; and finally, because he knew how man's original sin was and might always be redeemed. But of these certainties Hulme had none. His assertion of man's imperfectibility was nothing more than an expression of opinion; he had no basis for any critique of imperfectibility. And, in fact, at this crucial point he begins to strike us as a mere dilettante, although he emphatically repudiates any tendency in himself towards a sentimental return to mediæval Christianity.

> I have none of the feelings of *nostalgia*, the reverence for tradition, the desire to recapture the sentiment of Fra Angelico, which seems to animate most modern defenders of religion. All that seems to me to be bosh. What is important, is—what nobody seems to realize—the dogmas like that of Original Sin, which are the closest expression of the categories of the religious attitude.

"What nobody seems to realize"! There speaks

intellectual arrogance and not a little ignorance as well. Sainte-Beuve, then, wrote " Port-Royal " for nothing, and the Catholic Church in France was rent in twain at the end of the seventeenth century for nothing also. And Hulme himself appears to be standing " aloof from the entire point," by not being able to see that to speak of accepting the dogma of Original Sin is hardly more than a romantic phrase unless the acceptance is based on a knowledge of the nature of God.

So when it comes to the real issue Hulme fails rather badly. He becomes much too much like a pale English version of the acrobats of *L'Action Française*, who want the Church without the religion, and the tradition without the sacrifice. Whatever substance there may have been in Hulme's criticism of modern humanism begins most ingloriously to evaporate so soon as we realise that *he* has not the right to make it. He is, in spite of all his repudiations, almost exactly in the position of the man who has a sentimental preference for conditions different from those in which his lot is cast. And perhaps in Hulme's case it was an æsthetic preference of the same order as that which a generation ago moved the decadents in France and England to dabble with Catholicism. He preferred the modern " abstract " art of the cubists to the traditional art which has its origins in the Renaissance ; he also preferred Byzantine mosaic to Italian fresco. Perhaps he elaborated his critique of humanism merely to substantiate his æsthetic preferences.

Anyhow, it is certain that an atmosphere of futility begins to descend upon his writing when he approaches problems of applied criticism. His essay on Romanticism and Classicism in English poetry only satisfies so long as you refuse to think about it. He declares himself the enemy of Romantic vagueness and infinitude, and the champion of the vivid and precise visual image. In other words, instead of being a critic,

he is merely the apologist of the school of poets who called themselves "The Imagists." Had he been critical, he would have realised that this question of "vagueness" cannot be so lightly disposed of, and that a talent for exact visual description is only a small part of the make-up of a poet. How much exact description is there, for instance, in those "Elizabethans" whom Hulme (with the large and sweeping gesture familiar in such arguments) pitted against the Romantic poets of the early nineteenth century? In actual fact, very little—much less, indeed, than there is in the generality of nineteenth-century English poets. How many times do Shakespeare's superlative effects depend upon precise visual imagery? The number could probably be counted on the fingers of one hand.

And in this failure to realise, first, that this insistence upon exact visual imagery is a comparatively modern invention, and secondly that the real power of a work of literature, whether in poetry or prose, depends upon a hundred other elements, which need a much more thorough-going analysis than Hulme's for their elucidation,—he reveals once more the limitations of his dilettantism.

Nevertheless, though in his longer essays he is rather a specious than a satisfying writer, he is in his smaller pieces often provocative of thought. Some of his aphorisms are admirable, and his definition of ordinary Romanticism as "spilt religion" is simply masterly. Unfortunately the critical aphorism is a genre which receives very little encouragement in England. Had it been otherwise Hulme might have left behind him a remarkable book.—HENRY KING.

THE REAL VALUE OF EDUCATION.—Doubtless hundreds of writers have written on this subject, yet in my experience they have either uttered platitudes and generalizations on education which have become too

familiar to work the slightest effect, or else they have lost themselves in a wilderness of practical detail.

I am trying to look on education from the point of view of the old public schoolboy or ex-'varsity man. Now a very large part of public schoolboys and university men (especially those from the older universities) are not what is called technically trained : of my own year about five in twenty continued with a career which was the direct outcome of their specialization. This is a thing generally deplored, together with an increasing slowness on the part of youths to make the final choice of a career. This intensely annoys a generation of fathers who slipped into their fathers' shoes willy-nilly. We have apparently left that noble time when boys left school at a very early age with a shilling in their pocket, but in their hearts a grim determination to become the Mayor of Puddleton. But we must be sympathetic : those present Mayors of Puddletons scattered all over the country, who are really only making the best of a bad job, who even while they talk to the public about those days when one had to have grit and determination unparalleled, send their own sons and daughters to the best of schools and universities. We have heard too much from these bombastic successes, who, it would seem, were propelled to the forefront mainly by the kicks of well-wisher and ill-wisher alike ! We ask rather this question of our educational system : what has it done for that large proportion of men and women who have left the tracks of their subject specialization at school, or more especially at the university? While theorists are pressing their platitudes about " *educo*—I draw out " on an unheeding public, hundreds of men and women are rapidly forgetting their Latin terminations in the vast world of things —business, trade, Stock Exchange—that really matter (or else why do we spend the greater part of our lives at them?).

Even the scoffers would admit that education has provided them with a few vague possessions such as *savoir-faire,* a background of interests in life, a sane perspective. It should have provided them with two invaluable things, if it is education worthy the name : to wit, a working philosophy of life and a means of escape from the externals of life. As Stevenson wrote : " The ground of man's joy is often hard hit. It has so little bond with externals that it may even touch them not, and the man's true life for which he consents to live, lies altogether in the field of fancy." By escape, however, I do not mean the flight of the disillusioned man from the things of the world to seek consolation in the safer realm of sweet imaginings, as formerly ladies disappointed in love flocked to the dispassionate religious houses of the age. Religion or anything else that is high and noble is not a mere refuge, which instantly implies pigeon-holing it off from life. It is an escape ever present within oneself, not a detached and outside thing to which one flees on Sundays and half-holidays. The escape is, however, a vital necessity in a world where there is so much ugliness if there is so much, too, that is beautiful. Too many have to spend the greater part of their lives doing things the outcome of which seems either bad, doubtful, or futile : too easily, unless they have some background of idealism, they fall into that stage defined by Mr. Shaw as " getting to like what we get because we cannot get what we like," or becoming mere pieces of vegetation. If our civilization is still so far from being good that men have to expend their greatest energies on what is mere humdrum, it is obvious that a safety-valve must be found, the safety-valve, we may call it, of the soul.

Look for a moment at the people of the slums who are constantly being rated and despised for spending all their spare money on drink and accompanying evils. These so-called evils are really nothing more or less—

in the first stages—than escapes from the sordid surroundings of their lives. The nature of the escape is controlled by the character and opportunity of the person concerned, the need of escape by the facts and circumstances of his life: education must not shirk its part. Yet people will laugh when you tell them that theatre-going, literature, music, painting, bear similar relations to the educated man that drink does to the uneducated one. It certainly gives a shock to those who believe in the industrial world, in the state it has been for so many years, as one of the best-regulated worlds. Education to fulfil its obligations must help to put such things right. It is not difficult then to see loopholes in an education that is merely technical. We meet too frequently the busy man who is going to take up beauty, art, and the finer things of life when he has retired on a very safe income. Like the water in the radiator of his own plutocratic car on an icy morning, his soul is chilled; would it were as easily thawed as mere ice! Too soon he has "caught an everlasting cold, and his voice is lost most irrecoverably."—W. J. STRACHAN.

LOOKING FORWARD.—I, too, like Dorothy Johnson,* have eight years of teaching behind me. But for me there can be no looking back. And so I must look forward.

Yet it is only in moments of blankness and boredom that the anticipation of other twenty-two years (till I have earned my pension) is utterly appalling. And this, though I am, for my years, young, a person, I flatter myself, of some artistic sensibility, and a reader of the ADELPHI!

Most constantly in my mind during these eight years

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* *Looking Back.* By Dorothy Johnson. (Adelphi, September, 1924.)

has been the fervent remark of H. G. Wells' "Joan": "I would rather die than be a High School mistress"; and the struggle against the more obvious traits of the complete school marm has been hard and probably so unsuccessful that almost anyone could recognize her in the voice, too clear and precise, in the manner prim from habitual reserve and repression. Education is so all-important, the shackles both social and moral so heavy on the wretched young teacher—how can she fail to be a little bitter?

One way only lies freedom, but that narrow path leads to the greatest and most glorious of liberties, the liberty of the intellect. It is true that you never really learn until you attempt to teach, but it is a truth that applies far more profoundly than to mere subjects like history and geography. It is not until you have realized your own impotence in the most fascinating of all occupations, the handling of minds, and been convinced of the futility of all systems and organizations that attempt to deal with it on cut-and-dried lines, that you begin to see daylight. The darkness in your own soul must be for a time abysmal—till the light comes. And only by that vision can you look ahead.

How high-falutin' it sounds! And how ridiculous! For that narrow path in plain English is made up of long solitary evenings in rooms, stolen from "corrections" and "preparation," when the school-marm takes refuge from the undiluted and unmitigated company of girls and staff in the company of books. A glorious alternative to the eternal and petty round of shop and gossip—yet dangerous. It is so easy to become a crank, full up of theories that have no relation to reality or common sense. Or a devotee of Shaw or Wells, yet socially halt and maimed because some part of you has atrophied through disuse.

Perhaps I seem to be overstating the case. But I am speaking of the teacher who takes her work with

intense seriousness. On the one hand she finds that the mere routine of a girls' school, with all its useless amplifications and elaborations, and quite apart from the actual teaching work, plus the merciless energy of the average Headmistress, leave scanty leisure even to the least conscientious.

On the other, that the only social relaxations which offer themselves are amongst people for whom intellectual interests simply do not exist. If then she is to keep pace at all with ideas, she must cut out all attempts at local sociabilities. She must become a social hermit and an intellectual snob.

But I should be an unworthy disciple of G.B.S. if I were utterly without faith. Surely if a desire to see can make the blind see, the desire for a better state of affairs, if held violently enough, will become creative. But the desire of an assistant mistress is too impotent to work miracles. I must become that dictator supreme and unassailable in her own sphere, a Headmistress. Not in arrogance, but with the most humble sense of responsibility do I aim at that. I would realize, I hope, that to a single woman, such a sudden access of power (for the transition involves an almost unbalancing change in status) was full of danger. The energy that was given me to create the life of my own children I would pray that I should not use to inhibit the life of those others under my care ; that my Staff should not be sacrificed to my personal ambitions, to my worship of the god efficiency, to my miserable delight in petty tyrannies ; that they should not through mere "busyness" be denied the right to live. It would be better that a millstone be hanged about my neck than that any child should be humiliated with the constant sense of failure in school "subjects" without allowing it to discover some creative outlet outside the purely scholastic range. I should aim at educating girls for life and not to become illiterate and narrow-

minded teachers in elementary schools. Presumptuous I would certainly be, yet failure, though it would disappoint, would not surprise me. The adventure of education is so much a groping in the darkness, the perils are so unexpected. For there is no remedy to present conditions that will not produce its own problem for the future.

And the most of my children would have to be piloted between the safe high walls of tradition. I should not dare to lead them all into the jungle of adventurous thought, though I would stifle for breath if I did not occasionally play truant there myself. And there would certainly be some whom I might help to look over the wall if not to climb it. And some few there might even be whom I might inspire to find their own way through the jungle and win freedom and light.—HILARY WEST.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.—Flecker has always been a somewhat baffling literary personality, and now that a definite " Life " of the poet has been published (Basil Blackwell, 12s. 6d. net) there is a chance of clearing up some of the difficulties of approach. Dr. Geraldine Hodgson, the author, informs us that she has compiled most of it " from letters and materials provided by his mother," though it is also clear that she has had Mr. Douglas Goldring's book at her elbow. It seems that his Christian initials were not J. E. but H. E., since his first name was not James, but Herman, and that when he was at Oxford " he took a dislike to what he called his foreign-sounding names, and discarded Herman for James." He did not satisfactorily develop his gift for creative work in verse while he was at Oxford, though he read everything imaginable, including the French Parnassians, and worked hard at what he termed " poetical exercises." Dr. Hodgson some-

times falls into a quagmire when she rises to criticism. Referring to his admiration for Heredia she says :

> Heredia bound all that vehement emotion within the fettering limitations of a sonnet. It could be done because it was undiluted erotic passion. But when Flecker, as he was on rare occasions, was passionate, and in a setting as remote as any chosen by Heredia, his emotion was mixed; so, with the wider latitude of Tragedy, and yielding to his natural, temperamental complexity, he turns aside from the sheerly material and human horror of the Judgment and torture scenes to an intolerable sharpness of intellectual and spiritual anguish, and leaves in the bystander's shaken soul that haunting, tenuous misery of the ghosts, pleading in the cold-shadowed moonlight with the Spirit of the Fountain.

All of which really tells us nothing at all, except that Flecker's poetry had abundant passion, and also that it had not, just what you like, to suit the peculiar trend of your criticism, which in this instance is rather muddled. As a matter of fact passion was the least thing the Parnassians possessed, although Heredia in one or two of his sonnets, just by way of exception, may have borne witness to an undiluted amount of it. Dr. Hodgson is puzzled by Flecker's real or pretended fidelity to the Parnassians, as well she might be, and goes on to say, and very truly :

> There was in him an ineradicable " Romantic " strain, which was lacking to, or rather which was rejected by the more traditionally classical Parnassians.

Flecker, indeed, was never quite to be trusted when he spoke of himself. He knew it, and even confessed it. Writing to a critic about his preface to the " Golden Journey to Samarcand," in which he proclaimed himself a Parnassian, he said :

> You know that Preface of mine, though it's absolutely sincere, is a wicked piece of work ! It was no good just writing poetry and flinging it at the public's head—especially if your poetry isn't all of one piece, but rather apt to

> vary with moods. If one wrote *only* Oriental poems, for instance, the critics would say, This follower of Fitzgerald, &c., &c. So I had to give myself a label. I had to proclaim a *message*. Of course, it succeeded. I have irritated some and pleased others—but now I am labelled!

As a matter of fact Flecker was a poet of unfulfilled promise, with a label or two stuck on his back. Had he lived he might have developed into a very great poet. He had more passion, wit, vision, and real fire in him than most members of the French school he so lauded. Death took him just as he was discovering himself; though, as it was, he had probably fulfilled himself more completely than either Mangan, Poe, or John Davidson—poets to which at different times he possibly has some affinity. He has puzzled his critics; and we can partly trace this to his Uppingham and undergraduate predisposition for intellectual ragging, throwing dust in people's eyes, putting his tongue in his cheek. His was a perfectly genuine and serious, but somewhat complex nature, hidden beneath a cloak of queer swank and gay fooling. He said in his preface that he was sincere when he wasn't, called himself James when his true name was Herman, dubbed himself a wholesale Parnassian when he was less than half of one. In character he reminds us somewhat of Heine without his bitterness, and his work is tinged with something of the German poet's qualitv. Much of this Dr. Geraldine Hodgson's book helps us to see clearly, and admirer's of Flecker will be very grateful to her for the copious information she provides.—HERBERT E. PALMER.

RENAN'S DREAM

By The Journeyman

THE other day I began to read for the first time Renan's *L'Avenir de la Science.* It is an astonishing book for a young man to have written, even though he happened to be young Renan—to my mind the most exquisite intelligence produced by France in the nineteenth century. *L'Avenir de la Science* is a moving book ; it moves first by its passion and then by its pathos, and in recollection by its pathos most of all.

For how few of those who have followed in the seventy years since Renan wrote his book have understood " science " so widely, so nobly, and so subtly as he? Let the average man of to-day read on a book the title : " The Future of Science," and what will he expect from it? A dissertation upon chemical warfare, or a plea in favour of eugenics, or at best some hair-raising speculation on what may happen if the energy of the atom is liberated. He would throw aside with disappointed impatience what Renan had to say under that head—for it contains no sensations, no thrills, no time-machines. The future of science was for Renan simply the future of human knowledge. How dull it sounds! How exciting it was to him! How exciting it still is for those who care to read it!

If science itself has not grown narrow since Renan wrote, the general conception of science has. The very word " rationalism," which was so teeming with hidden promise for him, has become as chilly and *mesquin* as a corrugated-iron tabernacle. What has happened in these seventy years? A big thing and a very simple

thing, I believe: that of the two distinct yet complementary processes which for Renan together composed the magnificent whole of science, one has been neglected and forgotten. The exploration of the universe without—that has indeed marched forward; but the exploration of the universe within—of the metaphysical and moral reality—that has retired discomfited. It has occurred perhaps to none save Renan himself that in this realm the qualification of the man of science was *delicacy,* that here, above all, he had to be assured of the *quality* of the object. The kingdom has been invaded by men who could not, in things spiritual, distinguish a rose from a cabbage. Psychologists have demonstrated to their own exceeding satisfaction that the vision of the supreme artist or the supreme saint is just the same as that of the brass-voiced Salvationist at the street corner: it is all epilepsy, or it is all sex, or it is all a vague something or other called Libido or Hocus Pocus.

Naturally, this science, of which Renan hoped so much, has got nowhere. Outside Renan's own *Origins of Christianity,* what is there to show? Frazer's *Golden Bough?* But in that astounding work it is precisely the perception of quality that is deficient. It is an accumulation, not a work of science. Renan himself would have shuddered at it, then he would have used it gratefully as a future generation will use it. And people who are weary of the fruitlessness of a science which seeks to unlock the spiritual world with a mechanical key turn desperately to the old superstitions, or to new ones without their element of truth. The Catholic Church at least did once contain the whole wisdom of mankind. There were wise men in the Middle Ages—their wisdom has not wholly perished out of the Church that first contained it. It can be found: but one needs not to be, one had better not be, a Catholic to find it. But better that than to

turn to the slick and second-rate consolations of new-fangled religions, or the abracadabra of occultism. Yet in these last few weeks I have read in a serious review of novels in the *New Statesman* unmitigated praise of the spiritual truth of a story written by some poor victim of demons and black magic. Those who have no sense of *quality* had better by far stick to the great Church: without that sense they can only delude others as well as themselves.

The basis of Renan's science of the future was the axiom: "There is no such thing as the supernatural." How different an axiom from that of those who have stumped their way with hobnailed boots into the holy places: "There is no such thing as the non-mechanical!" Yet, apparently, most people can see no difference between them. In the one ear cries the priest: "Deny the supernatural, and you abolish religion"; in the other the rationalist: "Accept religion, and you accept the supernatural." Children! All the religions that have ever been are but more or less clumsy symbols of an eternal verity of man's nature—that there is a hierarchy and a progress in the human consciousness towards another and a fuller mode of comprehension than our quotidian faculties allow. It is not easy to reach, and few men have reached it; but when they have, their fellow-men have paid homage to what they have achieved. Paid homage, but not recognized it for what it was, a mode of consciousness that any man might attain. No, here was something which veritably was, and was beyond their comprehension: so they called its possessor god or saint or genius. They had to invoke the category of the "supernatural" to explain something which was beyond their understanding.

Nevertheless, it was and is eminently natural. That there is such a progress and hierarchy in the human mind is clear from our commonest judgments. When I say that this poem is better than that one, what on

earth am I saying but that the mind which produced it is finer and truer than the mind which produced the other? And how is it possible for one mind to be finer and truer than other if there is not some mysterious capacity for development in the human mind? When it has reached its pinnacle we say " saint " or " genius." We do not say "god." We have grown out of that; the category is not necessary any more. There have been no new gods for a thousand years or so, or if there have been they have not made good. Not because the Christian was the final revelation; but because men had to some extent grown up.

But they have not grown up very much. It is not much advance to call a man "saint" or "genius" or " great man " instead of " god," if you pay no attention to his words or his beliefs. The simpler minds which did say " god " at least paid some attention to " god's " words. But now that we are quite certain that the great man is not god—that he has no power to blast us with lightning if we pay no heed to him—we have the best of excuses for not listening; if we are tinged with the rationalistic tar-brush, we have a still better excuse for turning away, for we know what he is without listening: he is abnormal.

Which, of course, he is: abnormal and natural. For, luckily, the normal is not natural. If it were life would be a nightmare indeed, save that it would have perished æons ago. Every man is abnormal in some degree: when he begins to be considerably abnormal he is worth attending to. I myself am moderately abnormal, or I should never be writing these lines, or hoping that other moderately abnormal persons will read and understand them. But I am interested in much bigger abnormalities than my own—in men who could write and speak and act with infinitely more power than I can, who because of their great abnormality have impressed themselves on the memory of mankind. It

seems to me very strange that so few people should be interested as I am in trying to discover how these men came to speak their words of wisdom and authority. It is not enough for me to say simply that they were "inspired." Inspiration is a mere metaphor to me, unless I know how they got it. And when the rationalist tells me that they were afflicted by an abnormal state of consciousness, I feel like George II. when they told him Wolfe was mad: "I wish he would bite my other generals." Superstition whispers "inspired"; rationalism sniggers "afflicted." I don't care which; I care only for the fact, not the name, and the fact is that these inspired and afflicted have spoken words which have seemed to generations of men fraught with a secret wisdom and illumined by a strange vision.

Where did they get it from? That is what I want to know; and, as I say, I am surprised that so few are as eager as I am in the search. I am astonished that in this age of complacent rationalism the arch-rationalists should be content to wave these facts aside with "A miracle!" Of course, the facts *are* miracles to them. Half the facts of the universe—and all the important ones—are direct interventions of the supernatural on the rationalist hypothesis. If I were a rationalist, I should hide my head in shame at my own silly superstition. But I am not; I am a mere naturalist.

As a mere naturalist, I observe that there is an order of spiritual creations, and that some of these creations are greater than others. I see in them a hierarchy gradually descending to what is palpably within my own compass; and I conclude that it is possible to make the upward ascent to the height of genius. I do not mean that it is possible for me to be a genius; but it is impossible for me in precisely the same way as it is impossible for me to be a Prime Minister. I cannot make the effort, in either case. The difference is only that in the latter case the effort is not worth making; in the former

it is. Therefore in the former case I do try to make the effort, and though I do not succeed, I do not wholly fail. I succeed to some degree in finding out the way the great men went; I succeed to some degree in going along their path; I succeed to some degree in attaining glimpses of the knowledge which they possessed; and above all I succeed to some degree in seeing the possibility and the necessity of holding to the reality of their experience, without degrading it by supernaturalism, for I begin to discover a law of spiritual progress which has been obeyed in all times and all places.

It may seem strange that seeing so much, and believing that the highest spiritual progress towards a mode of consciousness deeper and truer than the ordinary is natural to man, I am not indignant with the destiny that has meted me out one talent instead of ten. The strange thing, and the thing which most persuades me that what I have discovered for myself is no illusion, is that I have gained in the course of my pursuit a profound sense that it is just and equitable and right that I should have but one talent instead of ten: provided I do not hide it in a napkin it is enough.

Finally, I am bold enough to imagine that it was of some such *science* as that of which I begin dimly to discern the elements that Renan dreams when he wrote in his book these words:

> It is not without intention that I call by the name "science" what is ordinarily called "philosophy." I should like my life to be summed up as a life of "philosophy"; nevertheless, since this word in the common usage expresses only a partial form of the inward life and implies only the subjective fact of the solitary thinker, when one adopts the point of view of humanity it is necessary to use the more objective word—*to know*. Yes, the day will come when humanity will no longer believe, but will know; a day when it will know the metaphysical and moral universe, as it already knows the physical universe; a day when the government of humanity will no longer be left to hazard and intrigue, but to the reasonable discussion of what is

better and of the most efficacious means of attaining it. If such is the aim of science, if its object is to teach man his end and his law, to make him grasp the true meaning of life, to compose together with art, poetry and virtue, the divine ideal which alone gives value to human life,—can it have serious enemies?

But, it will be said, will science fulfil these marvellous destinies? All I know is that if science does not, nothing will, and that humanity will be for ever ignorant of the secret of things; for science is the only legitimate method of knowing, and if the religions have been able to exert a salutary influence on the progress of humanity, it is solely because of the element of science—of the regular exercise of the human spirit—which was obviously mingled with them.

Yes, science *is* the only legitimate method of knowing: but there is a science of quality which has been neglected, while the science of quantity has been cherished. Until they can learn to work together, each respecting the other's realm as inviolable, humanity will not have begun to make the next great step in its progress.

BOOKS TO READ

DISCRIMINA PEREGRATIONIS. By C. T. Harley Walker. (Blackwell.) 7s. 6d. net.

The longest essay in this beautifully printed but expensive little book is the most valuable. It is an account of the views and development of the Swedish philosopher Vitalis Norström. It is impossible to summarise these views in this brief space; but Mr. Walker's quotations fully justify his high, but not extravagant, opinion of Norström. Norström was one of those thinkers who are compelled to square their philosophy with their lives: hence his philosophy culminated in an increasing emphasis on the noetic value of religion.

THE FOUR GOSPELS: A STUDY OF ORIGINS. By B. H. Streeter. (Macmillan.) 21s. net.

An impressive contribution to New Testament criticism. Canon Streeter now abandons the "two-document hypothesis" for a four-document hypothesis, of which the consequence is that the historical matter peculiar to Luke is placed nearly on an equality with that of Mark and "Q"—a conclusion greatly to be welcomed. But perhaps the most suggestive portion of Canon Streeter's book is that in which he insists on the necessity of regarding the first three Gospels as of *local* origin: Mark circulating in Rome, Luke in Greece, and Matthew in Antioch—and John, at a later date, in Ephesus. These local gospels acquired such prestige that when the Early Church was compelled to counter Marcion's formation of a canon by forming a canon of its own, all four gospels were perforce included bodily, instead of being combined into a single one

A. B. BARNABOOTH: HIS DIARY. By Valery Larbaud. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. (Dent.) 7s. 6d. net.

It should be noted that this Journal first appeared in 1915, for it embodies a distinctly pre-War phase of French feeling. It is a stage on the downward grade from Dostoevsky to the worst introspective romancers of to-day. This slightly incoherent auto-psychical study of a fabulously wealthy young American is clearly the product of a remarkable mind, but we would not rank it with the best of M. Larbaud's work. Its impression is too exotic for great literature. The translation is supple, but it keeps one very much aware of Mr. Cannan.

INSTINCT, INTELLIGENCE, AND CHARACTER. By Godfrey H. Thomson. (Allen & Unwin.) 10s. 6d. net.

This book consists of a series of extremely elaborate lectures delivered by invitation at Columbia University. Dr. Thomson brings to his inquiry learning and patient investigation; but the psychological principles which he advances and illustrates in so various a fashion do not strike us as very original or well-defined. However, in an age when psychology has become the only way of life to many, Dr. Thomson should find plenty of appreciative students. We are interested to note that he minimizes the Freudian hypothesis of sex as the dominant psychological factor in man. The publishers are to be congratulated on producing this bulky work in good format at so reasonable a price.

MR. PEPYS. By J. R. Tanner, M.A., Litt.D. (Bell.) 7s. 6d.

An excellent "introduction" to Mr. Pepys; and since Dr. Tanner really knows his subject, his book is perhaps even better reading for those familiar with the Diary than for those who have yet to make acquaintance with it.

OUR PREHISTORIC FORERUNNERS. By C. E. Vulliamy, F.R.G.S. (Lane.) 7s. 6d. net.

On the whole a brave attempt at a very difficult task—to give "a popular and original account of Prehistoric Man" (though what is the exact meaning of "original" in this context?). Mr. Vulliamy, however, makes the mistake sometimes of trying to play down to a popular audience. There is a popular audience for such a book; but it neither requires nor appreciates being played down to.

THE CRITIC'S ARMOURY. By Cyril Falls. (Cobden-Sanderson.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Falls is undoubtedly a critic of value. He has the maximum of common sense, a pleasant style, a sense of humour, and a very catholic feeling for literary merit. His outline of the function of criticism is quite sound, though he reveals here and there throughout a penchant for interpretation rather than analysis or inquiry. His essay on Congreve is about the best we have read on that difficult subject and his short studies of M. Henri de Régnier should be ranked just as high—Mr. Falls has that patient comprehension of one foreign literature which he thinks necessary in the "Critic's Armoury." "Four Hunting Classics" shows him a versatile essayist.

TWO VAGABONDS IN THE BALKANS. By Jan and Cora Gordon. (Lane.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon have deservedly achieved a reputation as "professional vagabonds." Their engaging quality is an apparently inexhaustible vitality. They almost revel in discomfort, and because of this they enjoy and communicate their enjoyment to their happy-go-lucky wanderings.

THE LETTERS OF OLIVE SCHREINER (1876-1920). Edited by S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner. (Fisher Unwin.) 21s. net.

Despite their occasional great beauty, these letters are strangely exhausting to read. And that quality is not chiefly due to the editorial mistake of printing too many brief notes and fragments of longer letters; it comes from something more fundamental. One feels that Olive Schreiner scarcely ever *expressed* herself; she was in too great a hurry. But that statement of the cause is crude and superficial The hurry was very deep. At the bottom, one feels, the turmoil was profound and unresolved. It is as though she was too complex to anchor herself in the simpler loyalties, and not great enough to work out for herself loyalties commensurate with what she was. And so she was continually distraught between being and doing, when one *or* the other might have brought the peace that she longed for.

FROM A PARIS BALCONY. By Ernest Dimnet. (Grant Richards.) 8s. 6d.

The Abbé Dimnet is a remarkable man, for besides being a Professor and the author of notable works on French religious, literary, and political thought, he is equally at home in Latin or English, and has been for twenty years a regular contributor to our journals. He is at once an entertaining journalist and an essayist of distinctive and charming style. "Every line of this book," he says, "was written with pleasure," and so, we think, they will be read. The contents are too various to be summarized: but we like particularly his papers on Anatole France, of whom it is astonishing to read that "Nobody ever worked so hard . . . he wrote with his brow wet with honest sweat."

THE PRICE OF PROGRESS, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By S. H. Mellone. (Lindsey Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

The subjects of these religious essays are interesting, the author's attitude enlightened; but the effect is disappointing. A kind of vagueness pervades them. Perhaps it is that theological thinking, like any other thinking, should be hard all through. Mr. Mellone, who is quick to detect logical mistakes in other men's religious thinking, leaves us bewildered concerning the bases of his own. To judge by his first essay they are largely sentimental, yet elsewhere he tells us that he cannot abide a religion of sentiment. We should have welcomed a stringent inquiry into his own faith.

THE BEARDSLEY PERIOD. By Osbert Burdett. (Lane.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is a very good piece of criticism. Speaking personally, we disagree with nearly all its judgments, and consider that Mr. Burdett strangely exaggerates the real importance of the period. But we make haste to recognize that such an estimate of it was necessary in order that his book should be as good as it is. On its own assumptions, and in its own manner (which closely depends upon those assumptions), it is *totus, teres atque rotundus*—the best work on the "'nineties" we have.

SOME CHEAP REPRINTS

No less than five attractive Elizabethan reprints have been received this month. The Shakespeare Head Press (Basil Blackwell of Oxford) is responsible for three of them—two beautifully printed quartos at 2s. 6d. each of Drayton's *Nimphidia*, the charming fairy poem, and of THE NUT-BROWN MAID, the so-called ballad, which (as Mr. Frank Sidgwick says) is rather a long dramatic lyric, and is not the less beautiful for that; and a rather oddly shaped reprint of Thomas Dekker's FOURE BIRDS OF NOAH'S ARKE. The Bodley Head Quartos (3s. 6d. net) have added to themselves Thomas Nashe's masterpiece—it is in its own kind a masterpiece—PIERCE PENNILESSE, HIS SUPPLICATION TO THE DEVIL, and Anthony Munday's THE ENGLISH ROMAYNE LIFE. Munday is an unattractive person, but his account of the English College at Rome towards the end of the sixteenth century is interesting. But Nashe is of another order. His queer prose is in itself exciting: "he hath a demon."

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THE NEW LIFE OF KEATS

By John Middleton Murry

IT has been necessary for urgent and obvious reasons to interrupt the essays upon Keats which I began. I do not propose to continue them. If they were to be continued on the original plan they would occupy this place in THE ADELPHI for the next eighteen months. The idea is fantastic. That I should ever have entertained it seriously is another proof—the latest of many hundreds—that when I am absorbed in pursuing to some ultimate conclusion an idea that has come to me, I lose all sense of reality. The editor is completely banished, and a very different person takes charge.

Still, the work upon Keats is done. I am sorry that it cannot be published in these pages, for it is a culmination, a demonstration, as it were in the life, of the ideas I have tried to expound and champion here. Therefore I feel that I owe the work primarily to the readers of this magazine and I regret that it will not appear between these yellow covers, but as an ordinary and rather substantial book under the title *Keats and Shakespeare* somewhere towards the autumn of the year. It is an attempt to record the means by which a true poet conquers his own soul, and thereby becomes a great poet; and to show how Keats came to hold and to express, at twenty-three, the beliefs I have come to

hold and to be unable to express, at thirty-five. Th
writing of that book, whether it be good or bad, wa
important to me; it carried me from vague surmises t
certainties. Whether they will appear as certaintie
to others, the event will decide.

In the meantime a new life of Keats, by the Amer
can poetess Miss Amy Lowell, has appeared (2 vols
Jonathan Cape, £2 2s. net). It is a very big book an
a very valuable one to those who know how to use i
for it contains all the available material concernin
Keats's life, which has been gathered together b
Miss Lowell in many months of devoted work. It i
by far the best biography of Keats that we have
though in honesty I must say it is not much of a *book*
It is formless and unbalanced. Miss Lowell's con
structive sense is oddly deficient. Of course, it wa
not easy to make it a balanced and harmonious whole
All the discoverable facts of Keats's life had to b
included: the narrative had to obey them. But whe
every allowance is made for this necessity, ther
remains a superfluity of naughtiness for which the autho
alone is responsible. There is no excuse for indulgin
in 150 pages on *Endymion,* while dismissing bot
versions of *Hyperion* as "failures" in a line or two
The disproportion is wanton; and we fear Miss Lowe
will have to pay the penalty. Very few readers, sav
the specialists, will care to burrow their way throug
her 1,200 pages.

In her second volume, which covers Keats's grea
period from September, 1818, to September, 1819
Miss Lowell puts forward some novel and unfounde
theories. I have read two reviews of her book, one i
the *Times,* the other in the *Observer;* and I regret tha
each of these reviewers has committed himself t
approval of a different one of these novel theories. Th
reviewer in the *Times* has approved her theory that th
second *Hyperion* was written before the first. Mr

Squire in the *Observer* has pronounced that Mi: Lowell's rehabilitation of Fanny Brawne is successfu It is, I know, very difficult to review a book of 1,20 pages at a day's notice, above all when it is a mixtu of fact and of theory; it is impossible to check tl theories by an independent knowledge of the fact unless these are fresh in one's mind. I do not blan either the *Times* reviewer or Mr. Squire for havir hastily accepted theories that cannot be justified; bı I am anxious that they should not gain any furth currency. A great deal of work has been done in tl last ten years in clearing a way towards a truer unde standing of Keats's life and spiritual development: authoritative reviewers give their backing to misco ceptions concerning him, that work will be waste I intend therefore to do what I can towards stifling the two misconceptions at birth.

The first of these misconceptions is that the seco or revised *Hyperion: a Dream* was written before t first *Hyperion: a Fragment*. That may sound unimportant detail. Would it seem unimportant some one were to put forward a theory that *The Te pest* was written before *Hamlet*, and if this theory we to be endorsed by an authoritative reviewe *Hyperion: a Fragment* (which I call, because it was, t first *Hyperion*) was the first long poem of Keats's gr creative period; *Hyperion: a Dream* (which I ca because it was, the second *Hyperion*) was the la What Keats suffered, what he learned, what he achiev in that period, is unparalleled in the history of our lite ture. If the notion were to gain ground that the l long poem of the period was written before the fir the whole basis of our understanding of Keats wo be shattered. Such a notion could be put forward o by one who had not grasped the essentials of subject.

But, it may be said, Miss Lowell knows a good d

about her subject. I agree, but with one tremendous reservation. She does not know very much about Keats the poet: and even there I must define more closely. Keats the poet developed at a prodigious speed during the four years of his poetic life, and the speed of his development was constantly accelerated. For the first year, even the first year and a half of his poetic life, Miss Lowell is adequate to her theme: she is something of a poet herself, though it is sometimes a little trying to find her assimilating Keats's poetic processes to her own. One cannot help wondering why identical processes in this case have led to different results. However, the fact is that Keats rapidly grew into something clean beyond Miss Lowell's understanding. By the time he was writing the first *Hyperion* (in the winter of 1818) he was engaged with problems which are apparently as remote from Miss Lowell's comprehension as the Einstein theory is from my own. Miss Lowell can therefore quite cheerfully change the order of the two *Hyperions*: they are interchangeable counters, because they have no meaning for her. But actually they are poems in which Keats, at two distinct stages in his miraculously rapid growth—a month of Keats's life was as a year of other men's, and great ones at that—struggled to express all the truth he knew concerning the most vital and intimate of all questions—the meaning and value of poetry and the growth and destiny of the poet. To reverse the order of those poems is a sheer impossibility for anyone who begins to discern what Keats was attempting in them. Miss Lowell reverses their order and then—ignores them.

Moreover, the fixing of the correct order of the two *Hyperions* was the most important advance made in the criticism of Keats in the hundred years that followed his death. It was as epoch-making as the establishment of the approximate order of Shakespeare's plays which was accomplished during the nineteenth century. There

were three stages in the advance. The first and the third were due to Sir Sidney Colvin. He first saw the importance of the statement of Keats's friend Charles Brown, made many years after Keats's death, that in November, 1819, Keats was engaged "in reshaping his *Hyperion* into the form of a dream." So it was established that the revised induction to *Hyperion* was written after the poem in its familiar form had been completed. The correctness of this became generally recognised: the study of the internal evidence of Keats's poetry (which was seriously begun, at about the same time that Sir Sidney made his discovery, by Dr. Bridge's essay on Keats, I think in 1890) confirmed the external evidence. The next stage was the discovery of the original MS. of the first *Hyperion* in the form in which Keats's friend Woodhouse received it from him in April, 1819. This MS. was apparently a fair copy so far as the first two books were concerned, and for the brief and significant third book the actual first draft. Thus it was apparently established that the first *Hyperion* was completed in April, 1819: and that Keats in the following November had attempted to rewrite it in the form of a dream.

Unfortunately there was a difficulty. A letter of Keats existed, written to Reynolds on September 22nd, 1819, in which he said, "I have abandoned *Hyperion*: there were two many Miltonic inversions in it": and there was a previous letter of August 15th, 1819, to Bailey, saying: "I have been engaged in writing parts of my *Hyperion.*" If the first *Hyperion* (which is the familiar one) was finished, as it was, in April, 1819, in the form in which we have it; and if it was not till November, 1819, that he was engaged in reshaping it into the form of a dream, which is the second *Hyperion: a Dream,* what on earth was this *Hyperion* of which Keats was writing parts in August and which he abandoned in September?

To that problem there was no answer. People who agreed with me—for I think I was the first to insist on the supreme importance of the second *Hyperion* in the poetic and spiritual development of Keats—tried, as I did, to believe that Keats was tinkering with the first *Hyperion* in August and finally abandoned it in September. It was just possible, but only just. There were no traces of the tinkering : the April MS. was almost identical with the printed version of the first *Hyperion.*

Still more important, it was evident from the tone of the letter to Reynolds that the abandonment of *Hyperion* was a crucial act in Keats's life. That could hardly have been the case if he had not been actually writing, and writing with all his power.

Quite suddenly and unexpectedly the problem was solved, and solved—most amazingly—through the instrumentality of Miss Lowell herself. She published in the *Keats Memorial Volume* four years ago a long-lost letter of Keats written to Woodhouse on the same day that he wrote to Reynolds, September 22nd, 1819. Miss Lowell appears to have been quite ignorant of the real importance of the letter : nor does her ignorance in this respect seem greatly to have diminished since. This letter proved, as Sir Sidney Colvin quickly pointed out, that what Keats had been writing in August and had abandoned in September was the second *Hyperion.* Brown had been mistaken as to the time. It was his impassioned effort to reshape *Hyperion* in the form of a dream that Keats suddenly gave up. And in the same letter in which he announced his decision he enclosed the perfect and lovely and serene *Ode to Autumn.* The sequence and the rhythm of Keats's poetic progress were thus finally established. It remained only to begin to interpret and understand.

This letter is Miss Lowell's property : it is the most valuable piece of new Keats material in her big

volumes. That *she* should try to alter the order she was unconsciously instrumental in fixing strikes me as altogether fantastic, unless the explanation be that she insists in interpreting her own property in her own way. I have learned by experience that very queer things do happen in literary criticism. This aberration will always appear to me one of the queerest, seeing that there is not a shred of evidence for the alteration. In that letter Keats quotes the opening lines of the second *Hyperion*: " Fanatics have their dreams . . ." and says, " This is what I had written for a sort of induction." " *Had* written ! " says Miss Lowell. " That must obviously mean he had written it months before." That is all, absolutely all, the foundation for her theory. A moment's thought would have shown her that " *had* written " cannot possibly mean anything of the kind. Here was Keats, sending to a friend some parts of his attempt to rewrite *Hyperion* together with the announcement that he had abandoned it. What more natural than to say : " Here is what I *had* written as a sort of induction " ? What else could he have said? If he had said, " Here is what I *have* written," it would have meant that he had not abandoned it.

I am afraid that this detailed discussion may seem tedious. Those who find it so must bear with me, and imagine that to me it is as important to strangle such a misconception as Miss Lowell's at birth, as it would be to stifle that imaginary theorist who should assert that *The Tempest* was written before *Hamlet*. In the case of Shakespeare thousands are on the *qui vive* ; in the case of Keats but one or two. That will change. Fifty years hence it will be as impossible for a *Times* reviewer to accept so grotesque a theory at sight as it would be for him to accept the analogous theory in the case of Shakespeare.

For Keats is a poet of the same order as Shakespeare, and the only poet we have who *is* of the same

order. Miss Lowell, I may note in passing, does not believe that Keats had he lived would have been "as great a poet as Browning": that sentence alone disqualifies her in my eyes as a biographer of Keats the *poet*. It proves that she does not know with what order of mind she is dealing. It does not incapacitate her as a biographer of Keats the man, up to a certain point: but at the point where the poet and the man became completely involved and identical, it incapacitates her absolutely. It is the miracle of Keats that the point came soon. At twenty-three he had reached a knowledge of the truth that Browning did not attain on this side of the grave.

But, in fact, we are only at the beginning, at the very beginning, of our knowledge of what the great poet really is. At present, three hundred years after his death, we are still fumbling towards the secret of Shakespeare; we have only begun to feel our way towards a realization of what he really was and achieved. I have become convinced that the best way towards that realization is to approach him by way of the only English poet who palpably belongs by gift, by being, by character, and by achievement, to the same order as he. That is the reason why I have devoted some pages to what may appear a tedious restatement of the facts concerning the two *Hyperions*, against a perverse and light-minded attempt to upset them.

In doing this I have an uncomfortable memory of a letter I lately received from a reader complaining that I had not acknowledged a letter in which he corrected a mistake in one of our mathematical problems. "Yet it was," he said, "more important, to say the least, than settling the relative importance of Keats and Shelley." Whereat I gasped, and wondered why on earth he continued to read this magazine.

I am not a mathematician. Would I were! But in my own way I have tried to grasp what it is that the

great mathematician does, and I have come to my conclusions. He tries to apprehend the universe as a unity by methods and faculties which I do not possess. He tries to apprehend it as a *structural* unity. The great poet also tries to apprehend the universe as a unity by methods and faculties which I in some measure do possess. He tries to apprehend it as an *organic* unity. At some exalted point I believe those two methods more or less coincide.

That is to say, the great mathematician is very much nearer to the great poet than he is to the little mathematician. So that it seems to me as ridiculous and presumptuous for anyone to say the correction of a mistake in a trivial mathematical problem is as important, "to say the least," as to settle the relative importance of Keats and Shelley, as it would be to say that to correct a line in the minor poet's sonnet in the local newspaper is as important as to settle the relative importance of Lagrange and Maxwell. But why on earth, I ask myself again, does my correspondent read THE ADELPHI? He must be wiser than his words.

I proceed to the question of Fanny Brawne, whom Miss Lowell would rehabilitate. And let me premise my remarks by saying I have no grievance against Fanny Brawne. She was very young: she had her "penchant for acting stylishly": she had not much imagination: and she did not love Keats as Keats loved her, with all his body and mind and soul. That is no very formidable indictment of a girl of eighteen. Ninety-nine girls out of a hundred would succumb before it. Fanny Brawne was not a criminal. I simply think, as all Keats's friends thought, that it was a pity (in the event a tragedy) that Keats should have fallen in love with *her*. But it was part of his destiny.

She treated him badly, not because she was bad, but because she was ignorant. She coquetted with him when he was wholly hers. Only at the rarest moments

did she make him feel that she was indeed his. For most of the time he was agonizingly uncertain of her : feeling that she might be flirting with the next man who turned up. She meant no harm : she wanted to enjoy herself and to be admired, and she did not understand why she should be required to forego enjoyment and admiration at the demand of her exacting lover. Why should she? And the only answer is that if she had loved Keats in the way he loved her, there would have been no occasion to ask the question. She would not have wanted to enjoy herself apart from him, or to be admired except by him. And he would have been content. As it was, the uncertainty of his love fanned the spark of his disease into a devouring flame. That is, at least, how I and others before me have read the evidence of Keats's letters.

Miss Lowell would persuade us that, on the contrary, Fanny Brawne was the ill-treated one. Keats was ill with tuberculosis. " One of the effects of tuberculosis is a tendency to suspicion." (I wonder if Miss Lowell has ever *known* a writer of genius who suffered from consumption?) Fanny Brawne's faithlessness and coquetry were the invention of his diseased brain. She was long-suffering, loyal, and kind.

> Looking at their relations without bias, thrusting our minds away from the conventional interpretation, I think we must admit that he wronged her far more seriously than she ever wronged him. Her patience with him was unbounded; his with her no bigger than a grain of millet-seed.

Of course, if we are to call that " patience " in love which looks and is damnably like indifference, what Miss Lowell says is true. Keats was not indifferent; he believed and knew he could not live apart from Fanny Brawne : she was indifferent, not coldly, but just girlishly indifferent. Keats was " a nice boy " to her.

If this new theory of Fanny Brawne as the patient and devoted Griselda could be maintained, it would, of

ourse, change our conception of Keats. But what does he theory rest on? First on the assertion that tuberulosis brings with it a tendency to unjust suspicion. Ierein, I pit my knowledge aganst Miss Lowell's, and leny the fact. A suspicious person who becomes conumptive doubtless becomes more suspicious : an unsusicious and large-hearted person like Keats who ecomes consumptive does not change into a suspicious ne. Tuberculosis does have strange effects. Chief mong them is its tendency to make infinitely more ntense the spiritual characteristics of the person who uffers from it. Whatever he intimately is, he becomes o the *n*th degree. That Keats was Keats was far nore important in his relation to Fanny Brawne than hat he was an incipient consumptive.

Then Miss Lowell produces portions of some letters f Fanny Brawne's. Hitherto we have had no letters f hers. We have Keats's letters, but not hers to him. They would indeed be precious. We should then know, nstead of having to guess at, the few letters that filled im with happiness and the many that plunged him into espair. Unfortunately, not one of the letters of Fanny Brawne which Miss Lowell produces was written during Keats's lifetime. He had been dead a year when the arliest of them was written. They are interesting in mild sort of way, for they were written to Keats's ister Fanny, and therefore do concern Keats. But what evidence can they give as to Fanny Brawne's attiude and behaviour to Keats while he was alive? That was the time to be kind : when he had died and the worms had eaten him and largely for love, what matters what she wrote?

Miss Lowell has a penchant for psychology : she has lso a penchant for speaking of psychology as a modern iscovery, a new-found key by which we may unlock he secret hearts of great men who were ignorant of the cience. It is a queer notion which powerfully contri-

butes to the impression of provinciality given by Miss Lowell's book. A modicum of the old-fashioned psychology—the sort that has been accessible *à toute personne bien née* for the last few thousand years—would have warned her that when a mistress has treated her lover badly in his life-time, and he dies a sad and painful death, her sentiments during the succeeding years are not evidence of her behaviour while he was alive. In this particular case the only valid evidence is the sentiments of Keats's friends, who would all, he says, have " god-blessed him from her for ever," and the agony of Keats's own letters. It is quite possible to believe that the sheer *extremity* of suffering in those letters was due to Keats's illness ; but I should have thought it impossible for anyone (whether a " psychologist " or not) to imagine that that suffering had its root in unjust suspicions of a loyal and devoted mistress. Keats knew the truth of the matter : he stated it to Fanny Brawne again and again :—

> If you would really what is call'd enjoy yourself at a Party—(he wrote to her in June, 1820)—if you can smile in people's faces, and wish them to admire you *now*—you never have nor ever will love me. I see *life* in nothing but the certainty of your Love—convince me of it, my sweetest. If I am not somehow convinced I shall die of agony. If we love we must not live as other men and women do—I cannot brook the wolfsbane of fashion and foppery and tattle—you must be mine to die upon the rack if I want you. I do not pretend to say that I have more feeling than my fellows, but I wish you seriously to look over my letters, kind and unkind, and consider whether the Person who wrote them can be able to endure much longer the agonies and uncertainties which you are so peculiarly made to create. . .

" Nobody with a grain of medical sense," says Miss Lowell, " can fail to see this is delirium." Nobody with a grain of human understanding can fail to see that it is agony. There is a difference : a biographer of Keats must be able to appreciate it.

KNUT HAMSUN

By Maxim Gorki*

THERE are men for whom writing books is a profession, a "means of living." Their work is satisfactory enough if they refrain from heaping lies upon their heroes, if they desist from showing them in a worse light than they deserve. It is still better if they flatter their fellow creatures, be it ever so slightly. It does not matter if it is done crudely and with the obvious purpose of winning the good grace of the readers, for I think it only does the readers good to see themselves painted in brighter colours. Beautiful plumage, after all, lends to a man a certain resemblance to a cock! And we should not fail to remember that that bird, having entirely forgotten how to fly, continues nevertheless to walk on the earth with grave loftiness, not only because it supplies the world with milliards of eggs, but also because it has well realized the cultural importance of competition.

There are writers doomed by the disease of talent to work "in the sweat of their brows," who are impelled to write books by a restless yearning for "fame," by an entirely legitimate and biologically justifiable desire to set forth—to display—their individuality which sets them out from among the chaotic crowd of "mere men," and to create among them an atmosphere of attention and interest centred around the knight with the plume, the comforter, the wit. Such writers cannot do without the flattering encomiums of critics, the respectful acclamations of readers, the all-promising curiosity of women, and various other manifestations of

a kind that, going to their heads like wine, incite them to further work. Writers of this type are not long-lived and do not imprint their names very deeply in the "memories of yore." But it is they, precisely, who create "literature" in the broad sense of the term—they are to be compared to the nameless masons who erected the marvellous temples of the Middle Ages.

Besides these there are the artists of exceptional spiritual force and concentration and of an almost miraculous spiritual sight. These possess the power of seeing what cannot be seen by others, of understanding what has been understood by nobody before them, of discovering the uncommon in the commonplace. Their books bear the traces of an impressive and charming intimacy, and one always feels that they are not talking to people in general, but to one single, favourite, beloved being whose opinion alone carries weight with them, who alone can understand the full significance of their Scriptures.* These are the monumental figures of art, the makers of "immortal books," the despots in the domain of literature, the creators of its schools, styles, and tendencies.

Knut Hamsun belongs precisely to this latter group of artists of the word. But to me, even among them he is an exception. In all the literature of the present day I know of no one to equal him in the singularity of his creative talent. It seems to me that he gives no heed whatever to "schools" and "styles," or anything that drags like a shadow behind all true art. True art creates a "second nature" just as science does, with this difference, however, that science, with tender

* It is probable that such a being does not physically exist; the artists imagine him. The imaginary interlocutor is exceptionally subtle-minded and intelligent, for he is the man himself. I cannot picture to myself Anatole France discoursing with a real, true being, a friend, in complete frankness, without the pauses that require reticence and interpunctuations.—M. G.

solicitude, surrounds a man with the " second nature " from the outside, while art creates it within us.

Hamsun's books are truly the Scriptures on mankind, and are entirely free from all external ornaments. Their beauty lies in their implacable, dazzlingly simple truth, which in some miraculous way makes the figures of his Norwegian heroes as undeniably beautiful as the statues of ancient Greece. He does not write for the readers, neither does he write for the one " beloved " one. No ! I have this impression : Hamsun tells all he knows and feels to someone living somewhere miles above the heads of all men.

As he tells his story, he ponders over it. In my opinion, however, it would be useless to try to find out what Hamsun actually wishes to assert. His meditations entirely lack all " pedagogic " purpose. His mind is not influenced by any moral dogma or social hypothesis. His mind, to me, seems ideally free.

" Yes," he says, " we are all tramps on this earth. . . ." He says it—but does not affirm it. He is not a pessimist. His " tramps " are the masters of the earth ; the people he creates—those people of a small, austere country—are all heroes. Isaac of *Martin's Gröde* is the hero of an epos. Had the Edda not existed already, he would, of course, have created an Edda of his own, weaving from the tissue of his imagination a Thor, a Freia, a Sigurd, a Loke. A Loke, also ; for evil should also be transformed into a system ; one should grow a head on to its shoulders in order to tear it off later on. I think that Loke's head will be torn off by someone like Isaac ; after that he will settle down on earth in a harmless way, as every respectable man should have done a long time ago, and renovate the sky, populating it with kinder and more human gods. For, surely that clever and kind man of the future will not suffer the sky to remain empty, for fear lest this emptiness penetrate his soul !

> **Fröken d'Espart was so obstinate in both good and evil, she had sunk so deeply into all that was earthly. *For that is what we call it.***

In the words underscored Hamsun expresses the kindly indulgent, soft irony of a sage. What else except the earthly is more significant than the woes of wretched human beings, sentenced to live in emptiness on an earth that trembles and crumbles to dust under their feet and destroys thousands of them in the fraction of a second, as it did in Lisbon, in Martinique, in Messina, and in Japan? It is exactly in all that is "earthly" that all the meaning of life lies buried. Is man to blame that it should be so? That there should be nothing but this god created by him for his own consolation and in whom I, personally, see as much mysticism as is concealed in all mechanics? Is God not created in order to bring harmony into the idea of omnipotence and omniscience? Is not a child of the mind the only instrument of self-defence at the disposal of man?

One is apt to think that in his last books—*Marten's Gröde, The Women at the Well, Sisste Kapitel*—Hamsun discourses with a being known to and seen by him alone. It may be the so-called "world's reason" or is it Hamsun's God, created by him to act as interlocutor? It is to him that the marvellous Norwegian writer tells the stories of his heroes, terrible in their epic simplicity, like the story of Inger in *Marten's Gröde*—"she was almost nothing among the rest of humanity—a mere unit"—this is how he characterizes the heroine of everyday life.

No one before Hamsun has reached the same amazing vividness in the descriptions of so-called insignificant, colourless personalities. No one has been so convincing in the revelation that colourless people do not exist! The earth is populated with millions of heroic ants, innocently sentenced to death, who erect

towns out of masses of stone, imagine and create all that is wise and beautiful, and in the various attempts to adorn their miserable lives, create for themselves the most torturing and intolerable conditions of social existence.

The story of this terrible and unwise existence is the story which Hamsun tells to his interlocutor, a certain perplexity ringing in his voice and, *en passant*, concealing his wrath, he questions him :

" Do you know the reason for all this ? Do you know why we all—heroes and martyrs that we are—appear to each other so insignificant and colourless ? Are you able to understand why this life on earth is so hapless ? "

The interlocutor maintains a malicious, perhaps an equally perplexed silence.

" Yes," insists Knut Hamsun, the wonderful artist, " such is life. But why ? Can you give me an answer ?

He does not get one.

Then Hamsun, with a still more amazing simplicity, tells another story about innocent men sentenced to endless tortures for some unknown crime.

" Yes," he says, " we are all tramps on this earth— Why are we tramps ? What for ? We have worked on it so diligently, we have already made it so beautiful. We truly have reason enough to love and respect each other, we have done some good work. Do you know why we torture each other so ? Are you able to understand the purpose of it ? "

He gets no answer.

It is an unspeakably hard and heroic task to live on this earth in the image of a Hamsun and spend one's life talking to someone who is deaf, dumb, and perhaps incurably stupid and desperately wicked ! How well it is that this monster does not exist, and that men like Hamsun, meditating on life, merely see to it that the head of a Loke be grown—in order that it may be torn off in time to come !

PICNIC

By John Metcalfe

I.

"THAT was a flash then, see it?"

The youth and the girl had risen from the bracken and waited for the peal of thunder.

Presently it reached them, hardly a peal in fact, only as yet a sort of flat and muffled bump, as though some monstrous troll had jarred his wooden trencher on the far horizon-rim. The curious, silent shudder of the air that followed had passed next moment, like the giant's breath, to lose itself along the leafy tunnels of the wood, but in its wake arose on every hand an urgent whispering of trees and the affrighted danger-cries of little birds.

"Damn!" said the boy. He was tallish, a small-boned, narrow-shouldered lad, some eighteen years of age. His face, good-looking in a facile, undistinguished style, was marred by a loose mouth and eyes too closely set. He wore a tennis-shirt, and round his waist a purple kamma-bund.

By his side the girl, Edie Copping, had begun to cry. "Oh, Elge," she said, "I do hate storms. They do make me feel rotten."

Early that morning Edie and her sister Ruth, and Alge and Alge's cronies, Bert and Jim, had started out with Mr. Meggeson the curate and a score or more of others for the woods. It was the annual summer outing of St. Saviour's "Social and Endeavour," and they had come by motor char-à-banc. After a noisy lunch of lemonade and sandwiches procured at the hut beside the lake, Mr. Meggeson had given the word to scatter.

PICNIC

Edie and Alge had wandered far. From where they rested on their heather-scented couch they could no longer hear the shouts of their companions. Somewhere behind their heads a drowsy bee had buzzed. The afternoon had lapped them in its lazy warmth, and in the serving of those golden moments they had lost count of time. Only the sudden, ominous darkening of the sky had roused them from their dream.

About them, in the little, fern-floored glade, were visible the accessories and souvenirs of dalliance. Under a bush Alge could make out the empty bottles and the crumpled paper bag which he had thrown away an hour or more ago. Nearer, some cigarette ends and a heap of orange peel still marked the spot where they had sat and smoked and squeezed before retreating to the deeper shadows of the thicket's edge. Over there the yielding bracken still retained the impress of their bodies, and, resting side by side between the twisted ankles of an oak, there lay like scandalous stage properties his silver-mounted cane and Edie's powder-box and puff.

He strode forwards to pick them up and as he did so came a second flash and then once more that curious susurration of the upper air. "Eight seconds," he pronounced, proceeding towards the oak tree after his pause to count. "It's still a long way off. It mayn't come here at all."

As if to answer him the fronting silhouette of trees leaped forwards, stamped its instantaneous pattern on the ground, and then as suddenly retreated. Next moment thunder grumbled sourly round a distant ring of hills.

"Oo, Elge, it's getting nearer. It is."

He had returned from the oak tree and held out her powder-box and puff.

"Here, catch hold," he said. "Better get along out of this. Better get yourself tidy, too. Come on."

Together, then, they hurried from the glade, whilst high above their heads the wrath of heaven gathered. She would have run, but he, with a restraining hand upon her arm, prevented her. About them little, dusty flocks of fallen leaves fled scampering in a hollow wind, and all around the boughs and stems of trees were labouring.

Edie still cried. Her head and throat were burning, and her body shook with intermittent sobs. Alge could feel the trembling of her fingers on his coat-sleeve, but held his glance averted.

Suddenly she stopped and spoke. " I'm frightened. Oh, I feel so frightened."

They faced each other. The rushing wind had dropped, and in the hush that followed it were audible the last low pipings of the birds, held to a single faint, half-stifled note of fear. Presently these sounds also died away, and all the forest waited breathless for the coming storm.

" We're all right, Edie. It's under single trees that's dangerous."

" It isn't only that. Oh, Elge, it isn't only that I mean. You know. . . ."

She faltered, paused a moment, and continued.

" You know, you promised, Elge. You promised to stick by me."

He regarded her uneasily. Clearing his throat, he made as if to speak, then checked a half-embarrassed snigger. Into his glance there crept a look of troubled calculation, presently of apprehension.

The girl was clinging to him now with both hands round his neck. Above them, heavy with the imminence of rain, the sky had beetled like a frowning face.

" Oh, shut it, Edie. Everything's all right. I promise you it is. Let go my neck."

He tried to unloose her hands.

" Let go," he said. . . .

A sudden passion of resentment blazed between them. The tense, electric air had held their nerves astretch, but now pent-up emotion had its way. They railed like angry children scarce knowing what they said.

" That's right, Elge; that's the way with fellows. Get round a girl and lead her into wrong, and then ' Let go,' they say."

" My God, you girls!"

" You know you planned it all along. That's why you was so glad when Mr. Meggeson says ' Break.' That's why——"

" And so was you, you tart! You wanted it as bad as me, you know you did. Let go my neck, I say."

She released her grasp so suddenly that he reeled backwards, catching at a branch. The girl had sunk upon her knees, hysterically sobbing.

Alge ran his fingers tenderly around his neck. " Come on," he muttered sulkily. " It's going to pelt. I'm going to the Hut. The others'll be there by this and wondering where we've got to. Come along, Edie."

" You cad!" she said.

He eyed her nervously. His face was white. " I'm going," he repeated, but she made no move.

" All right," he said. " I'm off. Not going to wait here to get soaked an' struck. Let you get on with it."

She raised her eyes.

" You cad!" she said again.

" I'm not. Why don't you come?"

" Along of you? I wouldn' be seen dead!"

" You fool! It's your fault just as much as mine."

" It wasn't."

" Yes it was. You——"

He stopped that moment, for a sudden, searing flash that seemed to rive the sky blinded their eyes and drove recrimination back upon their lips. Next instant, with

a deafening report, the storm had broken on them in its fury.

They ran then, plunging through brake and thicket, stumbling down paths grown darker every moment. The rain came on just as they reached a little clearing, and by the time they crossed it they were drenched.

They made, so far as memory might guide them, for the refreshment hut where they bought their lemonade and sandwiches three hours ago. At intervals Alge uttered a forlorn halloo.

After a time the downpour became less torrential, but overhead the mighty din went on without a pause. The lightning now was almost continuous. It gave them curious, momentary visions of a whelmed and stricken world—the drenched and spouting leaves, the shining trunks of trees, long, streaming vistas that fled headlong through a glittering sea of ink, drowned paths that slid away to regions more tormented yet.

Alge felt the touch of Edie's hand upon his shoulder. She shouted in his ear : " I can't run any more." Next instant she had sunk exhausted at his feet.

He tried in vain to raise her. She seemed too tired and too terrified to move. Her arms were scratched and bleeding, and her flimsy summer clothes were torn. She drew his head down to her lips and whispered : " We're going to get struck. It serves us right. We're going to get struck."

Between the flashes it was dark, but not too dark for him to see her face. Something in its expression puzzled and dismayed him. Her eyes were large and feverishly bright. Her mouth was set to a straight line. She lay inert and terrified, and yet in the abandon of her pose was something curiously more than terror or despair. In some obscure and contradictory fashion it conveyed a hint of triumph.

He raised himself and frowned. For a moment he puckered his lips as to a hesitating whistle. His jaw dropped, and his gaze grew plaintive.

PICNIC

II.

Perhaps an hour had passed. For more than half that time Edie had remained as she had fallen, resisting every effort on the part of Alge to move her. At last, however, a flash more blinding than the rest had caused her to scramble to her feet. They had run then, clumsily, for their limbs were chilled and cramped, through tangles of drenched undergrowth, along the slippery and sodden paths.

Now for a while they halted to take breath.

"It's hardly raining," said Alge presently. "I knew it wouldn't last. Come along, kiddo, let's do a scamper to the Hut an' then you'll be O.K."

Suddenly she laughed, and the smile which he had forced to reassure her faded as suddenly.

"The Hut!" she said. "You don't know where it is no more than me. We won't get there. It's going to get us first. The lightning. We're going to be struck."

They were almost the first words she had spoken since her collapse an hour ago. Her voice was tone-l ss, but her eyes were wild. And once again he seemed to catch that curious and brooding note of triumph.

"Get struck!" he echoed in a pale derision. "Don't talk so silly! Why, the rain's almost stopped, and so's the lightning——"

He paused there, for to belie his words there came a distant surly roar. The storm, which for a time had seemed to pass behind them in a circle, was now returning.

"It's coming back," she said. "There, see that flash!"

"Look here," said Alge, "what's come to you? If you're afraid, why don't you get a move on? Come on, old Edie girl, no nonsense."

He ended lamely. His attempt at mastery had

failed. He stood confronting her in the soaked twilight of the forest. Before her glance his own fell cowed and baffled.

"It's coming back," she said again, "the lightning."

Her voice which had been toneless held now an almost gloating quality.

He raised his eyes to hers. Upon her face, tight-lipped and tranced, there sat an unreal exaltation, a sort of dreadful and exultant acquiescence in fatality.

"Oh, God, shut up," he said. "You and your bloody lightning!"

His words had ended on a nervous shout, for at that instant came another flash much nearer than the last.

"Come on," he said. "I'm going to run. Almost on top of us that one it was."

He started off. The girl, after a moment's hesitation, followed him, but made no attempt to hurry.

"Come on," he shouted back at her again. "For heaven's sake, come *on*."

He waited until she had come up with him. His face worked nervously. His lips were dry.

"Why can't you run?" he said. "You say the lightning's going to strike you . . . I believe you want it to. Gone loopy, that you have. . . ."

The perspiration broke upon his forehead. He seized her arm and tried to drag her by main force. "Look here," he screamed, "you've got to come, or else I'm going on alone . . . Edie . . . Do you hear?"

They proceeded slowly in this fashion whilst he, with one hand clenched about her wrist, cajoled, expostulated, and entreated, striving in vain to hurry her.

"I'll marry you . . . to-morrow, that I will . . . do anything you like . . . You hear? I'll marry you. . . ."

Any answer she might have given him was lost in a terrific peal of thunder. She started then to run with him. At last and with the nearer threat of danger that

tranced and stony mood of hers had crumbled for the time.

They hastened down the sodden paths. Alge reasoned that sooner or later they must strike the road by which they had approached the forest. Once they hit that the rest was simple.

III.

It was as the trees began to thin around the edges of a clearing that Edie said : " Listen ! I thought I heard somebody shout."

They stopped, straining their ears, but could hear nothing save the surly mutter of the thunder.

" It isn't anyone," said Alge. " They're all inside the Hut by now. Let's get across this bit. I think I see a road."

They hurried forwards, gazing with eager eyes towards the spot at which his finger pointed.

" Make haste ! " he called.

He had said that, and she, somehow, had run a little way before him through the fringing belt of trees. He heard her shout : " Look, here's the quickest way," and saw her pass from out the shadows of the wood and gain the centre of the clearing.

Then she looked up, and, following hard behind her at a distance of ten yards, he saw her face.

He heard her cry : " Oh, Elge, the sky, the sky ! "

A second later he was at her side and looked up, too.

Above their heads, so close that one might touch it with an upraised hand, so curiously, fearfully remote that Edie's cry climbed tingling thinly and more thinly in its infinite ascent, the sky hung stretched and level as a painted card. Then, as Alge gazed, the card began to crumple slowly. An angry, brownish light shone round the circle of the hills.

He was as surely and as instantly aware of threatened danger as if he watched the steady creeping of a flame

along a fuse. Some instinct threw him flat upon his face. " Get lower, quick ! Get down ! " he shouted to the girl.

Next moment there came such a shattering shock as seemed to rend the earth. Although their eyes were shut they felt a blinding light as though all heaven had spouted into flame. And almost instantly a curious, deathly reek had filled their nostrils.

After some seconds Alge sat up.

From the woods on the further side of the clearing towards which they had been running came a voice.

" Gor love us, that was a wunner. Something went west then in a hurry. Look, can't you see it? Over in the trees there. I can see the smoke. . . ."

The voice was lost awhile, but presently it shouted :

" Look, there's a bloke upon the ground. Why, blimey if it ain't young Elge. Look, an' there's Edie, too."

Alge had risen to his feet by the time his friends came up. Three of them, Bert and Jim and little Freda Bighouse, all very haggard and bedraggled, all chattering in a nervous rush of talk.

" We lost our way. Reckoned we was the only ones, we did, an' all the others snug inside "—" That wasn't 'arf a stunner, was it? "—" Blew off ole Jimbo's 'at "—" Where *is* the bally 'ut, then, any way? " . . .

Presently there was a pause, and then somebody said :

" 'Ullo, what's up with Edie—can't she speak? "

She was standing, very pale, and looking at the opening in the wood from which they had come out into the clearing. Just there the trees stood straight and calm against the sky, but from behind their screening forms, as from a hidden wound, there travelled faintly to them still that curious, pungent reek.

" Poor kid," said Bert, " she's properly done in. Never mind, Edie girl, you'll be O.K. along of us."

" She's starin' at that place I saw the smoke," said Jim. " Don't she look queer? Tell us, what is it, Edie?"

She turned, white-faced, and spoke.

" Elge," she said slowly, " Elge, that was the place where we was waiting. Elge, it was meant for you and me."

There was a pause and presently an awkward laugh. Then Alge said nervously :

" It's the storm that's made her queer. Just like a blessed jug of milk, she is. . . ."

" Well, come along an' don't stand gassin' 'ere," said Bert. " It isn't over yet."

Quite unexpectedly they came upon the road. Jim, with a shout of triumph, leaped across the broken fence that marked the ragged limit of the wood. " And look," he said, " why there's the 'ut. What price a cup o' tea?"

They pushed on jubilantly. Alge and Jim had drawn a little way ahead. Behind them Bert was walking with the tired girls.

As they neared the hut Alge caught the sound of Edie's voice : " He's going to marry me."

The words were plain. Jim could not have ignored them had he wished.

" 'Ullo," he said, " what's this I 'ear? You an' young Edie, eh? Shake 'ands ole man!"

The two of them turned back to join the rest.

" Well, I'll be 'anged," said Bert, " some folks 'as funny ways. To go an' pop it in a blinkin' thunderstorm!"

" Ah," giggled Freda in a nervous titter of excitement, " I expect it was the storm as give 'im courage. The electricity an' that, you know."

" Well, any'ow, cheer up, you two," said Bert, sarcastically, " it isn't arf as bad as goin' to a funeral."

A minute's further walking brought them to the Hut.

Just as they gained its shelter the storm broke out afresh.

IV.

The long, low wooden room was crammed with people. A dozen picnic parties, driven for refuge from all parts of the wood, filled it to overflowing. The air was blue with smoke and heavy with the steam that rose from soaking clothes.

"Ough! What a fug!" said Jim. "I don't see any of our joint."

But presently, by dint of dogged shoving, they discovered their own party, miserably packed and steaming like the rest.

"'Ullo," said Bert, "thought we was struck now, didn't you?—An' so did we a little while ago."

A dozen leaden eyed and pallid faces, stared back at him lethargically, too woebegone to smile. Five or six damp and tired girls were sitting in stolid and resigned discomfort on a form. Their drenched finery hung soaking round their bodies like the petals of so many dashed and mudded flowers. Wedged in a silent, surly knot beside a window, their swains stood smoking gloomily.

"Well, ain't you glad to see us, then?" demanded Bert facetiously. "We'd 'a called earlier, but was detained over our toy-letts."

"Pity there ain't a mirror," replied someone sourly, "and then you'd see yourselves."

"Better than sitting in a row with faces like the backs of trams, at any rate," said Bert ungallantly. "'Ere, what about a cup o' tea?"

"You've got some 'opes. The tea's all gorn. There's only bath water."

Outside the rain descended in a vicious fury. A stretch of gravel round the hut was covered with a sudden white and seething carpet where the drops had

stung the ground and risen ankle-high like steam. A lamp was lit. It shed a flickering and uncertain light, so that each countenance appeared decayed, swimming within a sallow, watery unreality, like sick men's faces pictured in a dream.

Suddenly Edie cried: "Where's Ruth?"

There was a moment's pause, then someone said: "She hasn't come in yet."

"Who saw her last?" Her voice rang out high-pitched, tremulous with alarm. "Who was she with, I say?"

"No need to worry, Edie. She's all right. She went with Mr. Meggeson. He'll see to 'er all right."

"With Mr. Meggeson!"

"Yes. They was together, any'ow, the last I see of 'em. Lord love us, child, there's nothing to take on about. Whatever's happened to the girl!"

"It's the storm," said Alge sulkily. "It's given her a headache."

"Too much excitement," remarked Bert, with a meaning intonation. "Which reminds me, you 'aven't 'eard the news."

"The news! What news?"

"They've fixed it up together," he proclaimed. "'Er an' young Elge."

There was a moment's incredulous silence. Somebody began to whistle "'Snaughty but 'snice." Then a girl tittered: "That's why she's let 'er 'air down. 'Opportunity's a fine thing,' Edie."

"Puss, puss!" called Freda. "Give the chee-ild a chance. Can't you congratulate 'er?"

Alge stood confused. An angry flush had risen to his cheek. His fingers fidgeted about the lapel of his coat.

"Looks like a cat that's swallered a canary, I don't think."

" More like a 'am-bone that's gone an' lost its frill. 'Ere, Elge boy, give us a shake ! "

After the handshaking and congratulations Alge slunk away. He edged between the shoulders of the crowd until he reached the strip of varnished wood that had served as counter while there was anything to sell. He looked up, and by his side saw Bert.

" No luck," said Alge, " not even a cake."

" Never mind the cakes," said Bert. " You goin' to marry Edie ? "

" Looks like it, doesn't it ? "

" My Christ, you better. . . ."

" I'd better ! What d'you mean ? "

He could make out Edie standing with the group beside the window. Her face was half-averted, but he could fancy she was crying. Her hair hung down her back but neatly now. Somebody, apparently, had lent her a slide. His gaze flickered, became furtive, then rebellious.

" What's it got to do with you ? " he said.

Bert for a time stood silent. The rain had ceased. The lamp had been extinguished. The mutter of the thunder grew more distant. Somewhere a voice, sardonically festive, began to sing " Ain't we got fun ? "

" To do with me ? " repeated Bert, " To do——"

He stopped there suddenly. Alge followed the direction of his glance. " Hello," he said, " here's Ruth Meggeson."

Bett had come in, soaking and dishevelled, from backs of n. The curate's hat was gone, his grey " 'Ere, what vas daubed with mud. His teeth chat-

" You've gves were set in a peculiar, glassy stare. There's only banent the thought had flashed across the Outside the " Good Lord, he's drunk."

h of gravMeggeson was not drunk, only very en white ale had discovered them by this time, and

made his way, still shivering, to where they stood. "She's hurt herself," he stammered. "That last stroke. A branch fell on her arm."

The girl beside him forced a flickering smile. "It isn't anything," she said, "only a scratch. Mr. Meggeson did it up for me——"

"After a fashion," said Mr. Meggeson, "only after a fashion. It ought to be attended to. . . ." His face was grey, peculiarly lined and creased like crumpled paper.

Alge raised his voice. "Edie," he called, "here's Ruth."

But Edie was already at their side. She untied the handkerchief which Mr. Meggeson had tied around her sister's arm.

"It was the branch," said Ruth in a faint whisper. "A tree was struck. It might have killed us. That last stroke. . . ."

"I know," said Edie. "It nearly got us, too. Anyone got some rag?"

Her voice was harsh and strained. Without raising her eyes to look at him she returned his handkerchief to Mr. Meggeson.

"Some rag!" said Freda. "You're welcome to my petticoat!"

The injured arm was bound.

Outside the storm had ended. A watery evening sun showed sheepishly behind the trees. People began to scatter from the hut.

"Hi, Ruthie, 'ave you 'eard the news?" said Jim. "Your sister's gone an' fixed it with young Elge."

But Ruthie's only answer was a nervous smile.

The char-à-banc had come out from the garage. St. Saviour's Social and Endeavour clambered to its seats. Slowly at first, then with a gathering roar that merged the catcalls and the shouting in a general steady and incessant din, they started on their way.

For many a noisy mile they thundered on towards Hoxton.

Edie was sitting between Alge and Mr. Meggeson. Until they left the Lea Bridge Road to skirt the southern side of Clapton Common she had kept silence. Now, as the racing lights of shops and lamps began to twinkle on each shouting mouth and waving arm, she turned at last towards the curate, and in a voice directed so that only he could hear, inquired:

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Do about what?" he stammered. For a while he did not catch her meaning, but as he marked the small, set face beside him, still tranced and curiously passionless as that of one who walks in sleep, a terrible misgiving filled his own.

. . . .

"About my sister here, about young Ruth. . . . The lightning tried to get us, Elge and me. It tried to get you, too. . . ."

His jaw had dropped. A stealthy sweat began to break upon his forehead. A look of horror crept into his eyes.

"She told you then," he whispered, "I'm going to marry her."

. . . .

It was a second or two later that someone in the seat behind them shouted:

"Hi, wake up there in front. Budge up, young Elge, and give 'er room. Your gel's a-goin' to faint!"

THE PEOPLES WILL

By J. H. Clynes

LUCKILY his two friends knew the way, every inch, or he might have turned back in disgust. To propel one's self upstream against this lava-like torrent of commonplace people was a Bunyan's sort of test for a very self-conscious lover of humanity. Was one in duty bound to suffer crowds gladly? Humanity in the, no, not the abstract, quite, but—well, when he spoke and wrote and thought of humanity, it wasn't like this. Might this not be the proletariat? But with a mind applying itself to every face as the crowd swept it by, with a pin-point's concentration for a bowler-hat, a bonneted sticky baby, a blue-faced old woman (bad heart, no doubt), a policeman's helmet floating steadily on the surface of this river of bodies and souls, he began to give it special meanings, to idealise it, to see in it immense collective purposes and needs, to discover shortly that this was not only a great many people, but that this was The People, of whom he spoke with such fervour, and whose votes he would be demanding in a few minutes when he mounted the platform. They were the electorate—had he not addressed them as "Ladies and Gentlemen" in his election address? Copies of that address were no doubt walking about crumpled in the pockets of the crowd. The fate of the nation, the future course of history, were in their hands, to bend and mould as they would.

His heart warmed to this drab noisy multitude, as he threaded the spaces between fruit-stalls in the road, sandwichmen, weary gutter musicians and the knots of

sceptics listening to the patter of watch-and-ring tricksters with their guinea's worth for eighteen pence. How easy their work was, if their hearts could only tell them! Vote for the right man, and their tangled equations would begin to resolve themselves and a better order would emerge. If they could but see that it was *everything* to appoint as their representatives men who loved them, who didn't want just to exploit and sneer at them as the old politicians had done . . . men who respected and anticipated their welfare, and wished deep in their hearts to serve. He found himself thinking how true it was that the biggest things in life, whatever they be, were so simple, once you grasped them.

The journey he had begun as a martyr, he continued as a prophet, blowing the glow inside himself into a fine heat. The killing brilliance of the white electric light from the high-power bulbs shining upon mountains and barricades of scarlet meat, the contorted masses of garments, corsets, and pyramids of silk stockings in the drapers' shops, the sadness of the boot-and-shoe shop-windows with their paper foot-gear gaping open for feet, the terrifying winking electric tooth outside the dentist's establishment, all helped to lay on a little more thickly the conviction that he was seeing these things (so familiar in a sense), with new eyes. That's what everyone wanted to do—to see the world with new eyes!

They reached the town-hall, his agent saying: "You'll speak first, for half an hour, and then we've got to go on to the next meeting." His unforgettable speech, delivered with a mind and eyes transfigured by the emotions sweeping through him, won the election. It touched them. They wouldn't let him go away. People who had come to ask awkward questions stood up and yelled: "Who's a-going to vote for the Boy? . . . *I* am!" And they sang "For he's a jolly

good fellow" until the town-hall organ caught the infection and roared as if it would get loose and canter off down the main-street, singing "For he's a jolly good fellow," and leave behind a stream of broken fruit-stalls.

So it went on, from day to day, from climax to climax, until the figures were read out announcing his return to Parliament, and his opponents (one of whom had lost his deposit) shook hands with him and said they wished him well. Exhausted, elated, and secretly appalled at the reality of fruit his scattered seeds of words had borne, he climbed into his be-streamered, be-placarded car, and made a painful, hysterical progress down the main-street which he had seen for the first time three weeks before. Even in this tumult and unreality of event, how familiar it seemed by now! The names painted over the shops, the sequence of shops from ironmonger to grocer, newsagent, confectioner, passed before him as inevitably as might the notes of a melody. The dentist's sign, no longer terrifying, but with a kind of comic intimacy in its appeal, he hardly noticed: indeed, was it possible to notice anything with these legions of singing faces, hands to be shaken, catch-words to be returned, clamouring for his attention?

The days between the election and his swearing-in were dream-like in their unsubstantiality—or was it that on emerging from a dream the substantial world was hardly believable? But letters were there, regiments of them, formulæ of congratulation, forgotten friends coming up like bubbles to the surface of memory, societies and leagues claiming support, begging letters, anonymous notes of abuse, wails from houseless people, pensioners with claims against the Government, written in every kind of thin pale ink on lined and creased cheap paper. To each its answer.

"Certainly I shall investigate your case. It is a scandalous thing that any Government. . . ."

" I fear I cannot pledge myself to a full support of your Committee's objects, but. . . ."

" My dear Walter, it is years since I heard from you. Thanks very much. . . ."

And so to the House of Commons, with its teeming labyrinthine corridors, its policemen, its jangling division-bells, its wigs and mace, its silk robes and knee-breeches, its irreconcilable detachment from and concern with the world outside. What a whimsical disgust he felt at its ceremonial and slow-but-sure procedure! Still, it must be endured in all its strangenesses; one must blink its irrelevancies, remembering that indeed from this place fulfilment sooner or later would come to his vision.

Consequently, during the twelve months of that unhappy Parliament's life, he made a possible eighty-two out of eighty-four divisions, asked one hundred and sixteen questions for oral answer and twenty-nine for written answer, sat upon two committees, spoke thirty-five columns of Hansard, introduced a Bill which died a natural death, created three scenes, entertained a hundred and forty-three constituents to tea on the Terrace, wrote forty-two columns of newspaper comment, answered an average of twenty-six letters per day, " showed round " the Houses of Parliament two hundred and twenty-one persons (not all constituents, though some of the constituents entertained to tea might be included in this number) and when the next General Election came about, and once more the fatal figures were announced, found himself defeated by three thousand, six hundred and seventy-nine votes.

WHY CHRISTIANITY FAILS

By T. A. Bowhay

Continued from page 837.

IT is only natural things which can be revealed directly to another, that is the things which appeal to man's senses. Intellectual facts do not exist external to the mind, and it is only the mind's spontaneous action which reveals them to it. It is true that a more cultivated mind may be of assistance in guiding and stimulating a less cultivated one, but that is all it can do, guide and stimulate, not impart. This is the point at which teachers generally fail, whether intellectual or Christian. Because human nature is one, and natural facts can be known intellectually, it is also possible that intellectual facts may be known as if they were natural facts. This is the case when they are merely remembered. A child, like an animal, may remember that fire burns, and he may tell another child that it burns, but the memory of the fact, and its statement in words to another, do not imply any direct use of the intellect; there is no intellectual life in the memory of the natural fact, nor in the verbal expression of it. It is possible for a child to commit to memory a whole book without the slightest exercise of his intellect. Not only, however, may huge numbers of actual facts be remembered, but also large numbers of intellectual statements (intellectual, it may be, or may not be, to the teacher), may be remembered and used by the pupil, without the slightest participation of his own intellect in the process. That he can use them is due to the power of association, which is one capacity of the memory of great importance so far as the memory is

concerned, and an extremely useful servant, when memory is assigned its proper place in relation to the intellect. To mistake memory for intellect is the cause of the failure of education. Omitting all considerations now of natural facts, such a mistake causes teacher and pupil to suppose, when a number of intellectual principles are stored up in the memory, and it is possible to combine and recombine them through the power of association, as circumstances occur, which arouse it into action, that the intellect has been acting, and such a mistake renders nugatory for intellectual life all which has been done. Yet such a process alone is all that education generally accomplishes.

A good memory is necessary, doubtless, for intellectual life, but the apparently best memory may be the greatest possible hindrance to even the awakening of the intellect to action. Animals have far better memories than any man; savages have far better memories than any man with a cultivated intellect, within the range to which their observation extends. Memory, therefore, in education must not be substituted for intellectual action. When a child, or any other learner, is asked to attend to either a natural fact, or to an intellectual one, and he does it intellectually, he shows in some way or other a personal concern in what he is attending to, because he is conscious that it appeals to him personally; he is aware that he is using himself, and wishes to grasp the relation of it all to himself; his intellect is working spontaneously, it adds of itself to what it receives. The direct consequence of such a working is that the child does not merely remember, as is evident from his never giving an answer as if he had learnt it, but always as if he had made it for himself. No education is of any service, intellectually, except in so far as it enables the learner, not to remember that he has learnt something, but to answer a question or to make a statement, as if he

himself were the original source of what he says, and he had never heard it before.

With regard to spiritual facts, a twofold mistake can be made; they can be dealt with as if they were intellectual facts, or even as if they were natural facts. When a man who may know a spiritual fact spiritually, speaks of it to a learner in such a way, that the learner, in accepting the statement, thinks he knows the fact, because he remembers the statement, and can repeat it to himself, he has reduced the spiritual fact to the level of that which is natural. The learner may even behave in the way the recognition of the spiritual fact would require, he may even think and feel, as he should, in regard to it, and still what he supposes a spiritual fact will be to him a merely natural one.

Or the spiritual teacher may make another mistake. He may so speak of the spiritual fact, that the learner receives it as an intellectual one, one which he can receive and deal with as if it were in his own control, which all intellectual facts are; and again, behaviour, thought, and feeling may correspond to what the spiritual fact would require, although he is entirely ignorant of what the spiritual fact is, as a spiritual fact.

Just as the so-called intellectual education is of little or no use to the majority who are subject to it, and in most cases rather weakens than strengthens their innate powers, so what is termed Christian or spiritual teaching, in large numbers of cases, seems rather to drive men from God than to reveal Him to them. The cause is the same in both failures. For intellect, memory is substituted; intellectual facts are degraded into natural fact. For spiritual facts, intellect or memory, or a mixture of both, is accepted. That the essential characteristic of both intellect and spirit is spontaneity; that that alone is intellectual which the intellect thinks of itself, and that alone is spiritual which a man cannot find in the world, nor in himself, but which he is aware comes

to him; all this is forgotten. The inferior is elevated into the position of the superior, and human life is dominated by the lower instead of by the higher.

Or to express it in another way. The natural facts of the world used by the intellect of man as material for the exercise of its powers, are transformed, for man, by that exercise, and the intellect has been active only so far as a man has grown conscious that, for him, natural things have been transformed. So intellectual facts at any given point in a man's development can be transformed for the man by the spontaneous action of further intellectual power than was previously exercised. The intellect is then alive when it is continually developing through its own essential activity, itself becoming a continual fuller revelation. So a man may find himself, in the natural facts which constitute his physical nature and in the intellectual facts of his being, transformed continually by the action of the revelation in him (and by his own correspondence with them) of the spiritual facts which are beyond him. Nor is the transformation of the natural facts more real and assured than is the transformation of the earlier intellectual facts, by the later ones, or than is the transformation of both the intellectual and natural by the spontaneous power of the spiritual facts revealed to man. That alone is intellectual by which the intellectual is transformed, and that alone is spiritual by which the whole nature of man is transformed, not by his own energy, but by the action of what is beyond him. All this is generally forgotten.

The question arises, if intellectual facts are fixed and predetermined, and the same is true of spiritual facts, how can the mark of both sets of facts be spontaneity. Can predetermination and the freedom of spontaneity co-exist and co-operate in action?

With regard to intellect, the predetermination involves that intellect, to attain to its complete develop-

ment, can only do so in obedience to its own method of development, which is fixed before it begins to act; but that it is not compelled to such obedience is evidenced by the countless mistakes made in the past, and repeated in the present, and especially by the mistake, which is the fountain-head of all others, as to the true nature of education, wherein men regard that as intellectual which is deficient of the essential characteristics of intellect, and that as spiritual which has no mark of a spiritual fact. That the method of intellectual action is fixed and predetermined is shown by the fact that all intellectual success is accomplished in the same way, however various the direction in which it is sought, and that is by obedience to what may be termed the general laws of intellectual action, as subordinate to those which are peculiar to the individual.

Method is predetermined, obedience to it is free.

There can be no doubt that obedience is free; otherwise there could be no failures; and that fact of life is of more importance than the fact that the method is predetermined. For it involves the further fact that the intellect holds a subordinate position in life. If intellect were the directing and controlling power of life, the dominating influence in it, there might arise a conflict between the intellectual and the natural, but there could be no conflict within the intellectual; the fixed method of its operation would prevent such a conflict, whilst nothing is more certain than that such a conflict does exist.

The intellect is not free, obedience to its method is free; and therefore in man there must be a capacity which can use the intellect as its instrument, and that capacity is man's spirit. Man is not the highest reality he can know. The highest reality is the infinite spirit who is infinite freedom, with whom, man may learn by experience, he can more and more closely correspond. Man in the beginning, however, is

finite actually, and only infinite potentially. But there must be nothing in the beginning which is absolutely antagonistic to what he can become, for then he would have to lose what was antagonistic, and so far as he had to lose, he could not be potentially what he finally becomes, he could not be the something which had to be transformed without the loss of itself. Man's spirit, therefore, in the beginning of his development must be free, but his freedom has to harmonise with the infinite freedom of God. So that in spirit as in intellect, freedom and predetermination have to be reconciled.

And again, it is the method in which man must correspond to God which is fixed, whilst man is free to obey that method or not as he will. If his obedience were compelled, he would be no more than an observer, a mere looker on, of a process, and the process would have nothing to do with him ; he would only be a mirror in which certain operations were reflected, or like a visitor to a camera-obscura, who has no vital interest in the shadows in front of him, or like a peasant dressed in a king's robes, who is still the peasant that he was. Such is not the nature of man ; what he is, and not what he beholds is his chief concern. To possess being in any sense that is real, man must be free to obey or not to obey, and that he is so the whole course of his history testifies.

This freedom extends not only to his correspondence with the freedom of God, but also to the development of his intellect, and to his dealing with natural facts. It is man's spirit which dominates his development, and through his spirit man's life lies in the power of his own decision, and hence, he is responsible for the use he has made of himself.

He can, as he has done in the past, and as he does in the present, make himself in a countless variety of ways, but for each man there is but one perfect way,

in following the fixed method of his intellect as it is in him individually, and in obedience to the method which secures his correspondence with the infinite freedom of God.

Another question arises. What is the relation to man of the knowledge of natural facts which he can acquire? One answer to that question is easy. It enables man to use the powers, which are natural, for his own practical purposes, and to make the circumstances of his life more beautiful by a closer association with what is beautiful in natural facts, than that which he gets, for example, from flowers, beautiful as they are. Another answer comes readily to the mind. Through his knowing man knows so much more of himself, and is able to attend to more and more worthy objects of thought and feeling, as his knowledge is more. His knowledge makes his earthly life more full and complete, more interesting and delightful, more human, since it becomes a developing expression of his own nature.

Yet, as we have seen, the complete possession in knowledge of what a man is, gives him only a consciousness of what he has been from the beginning unconsciously, and there can be no doubt that with increased knowledge of himself, a greater uncertainty and hesitation about his course of action grows up in him, whereby the sense of delightful pleasure in action, the charm of early life, is lessened, and in some cases utterly lost. When men use their reason as what may be termed a natural possession, they seem to make fewer mistakes, to accomplish more, and in a more delightful manner, in a word to be more, than when they seek to use it after intellectual cultivation. All languages have been made by the instinctive use of reason, cultivated intellectual reason cannot make one new word, only manipulate more or less imperfectly words already in use. Still cultivated reason is

superior to uncultivated, and the seeming loss it entails must be due not to the cultivation itself, but to the method of the cultivation. Its cultivation is due to the instinctive promptings of the intellect, and is part, therefore, of its predetermined nature, and cannot be wrong. What is the fault in the method?

As we saw, when we considered the paradox which knowledge became if there was nothing beyond the intellect, the intellect is not supreme in life, it is only a means to an end, and hence the failure men make so generally. They do not, through the cultivation of the intellect, through the increase of their knowledge, find that which it is part of the predetermination of life they should find by those means, the power of spiritual life. That power always restores, if it has been weakened or lost, the wholeness of life as it is possessed by a little child; it gives strength, energy, brightness, vivacity, the sense that mere living is a delightful pleasure; it quickens and regenerates the physical nature, it invigorates and illuminates the intellectual capacities, it produces that joy in all existence which makes a man not only a joy to himself, but a joy to all with whom he comes into contact. In spiritual life man lives with real and true life. Probably even the ability to make new words might return if that spiritual power was possessed by men generally. According to the old story, it was the almost universal wickedness of man, that is his utter aversion from his spiritual nature, which brought the confusion of languages, and that may be a promise of the restoration of the oneness of speech, as men become more and more convinced of their spiritual capacity, and live in its power of freedom.

This restoration of the spiritual capacity of man is what Christianity is in its truth. The spiritual fact that God the Son became man, is the divine assertion of what all men had hesitated to declare, however great as teachers they had been; the fact that there is nothing in

man, and therefore nothing in the natural world, which is in any way antagonistic to the nature of God. All the old conceptions and superstitions, with which men, feeling darkly after God, of whose existence their own unconscious spiritual nature was a dim foreshadowing, had overladen the human conscience, had rather blinded themselves than found light, and had rather degraded than elevated themselves, all such conceptions were swept away by the revelation that man was in very truth the Son of God, that he was what God in the essential integrity of His being could become without loss, and therefore that man was, also without any loss of his manhood, capable of being a partaker of the divine nature. An early Christian wrote, and it is the whole of Christianity in a small compass, " God became man that man might become God," and not hereafter, but now in the days of his earthly sojourn.

This gives us the answer to the question I asked; what is the relation to man's knowledge of natural facts to man? In sharing the divine nature it is necessary that man should share in the work of God. His knowledge of natural facts reveals to Him intellectually God's method and plan of work, as far as that is revealed in natural facts, in that they are the creation of God. What is the work in which men can share? It is to aid in the development and elevation of all created things to the perfection intended for them by the Creator.

It must be remembered, however, that no intellectual knowledge, however great, can enable a man to do this, only those are capable of the task who have found in themselves the power of spiritual life. Scientific men have revealed the principle of evolution, but they have also revealed that evolution has stopped, and using only intellect are baffled in their attempt to discover why it should be so, as merely intellectual teachers are always baffled in their attempts at education,

Christian and otherwise. No intellectual attempt c
unravel the mystery, for to unravel it would mean tl
man would continue the evolutionary process, and tl
is impossible to man using mere intellect; it is o
spirit that can create, and a continued evolution wo
be a creation. The knowledge of what God has do
hitherto is only a means in preparing man for his wo
when through the development of man's spirit
capacity he is ready for it. St. Paul says (Rom. v
19): "The earnest expectation of the creation waite
for the manifestation of the sons of God," which so
men are in their spiritual capacity. So those who kn
spiritual life must aid their fellow creatures to find
also, till men, all men, come to the knowledge of G
in spiritual power, and working with God share
bringing about the regeneration of all things.

Why then has Christianity failed to the extent it ha
Because Christians most often do not believe what
the essential verity of their own faith, and because ve
few even of those who do believe it seek suf
ciently to realise it in themselves. If Christians we
Christians, there would be no need for any other incit
ment to induce those to be Christians who are not s
A true Christian is the best evidence of the truth
Christianity. It was the only argument of the ear
Christians. When through their attractive charm th
Western world was drawn to assume the form an
fashion of Christianity, and made it either natural c
intellectual, knowing nothing spiritually, then Chris
ianity began to fail, both in the life of its professor
and in its method of teaching.

Such a failure is not surprising. If it is only afte
thousands of years of mistakes and delusions, that me
have learnt to enter into and comprehend natural facts
and some few, some few indeed, are just beginning t
enter into and comprehend intellectual facts, how coul

it not take longer for men to enter into and grasp spiritual facts?

There are other reasons, the interminable disputes as to the true meaning of Christian teaching, not at all due to what is Christian; the large number of so-called Christian sects; the altogether evil action of so-called Christian authorities, when they have had the physical power to carry out their evil will; and many others into which there is no need to inquire, all due to the root one, what has been offered to men has been merely natural, or what is worse, intellectual superstition, not spiritual, and therefore not Christian. So long as professing Christians are only natural, or only intellectual, not spiritual, Christianity must fail.

The Tryst

THE mist is on the meadows,
Breasthigh in the moon;
And woodsmoke rises silver
O'er cold roofs of the town.

Now is the hour we longed for,
The solitude we planned.
But oh, this frozen passion
Was not by us designed!

RICHARD CHURCH.

TWO SONNETS

By Kathleen Freeman

Failure

JEALOUS, you said ; and scorn was in the curve
Of the lips that framed the word of failure ; last
I came of all your lovers, I who cast
No arms about your knees, forbore to serve
Your beauty, swore to stand erect, apart,
And praise you as men praise a tree, a hill,
Music, a picture ; proud was I of will
Indomitable, and proudly sang my heart,
" I give the rarest gift in all the world,
Justice, not passion ; she shall know what hands
Can love and cling not ; splendid she shall tread,
And splendidly the heart that understands
Shall contemplate her going." Your lip is curled
To-day, and shamed my eyes ; jealous, you said.

Gratitude

I should be grateful to you ; for your hands
Gave no caress, your lips did not assuage
My misery to mock-forgetfulness.
No, but you cried aloud, " Rejoice and know
That love is lost to you ; the gentle bands
Are loosened ; forth, forth where the storm-winds rage,
The night has secrets, and the seething stress
Of all-engulfing anguish, blow on blow,
Shall shape your soul to wisdom ; in these arms
Your song is silent, and your eyes are blind
With gazing over-much on eyes that hold
Promise of safety from the night's alarms,
False promise of false service, soft and kind."
I should be grateful to the heart grown cold.

THE FUTURE OF "THE ADELPHI"

By The Editor

The Adelphi will be continued. It has been made clear that there is a sufficient demand for it to warrant a slight risk being taken. The appeal has had the effect of forming a large and valuable nucleus of direct subscribers, and also of showing that a very large number of readers, who would subscribe if they could, simply cannot afford to do so.

For the sake of these readers, it has been decided to fix the price of The Adelphi from June onwards at 1s. 3d. instead of 1s. 6d. This will mean working with a narrow margin for the time being : but again, the risk is worth taking. I hope that those who have promised to become direct subscribers will not imagine they have been persuaded by false representations, seeing that they will save only 1s. 6d. instead of the promised 4s. 6d. I think they will agree that every effort must be made to keep the magazine within the reach of all who want to read it.

A further effort will accordingly be made to keep The Adelphi to some extent upon the bookstalls, in order that the opportunity of gaining new readers may not be lost. This is possible because the appeal has had the effect of giving a fairly firm basis of a minimum sale on which to rely. I shall be no longer working wholly in the dark, and shall therefore be able to allow a margin for casual sales with a clear knowledge of the maximum risk it will involve.

THE ADELPHI will not be run at a loss, simply because it *cannot* be run at a loss. Its mere existence will always be a guarantee that it is, however modestly, paying its way. My hope is that, by taking all the work into my own hands, I shall be able during the coming year to establish it firmly.

It seems appropriate to conclude this announcement with the following kindly prognostication sent to me on a postcard:

> 9 a.m., Monday, February 16th.
>
> To-day Mercury (Hermes), in Aquarius is in square. Evil aspect to Saturn in Scorpio at 11.8 a.m. Aquarius is the sign of Uranus, who governs Astrology, New Thought, Socialism, &c. Last April you turned down Astrology of which you knew nothing. I suppose Frederick Carter was your alias. I have a friend a writer of that name who did *not* write it. Mercury to-day will *turn down* your mag. and end your editorial Pecksniffian lucubrations on religion. The critics, A. Porter, Leond. Wolff, R. Aldington, &c., are all unanimous about your *egotism*!
>
> H. M.

"All the critics," said Remy de Gourmont, "that means one critic copied by all the others." However—I am not Frederick Carter; I know nothing about astrology; and now I am even less inclined to believe in it than I was.

The Dream Pirate

I have eaten bitter aloes, I have drunken of the brine,
I have moored my craft in safety under banyan-tree and pine,
High flotillas swerve asunder, and fly in fear of Me
When I hoist my sails of Wonder, and swoop down upon the Sea.

HERBERT E. PALMER.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

William Archer and Spiritualism.—It seems only right that a passage from an article by Mr. Hannen Swaffer in the *Sunday Express,* which was kindly sent me by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, should be brought to the attention of readers of William Archer's letter in the March Adelphi, for Mr. Swaffer evidently speaks with some detailed knowledge of the experiences to which William Archer referred in it. For my own part I must confess that these things do not interest me. I have no formed opinion concerning the fact of such experiences, and I have an irresistible disinclination to accept evidence in the physical realm that is not approved by investigators of the highest standing in the physical sciences. To me there is an absolute distinction between spiritual knowledge and " spiritualism " ; and the distinction appears first in that the former is, by its own nature, immune from scientific investigation, while the latter claims to be a physical manifestation and therefore is, and should be, subject to scientific investigation of the most rigorous kind. The second, and to me still more important consequence of the distinction, is pragmatic. Of what value are these communications to those who believe they have them? As far as I can see, of none, though I may be mistaken in this. At any rate I cannot conceive any circumstances in which " communications " of the nature of those recorded by Mr. Swaffer would be of any worth to me ; and I note that William Archer himself admitted " the extremely unsatisfactory nature of the alleged 'communications' which 'come through.' They are trivial, commonplace, futile—they seem to rob death of its dignity, and discount the very idea of a future state."

I should be inclined to suggest, though well aware that it is not a " scientific " hypothesis, that the " communications " are curiously adapted to the level

spiritual understanding of the media through which
ey come. Whether I regard these media as very
mmonplace receiving instruments for something which
might possibly assimilate to the eternal soul-existence
which I do believe, or I regard them as conscious or
nconscious participants in fraud, does not greatly
atter. In the second case I dismiss them entirely ; in
e first, why should I use a commonplace means for
aking contact with something which I know, not
erely by my own experience but by the experience
many men far greater than I, *cannot* be known by
mmonplace means : something which rather, in order
be known at all, demands the utmost purity and the
tensest operation of all a man's faculties? When, by
eans of spirit communication, words are said which
ove me to the depths as I am moved say by the
ords of Christ or lines of Shakespeare—then I may
gin to listen. Till then I will go my way untroubled.
So much by way of preamble to the following. Mr.
eorge Valiantine, it should be said, is the American
edium. The speaking of the "spirits," which are
manifested" through him, is done for the most part
ough trumpets in a darkened room.

Well, two weeks last Wednesday, while Dennis Bradley, my Secretary, and two other friends were sitting with Valiantine, a voice suddenly sounded out loud, speaking high up in the room, without the trumpet.

"William Watcher," I thought it said. When I repeated that name, it said, "No, William Archer."

"Swaffer," the voice went on, "I want to tell you and Bradley how sorry I am that I was afraid to acknowledge Spiritualism."

"Are you happy, William?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I am with my boy."

Last Wednesday again, at another sitting, William Archer turned up and spoke to Austin Harrison, a sceptic who was one of the party. He did not address me this time, but talked to Harrison, after speaking towards Bradley, and said, "Harrison, this is the great truth."

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

"How did you get the plot of *The Green Goddess?*" asked Harrison.

"Through my son," was Archer's reply.

As if that miracle were not enough for one week, I heard, three nights later, a message from William Archer, who died ten weeks ago. Just a year before, in that same room at Kingston Vale. Archer had sat with Valiantine, and, in the hearing of Lady Grey of Fallodon and Dennis Bradley and his wife, spoke to his dead son, whom he thanked for giving him the plot of *The Green Goddess.*

If you remember, Archer, although a great critic, was a man of little imagination. Then, late in life, he wrote, of all things for a highbrow, a melodrama which won him a big fortune.

"How did Archer do it?" said his friends.

"The plot came to me in a dream," replied Archer. That was as far as he went.

The Bradleys knew the truth. They had heard him thank his son. But Mr. Bradley was asked by Archer not to mention this in *Towards the Stars.* Archer was convinced of Spiritualism, but he feared ridicule.

Then, on the day before his operation, Archer wrote to J. Middleton Murry, "I have had many communications from a dead relative in circumstances absolutely excluding trickery or fraud. Should I emerge all right from to-morrow's ceremonies, I shall be glad to meet you and tell you in detail the facts on which I base my conviction."

A few hours later Archer was dead.

On the following Monday morning he was due to sit with Mrs. Osborne Leonard, the famous trance medium. Then, on the day he died, two days before the sitting, she was having tea at Harrow Weald with Mrs. Gibbons Grinling, a spiritualist friend, when she saw a form enter the room.

"There's Mr. Archer," she said. Just then the form vanished.

Wondering, she waited for Mr. Archer on the Monday, but he did not come. That night she read in the evening papers that Archer had died in a nursing home just before he appeared to her at Harrow Weald. Knowing how busy she was with appointments, he had come to tell her, she thinks, that he could not keep the one that he had made.

The remarks attributed to William Archer do not strike me as very probable remarks from the man who wrote the letter in the March ADELPHI.—J. M. MURRY.

Of Common Things.—It is a boon and a satisfaction to be able to do common things, to know how to do them, to have the inclination to do them, to know the zest of doing them well; which means pridefully and with a *soul-sating* punch. And common means common, in this case, as, to fire the incinerator, cremate the garbage, oil the door-hinge, mend the foot-scraper, adjust the eaves-trough, diagnose the roof-leak, replace the washer in the sink. One can only pity the man who, as in Lord Dunsany's *Fame* (poet sublimated), can only write the sonnet and is not able—in the efficient and pragmatic sense—to wash and clean the dishes that lie in the sink; thereby exposing to the visiting vulgar goddess the depressing fact that "he eats eggs"!—The fact itself is a grave disability. No person of that sort, no Poet Sublimated, should ever eat eggs; but if he sins in ignorance, the effective manipulation of the sink might, in part at least, atone for it.

I have thrown *Leaves of Grass* on the bonfire. I do not read the essay on *Compensation*. I stand with my back squarely against Thoreau's shanty on Walden Pond and announce that these things are so. Because I know. I have just incinerated the combustibles for this household and abated the nuisances imposed upon me by my neighbour and my neighbour's dog. I have dried the dinner dishes and prescribed for the boy with the quinsy and eliminated the feral arachnid ensconced on the counterpane for the night. . . And I have blacked my own morning shoes—that's the American of it, for aught I know, the Australian, too. The colonies, I hope, were designed by a benevolent Providence to free Englishmen of the enslaving fetish of service and the benefactions of valet, butler, kitchen and scullery-maid. Amenable as any to the beguiling charm of "Your hot water, Sir," I know in my soul that these things are paradisaical pleasures that should only be tasted in rare relaxations—escapes to the home

of them—enervating as they are to the yeomanly heart that beats out the business of living as if the life were new.

I know, I say, because when I am my own serving man I am feeling the strong pulse of this temporal world. I own my own hand and direct my own vigour and am no pasha in a degenerate heaven. When I am done with them—all the stout healthy common things that Adam did on escaping from that vice-begetting Garden—my mood is not erose with soul-gnawings ; I can cram a briar bowl with sound satisfactions and smoke it in contempt of all fools ; in derision of the fool my soul itself would be—if it could afford to. Here are no illusions : fill the pipe ! The warm briar fragrance adds a motif to the blend ; it is the very tincture of the hill. Neurons heed it, jaded neurons that live deep and have languished for the scent of faggots burning in the dark. (A blight on towns !) They join me in the flicker and glow. We own the cave and the zest of it. Outside are beasts and bone-gnawings ; within, smoke-coils and pictures on walls. Nothing that lived ever dies. Glory be to God, Maker of Eohippus and Hipparion and of Mousterian Man, Urus, and the forest horse. I know them all, and the priest-artist function of painting them in fat and ochre on these walls. Only when I am *served,* I forget. . .

Where was I ?—" It is a boon and a satisfaction to be able to do common things." Who said it ? Not I but some wise god who, passing, saw me prod the incinerator with a garden fork and do hand-duty on the edge of the dark . . . that majestic and impersonal Dark that islands our trivial days, that are beaded on so silly a chain.—H. CHESTER TRACY.

MR. BARRYMORE'S HAMLET.—Mr. John Barrymore, at the Haymarket Theatre, is to be congratulated

on a singularly practical and careful exposition of the character of Hamlet. His production, as a whole or in detail, is governed by the dignity of conception, which is skilfully maintained, and gives evidence throughout of unobtrusive research and ability.

That there is more than one interpretation possible, many actors and writers have been at pains to demonstrate ; and they have obtained from the text a justification proportionate to the value of their opinions. Whilst the vexed question of Hamlet's madness has bred so many efforts to translate it into the sanity against which it is to be contrasted and judged that probably no play has ever been more sedulously assisted into confusion.

The character which Mr. Barrymore portrays is that of a noble Prince grieved and saddened by his father's death and his mother's life. Already he is closing his heart's wounds with blood drained from the mind, when suddenly, his whole being is agonized by the appearance of his father's spirit. Henceforth, those doubts questionings, and surmises, which have previously enforced but a partial hold upon him, are consolidated into a vast metaphysic of intellectual reconciliations, which darts fierce and sudden lightnings upon the daily affairs of the court.

Then follows that strange combat where Pain is slowly accepted in its own terms, and is, in some way, its own deep pleasure, fantastic, indeterminate ; where Life exists only as absolute and complete suffering, paralyzing and fraying the mind. It is a state wherein the dismissal to a nunnery of the girl who stands as a symbol of his loving gentleness, is the highest possible statement of Life, and the searing of his mother's heart is the unconscious justification of existence. That the girl's mind should break, and the mother's heart start from the reechy kisses of her spouse, are but the purest psychological corollaries, and are so demonstrated.

And finally comes the surrender, when the emotions,

weak from their long smothering, surge painfully over the wearied spirit :—

> But thou wouldst not think, Horatio, how ill all's here about my heart, but it is no matter.

Then, the lives of those about the court, affected by his brief,frenzied activities, interwoven inextricably with his own, close with his in ultimate disruption, to be swept away and cleansed in the memory of Fortinbras.

This much, of the stages of a mind sickened by mental anguish, by intellectual hyperaesthesia, Mr. Barrymore makes palpable and clear. His is neither a sullen nor a gloomy Hamlet, but a man dispassionate, chilled with the sadness and melancholy of continued introspection.

The unfolding of the scenes is regulated to march quietly with the growth and final dissolution of this dialectic ; and here the clever work of Mr. Robert Edmond Jones furthers the dramatic conception. A subdued, permanent setting is used, on the whole, with superb effect ; slight alterations are enough to indicate changes of scene. Many of the stage pictures, beautifully lit and dressed do honour to both producer and designer. The graveyard scene is, unhappily, the least convincing of any. For some reason the work of another designer is imposed upon Mr. Jones's scheme ; this, with a certain waywardness in the acting of the scene, is the only serious rift in the coherent artistic thought which governs the production.—ARNOLD GIBBONS.

LOOKING FORWARD. A REPLY.—Here is one of those " illiterate, narrow-minded teachers in elementary schools," who would presume (not in any spirit of annoyance, but realising that the epithets are more or less true of all of us), to offer a few remarks suggested by Hilary West's lament.

I am about half-way along that seemingly dull stream

of forty years' teaching which is bearing me on to the desired haven-pension or death.

I now belong to that band of "dictators supreme," the headmistresses. Dictators Supreme! What a mistaken idea! Especially so I imagine, in connection with the Heads of Secondary Schools. How many of them would choose, were they absolute, to pour all the varied intellectual powers and interests of their pupils into one shape of mould—the Matriculation type? Where, indeed, is to be found that school where the headmistress is allowed to venture dangerously? It will have to be carefully chosen. Granted the head-teacher's freedom, what about the Staff? How many teachers, even outside the ranks of the "illiterate and narrow-minded elementary" class, will even begin to understand the desire of their new colleague to educate girls for life? Even if they share the desire, how much agreement will there be as to the method of attainment? What about the girls' parents? Will they not want them trained for livelihood, most of them thinking of life in terms of livelihood? Can a girl enter a Bank or an Insurance Office (both good, safe jobs), without the passport of Matriculation?

Suppose, among the few who were encouraged to "look over the wall" was one whose father (influential among the powers that be), was determined that she should gaze for ever at the earth. What would he do to the person who, in his estimation, had led his child astray? *I* know—out of my own disastrous experience!

I believe the only way out for the Hilary Wests of the teaching profession, if they are convinced that they must teach or die, is to set up their own schools, and gather around them the children whose parents wish them to see "over the wall." My desire is that such teachers may come to this knowledge while they are still young enough to have the courage to act on it. Would I were of that company!—L. M. M.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF "THE VORTEX."—The able and sympathetic comments of Mr. Wallace Hill on "The Vortex" in the February ADELPHI, full of interest as they are, do not exhaust what there is to be said about this play. Too much emphasis, I think, is laid upon the "modernity" and "immediacy" of the play and not enough upon the elements in it which create an interest more permanent than that of red-hot contemporary thought and feeling. To whatever period of time "The Vortex" belonged, it would still carry conviction, since it is produced by profound unconscious factors, factors of whose real significance, it appears, the author himself is so unconscious that he is able to create that effect of "spontaneous reality." By no means is it the case that "Mr. Coward has coined his characters in a mint which has only just received its supply of silver and gold"; rather is it that Mr. Coward's oldest and most dynamic emotions have created the Mintage and the Mint—that is the explanation of the strength of the play's appeal to the mind. It is very true that his characters do not "come professionally" as from "the minds of many of our practised dramatists," but they *are* drawn from "vast stores of material in the author's mind," namely, from his most significant unconscious ideation. I am assuming that Mr. Coward is not conscious (or certainly not fully conscious) of the implications involved in his play: I have no knowledge on this matter outside the play itself, but the conviction conveyed to the audience, the power conveyed by words which are often quite colourless in themselves, the illogicality and yet complete truth of some of the action—all these things bring a realization of the true sources of the play and its power. Added to which, of course, is Mr. Coward's poetic and dramatic quality, and his unique opportunity as the chief character to give concrete representation of his unconscious impulses—fine "acting" we cannot

call it ; it is rather an *identification* displayed before us.

The theme is not " modern " ; on the contrary, it is one of the oldest treated by art, just as it is one of the most significant in humanity—and Mr. Wallace Hill draws attention to the marked resemblance in situation, emotional intensity, and inner significance, between the last act of *The Vortex* and the fourth act of *Hamlet*, in both of which the unconscious motivation, in Hamlet and in Nicky respectively, breaks through and creates that " chaotic sincerity " which is a manifestation of life speaking instinctively, not of arranged ideas. Not only in this one act, but throughout the play (more striking, indeed, where the setting is less directly " dramatic ") we can discover the most revealing intimations of the unconscious. I select two or three.

In the second act Nicky and Bunty discuss and analyze their love emotions, and their feelings about life and death. Here we might expect vitality and intensity in Nicky—interest in his own emotions and their reactions on another, matters so pregnant with feeling for the young ; but throughout this discussion Nicky remains inert, negative, dubious, until the talk drifts to his mother. Half pityingly, half contemptuously, the girl Bunty speaks of his mother's pose as a young woman, of her absurd devices to maintain the illusion of youth, of her self-indulgence and poverty of mind. *Then* Nicky becomes alive : his whole aspect changes, his voice deepens, he moves vigorously, his face glows as he defends his mother (" You can't understand," he tells Bunty, " how it is with a woman like her, once the rage among all men, the beautiful Flo Lancaster. . ."). This is the thing that can touch him, and Mr. Coward's acting in this passage displays the full force of its unconscious significance.

Another arresting example in the same kind is the behaviour of Nicky when his fiancée throws him over to join her former lover. Nicky says, and feels, so far as

he knows that his life is in ruins, that everything now is futility. But what does he actually *do?* Like an eager lover, he straightway seeks out the real object of his love (Bunty ceases to exist), he goes to his mother, in order, as he puts it, to wrest from her the truth about her own life. No one who witnessed the scene between Nicky and his mother could fail to realize the quality and intensity of the emotion displayed by Nicky—the lover consumed with torturing jealousy, whose one desire is to be assured that no rival has his own place. And so one might continue to collect evidence, were any evidence needed beyond the spectator's own instant reaction—that appeal from another unconscious to his own which cannot miss its mark.

In *The Vortex* the author has indeed " builded better than he knew," since his structure is based on what Freud has termed the imperishable wishes of the elemental psyche.—BARBARA LOW.

VANITY AND PRIDE.—Our vanity is most difficult to wound just when our pride has been wounded. (*Nietzsche.*)

ON SECTS.—The great vice of sects is that they see in the whole world only two parties : one for which everything is dared, the other against which everything is permitted. (*Vicq d' Azyr.*)

THE DIFFICULTY OF PAINTING.—No language demands a greater effort in order to be understood than the language of painting, in which our comfortable habits would like to find the appearance which we see in objects outside ourselves. Painting is not that. Painting searches out the unstable point where the appearance of the object coincides with the feeling the object arouses in an exceptional man. (*Elie Faure.*)

THE READING OF NOVELS

By The Journeyman

THE charming girl was a great reader of novels: I am not, nor do I often meet with charming girls who are. So I was eager to make the most of my chance.

"Have you read the C—— N——?" I asked.

She had, and she had been disappointed.

I pricked up my ears; she wrinkled her brows.

"It was the last but one," she said. "But I can't remember what it was about. Let me see—there was a large family. No! I can't remember. You see, I'm always reading a novel, and the one I'm reading always makes me forget the one I read before."

That is one attitude, and at all events an honest one, towards novels: they are a kill-time, like most games and diversions. And that it should divert is the demand made by ninety-nine people out of a hundred on a novel; some say that it is made even by the hundredth also, though he may be more particular about the way in which he is diverted, and in support of their argument they point to the dictum of Wordsworth, who declared that the proper aim, even of poetry, is to give pleasure. Nevertheless, even if it is true, it is not a very valuable sort of truth: it is too one-sided, or too indiscriminate. Not pleasure, but the thing which shall give pleasure, is the object of most men's search. And the more serious among mankind find themselves discarding one source of pleasure after another because it has ceased to have the power to please; and very often it ceases to please precisely because it is a diversion. As a man really grows, he learns that diversion and pleasure are

not identical, and that mere diversions, for the most part, begin to leave a remorseful taste behind. There is not so very much time, and it is a pity to waste it.

Then he begins to demand that the literature he reads shall be worth while. That is the point at which criticism begins, and the troubles and perplexities of criticism. For what is worth while in a book? Quite a number of things. It is, for instance, obviously worth while on occasion to be simply and frankly amused—to be, in short, diverted. "I have discovered," said Pascal, "that all man's misery comes from one single thing, and that is not knowing how to stay quiet, in a room." And certainly the man who has learned how to stay quiet, in a room, has not much to fear from destiny. But most of us are only apprentices to that wisdom; we find it easier to stay quiet, in a room, than in a railway carriage, which is still a room within the purposes of Pascal's act; or easier to stay quiet when we are not nervously exhausted than when we are. When we are both nervously exhausted *and* in a railway-carriage, then W. W. Jacobs is a god-send.

But, to make use of Pascal's pregnant saying again, though the worthwhileness of a book is conditional upon our condition, it would be true to say that a book approached more nearly to an absolute worthwhileness, the more nearly our own condition, in which it appears worth while, approaches the blessed state of being able to stay quiet, in a room. For Pascal's phrase is almost a translation, and a very good and vivid translation, of Aristotle's phrase concerning "the energy of motionlessness," which was for him the condition of true wisdom. The book that fits best with this state of contemplation is the best book: and the book that fits best with it is the book that gives rise to it. Pascal, who was a great Christian, indeed one of the greatest, would have said the New Testament. I agree: but there are others, and the finest novels are among them.

This surely is the absolute worthwhileness in literature : the power to awaken in the reader an intense and understanding contemplation of all that is. To create such a condition is, I should say, the final purpose of the art of literature. Yet few critics really have a hold of this truth. They ask that novels shall be worth while, and not as mere diversion ; but they generally ask of them a worthwhileness far inferior to that absolute worthwhileness which a representation of life may have. I will try to show, in a single instance, what I mean.

One of the most serious and most interesting critics of novels now writing is Mr. John Franklin of *The New Statesman*. He is always asking that a novel shall be worth while ; and, since he is an honest critic, as befits his name, he is frequently at some pains to show what it is in a novel that he considers worth while. I have gathered that he makes, chiefly, two demands : first, that the novelist should show that he is aware of the seriousness of marriage, or, if you like, of the relation between a man and a woman ; and, secondly, that he should show himself aware of " the overriding imperiousness of a higher order of experience," that is, of the importance of that kind of experience which can vaguely be called mystical, though contact can be made by other channels than the narrowly religious.

Now, at first sight, these two desiderata seem admirable. If any two things are important in this life of ours, it is these : if any two things are important for us to recognize, it is these. Therefore, surely, in that creative representation of life which is the novel, it is important that they should be recognized too. So Mr. Franklin argues, so he judges. His argument seems good : not so his judgments. That is not to say his views are not interesting : they are. But they are interesting as dissertations on these two perennial themes. The novels are a mere text for these excellent

sermons : they are never regarded in and for themselves.

It is a queer impasse. Somehow, as a literary critic, Mr. Franklin is always missing the mark. It is as though he put important, very important questions to the novelist, but the one right and proper question he forgot, or did not know how, to ask. Let us examine the conclusion to his lengthy review of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's new novel, *Martin Arrowsmith*. He congratulates Mr. Lewis on having at last made explicit his own belief in " higher " experience by representing for his hero a man of science, of whose pursuit it is said in the story : " It is a tangle of very complicated emotions, like mysticism, or wanting to write poetry. . . The scientist is intensely religious." There is a genial and generous confusion in those words. " Wanting to write poetry " is a tangle of complicated emotions, mysticism is not. Still, these things *can* be lumped together with religion vaguely under the name of " higher " experience : and we know what Mr. Lewis is driving at. Mr. Franklin goes on :

> I believe that the excellence of Mr. Lewis's work has always depended upon his tapping, however unconsciously, this region of experience which I have vaguely called " higher," in contrast to the normal conventional framework that determines most of our emotions, acts, and perceptions, nay, even our discursive thoughts. But to develop this would take me too far afield. I must end by pointing out that of the three channels through which this experience finds expression—the religious, the artistic, and the scientific—only the first two have hitherto been used as the immediate subject-matter of novels . . . Who before Mr. Lewis has brought out the real inwardness of what it means to be a man of science? . . . This should be very welcome to all who wish to take literature seriously, because it removes from the novel the reproach of partial sterility. It was anomalous that the novel, as the only living form of literature to-day, should leave on one side the only living spiritual force which the modern world more or less recognises for what it is, and which we all agree in respecting even

> **when we do not serve it in our lives. It was more than anomalous, it was dangerous. The place of the scientific spirit in our life is such that the novel could not much longer remain emotionally blind to it, without degenerating into a kindergarten.**

In all this there is a serious, even a dangerous, confusion of thought—two of them, indeed. In the first place, Mr. Franklin is a victim, on a "higher" plane, of the old fallacy, that the truth to life of a representative fiction depends upon the inclusiveness of its subject-matter. If I write a novel of London life (he is saying in effect) which does not include the operations of the Stock Exchange, or the workings of a "circulation" newspaper, my novel is untrue, because it omits an important province of the life of this great city. It is a wrong and exploded idea; the truth and comprehensiveness of a fiction does not depend upon the truth and comprehensiveness of the subject-matter. Mr. Franklin would not embrace the fallacy in this crude form; but he transplants it to a "higher" plane, and embraces it there. The important things in modern life, he says, are spiritual. Therefore a novel of modern life to be itself important must represent them. It is the same old fallacy speciously disguised. Before committing himself Mr. Franklin should have looked back a generation. Is *Robert Elsmere* a better novel, a truer novel, than *Treasure Island* or *Kim?* Yet it dealt seriously with religious experience, and they completely ignored it.

The real cause of this dangerous confusion is, first, a general confusion in Mr. Franklin's mind as to the nature of the art of literature, and, second, a particular confusion. Whether the excellence of Mr. Lewis's work has always depended on "his tapping this region of experience" which Mr. Franklin calls "higher," I do not know, because I do not know whether Mr. Lewis's work is excellent. If it is, then I agree

that its excellence does depend on this "tapping." The excellent literary artist always does tap it, simply because he is an excellent artist. The excellence of his art directly depends upon his capacity to do this; he is an excellent artist by virtue of this capacity. *But this capacity has nothing whatever to do with the fact that he chooses this "higher" experience for his subject-matter; and in reality it is a suspicious circumstance if he does choose it.* The artist's comprehension is, in itself, a "higher" comprehension, and the purer it is the less will it need to advertise itself as such by the choice of a "higher" subject-matter. What more powerfully religious books have been written in our time than Mr. Hardy's novels? Do they deal with religion for their subject-matter? No, the religion is in the writer's glance of pity and wonder which he casts upon human destinies. What are more profoundly spiritual, more evidently suffused with a higher understanding, than Tchehov's stories? Do they deal with the experience of artist, the saint, or the scientist? Is *Othello,* or *Macbeth,* or *Lear,* or *Antony* concerned with "higher" thought? The "higher" thought was in the mind of Shakespeare himself, and because it was there, it was manifested not through the thoughts, but through the created being of all his characters.

To me, I confess, this absolute distinction is as clear as day: yet it is continually lost. People who want to take literature seriously are for ever taking it seriously in the wrong way; and the serious critics, like Mr. Franklin, are the most dangerous offenders, because there is a confused conviction behind their words which is impressive. But, however high the plane on which their confusion is made, it is always the same old confusion. The writer is a villain because he represents a villain; or he is spiritual because he portrays spiritual things. It is about time we had grown out of this, once for all. The spirituality of the artist resides in the *way*

he represents what he represents, not in *what* he represents. "The excellence of every art is its intensity capable of making all disagreeables evaporate from their being in close relationship with beauty and truth." Every critic who desires to become worth his salt should repeat those words to himself when he goes to bed and when he gets up in the morning, with a prayer that he may one day understand what they mean.

Mr. Franklin is mystically inclined. Therefore I will add a few words for his private instruction. The true artist is always a good deal of a mystic : it lies in the nature of creative literature that he should be so, because, as Baudelaire said, " La première condition *nécessaire pour faire un art sain est la croyance à l'unité intégrale.*" Without that unconscious belief no epithet is organic, no sentence truly revealing : it is all a more or less clever intellectual game. The great artist, however, is a great deal of a mystic, but on his own terms and in his own way. The comprehension of the great artist is achieved by a process analogous to that by which the comprehension of the great saint is achieved. He comes to write out of a reborn soul. And, I think, Meister Eckhart told as much of the secret as can be told, when he said :

> Thy face is turned so full towards this birth, no matter what thou dost see and hear, thou receivest nothing save this birth in anything. All things are simply God to thee who seest only God in all things. Like one who looks long at the sun, he encounters the sun in whatever he afterwards looks at. If this is lacking, this looking for and seeing God in all and sundry, then thou lackest this birth.

" God in *all* things," said the great mystic, not in the seekers after God. " I have loved the principle of beauty in *all* things," said the great poet, not in the makers of beauty. And, I suppose the great scientist would say, " Truth in *all* things," not in the seekers of truth.

BOOKS TO READ

TUDOR ECONOMIC DOCUMENTS. Edited by R. H. Tawney and Eileen Power. Three volumes. I.—Agriculture and Industry. II.—Commerce, Finance, and the Poor Law. III.—Pamphlets, Memoranda, and Literary Extracts. (Longmans.) 15s. net each volume.

This is an edition of the University of London Historical Series. The contents are purely documentary; and are intended primarily for the use of undergraduates reading the Tudor period. The editors hope, however, that parts may interest students of more mature years; and it seems that matter so recondite, unelucidated by historical commentary or even notes, requires a good deal of experience and knowledge to turn it "into blood and nourishment." The editors' principle of selection is based chiefly upon the intrinsic importance of a document; but a good deal of matter that is merely statutory or otherwise accessible elsewhere, is omitted. The original spelling has generally been retained. We grow doubtful if this new "scientific" tendency in history really makes for less entertainment than the earlier traditions: certainly any reader should be able to find plenty to interest him in these volumes. We should have been very sorry to miss, for instance, the minutes of the strike of "bayckers" in the citie of Chester, 1557. Miss Power and Mr. Tawney put all students of social history under a debt to their learning and industry.

LITTLE KAROO. By Pauline Smith. (Cape.) 4s. 6d. net.

Many of Miss Pauline Smith's stories—including the memorable *The Pain*—first appeared in these pages. We feel, therefore, that we are precluded from expressing our admiration of them as freely as we are inclined to do. They have a singular and unforgettable *purity* of beauty; they are, to use the meaningful slang of an editor, which he so rarely has occasion to use, the *real thing*. But Miss Pauline Smith's genius—for, though it is circumscribed, a smaller word will not suffice—was, alas, no discovery of ours. Mr. Arnold Bennett sent *The Pain* into this magazine. But the editor well remembers the exact time and place—between three and four on a summer afternoon in the train between Pulborough and Amberley—when he read that story, and the shock of its beauty struck home.

FROM A PITMAN'S NOTEBOOK. By Roger Dataller. (Cape.) 6s. net.

This book, like the foregoing, is already in part familiar to our readers. That it comes from the same publisher is a tribute to Mr. Cape's enterprise and sagacity in seeking out new writers. No writing that we know gives so vivid a description of the actual life of the pitman. We have heard the objection made that Mr. "Dataller" cannot be a pitman, because he writes so well; and, of course, it is true that in so far as he is a literary artist, he is no longer a typical pitman: his horizons and ideals are different. But one might as well object to Wordsworth's account of poetry (emotion collected in tranquillity) that recollected emotion is a different thing from emotion. It is, but not very: and the slight difference is the price we have always to pay for the re-creation of reality in words. Mr. Dataller re-creates the reality.

THREE GENERATIONS. By Maude Howe Elliott. (The Bodley Head.) 16s. net.

The *motif* of this book is given in the words by which Henry James (one of the "gods" of Mrs. Elliott's pantheon) responded to a birthday toast: "This is the time when one lights the candle, goes through the house, and takes an account of stock." As the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, the authoress has a rare "stock" of experience: her pages give a very interesting account of literary society in America during the last half-century, revealed by a singularly frank and winning personality. Mrs. Elliott is also widely travelled; yet she avoids the familiar painful "met everybody and seen everything" attitude. The photographic illustrations are good.

CAPTAINS AND KINGS. By André Maurois. (The Bodley Head.) 5s. net.

M. André Maurois' many admirers in this country will be glad to have this rendering by Mr J. Lewis May, the accomplished translator of Anatole France, of a discussion of the great modern theme of "Leadership," couched in a kind of Socratic dialogue. The philosopher and the young soldier ("the man of action") seem in effect to exchange *rôles* every now and then; and neither disputant strikes us as holding a very deep grasp of his principles. The whole book gives the impression of a bright and keen, rather than of a profoundly inquiring, intellect.

BOOKS TO READ—*continued.*

FURTHER REMINISCENCES: 1864-1894. By S. Baring-Gould. Illustrated. (The Bodley Head.) 16s.

This is the second instalment of the posthumous autobiography (it was completed) of one who has surely written more books than any clergyman—or layman—in history. The minute and vivid perception that distinguishes the author's novels, his extraordinary memory, and his wide experience lend great attraction to these reminiscences of travel and of rural life in many parts of England. Baring-Gould embodied a type of humour rarely articulate among Anglican clergymen: "je fais dans mes livres," he quotes from Scarron, "comme ceux qui mettent la bride sur le col de leurs chevaux"; yet he never actually infringes orthodoxy. The dust-cover announces a picture of "the chief events and personalities of the later Victorian era"; but readers will look for them in vain.

THE THREAD OF ARIADNE. By Adrian Stokes. With an Introduction by J. Middleton Murry. (Kegan Paul.) 6s. net.

Owing to the fact that Mr. Stokes's book has an introduction by the Editor of this magazine, it is unfortunately disqualified for review in this place.

THE BATTLE TO THE WEAK. By Hilda Vaughan. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is a very interesting first novel. It is singularly free from the common faults of "cleverness" and perverse analysis, yet is strong in intuitive grasp and presentation of character—a novelist's *first* essential. The theme is a young woman's deep sympathy with the weak, which causes her to sacrifice her opportunities of self-development and happiness in order to succour those around her. The working-out is made more convincing by Miss Vaughan's intimate observation of rural Wales, where her story is staged, and whose denizens and customs she satirizes with grave irony. Our only complaints are that the book is somewhat over long for its purpose, and the action at times becomes drawn out and the style, consequently, loosened.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

MARTIN ARROWSMITH. By Sinclair Lewis. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.
HARVEST IN POLAND. By Geoffrey Dennis. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.
STORM. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Long.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE SKEIN. By J. A. T. Lloyd. (Stanley Paul.) 7s. 6d. net.
ABISHAG. By Alexandre Arnoux. Translated by Joyce Davis. (Thornton Butterworth.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE LANTERN ON THE PLOUGH. By George Agnew Chamberlain. (Mills & Boon.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE RECTOR OF MALISEET. By Leslie B. Reed. (Dent.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE BATTLE TO THE WEAK. By Hilda Vaughan. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net. See above.
LITTLE KAROO. By Pauline Smith. Introduction by Arnold Bennett. (Cape.) 4s. 6d. net. See above.

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PERSONALITY AND IMMORTALITY

By John Middleton Murry

I HAVE received a number of interesting letters concerning William Archer's letter and my imaginary conversation with him. The statement of my position was as clear as I could make it at the time. In writing of such matters one is hampered by the intuitive and immediate nature of one's own convictions; one does not know where the main difficulty for others will lie. Where all is a chain of personal and indemonstrable beliefs, it is not apparent which will be the weakest, or the most perplexing link in others' eyes. The letters make this clear.

There is a paradox, or a contradiction, for other minds in the simultaneous assertion of a disbelief in personal immortality and a disbelief in annihilation. Immortality, for others, is the immortality of this personality; if this personality is not immortal, then the condition after death must be one of annihilation. Or it is a condition of virtual annihilation: an immortality that is not an immortality of this personality, with all its hopes and fears and fallibilities, is empty and worthless. These are the two main objections, or the two difficulties. One is logical and of fact; the other ethical, and of value: one declares that an immortality not of

this personality is meaningless, the other that it is valueless.

The crux of the question, as ever in such discussion, lies in a word. The word is "personality." It is a vague word, one of the vaguest. I have neither the desire nor the authority to pin it to a meaning. But obviously in this context "personality" must be an attribute of all human beings. We are not discussing that still vaguer attribute which we award to some and deny to others when we say that "X has personality, and Y has not." Personality, in the sense in which we can argue whether it is or is not immortal, must belong to all men alike. It is the answer to the universal question. "What am I?"

That question can be answered by any individual in a thousand ways, on a thousand levels. The introspective intellect will find no term to its investigations. The skins of this onion are infinite. "I am this and that," I say. But I am the I which says "I am this and that." And again, more truly, I am the I which says I am the I which says, "I am this and that," and so *ad infinitum*. The intellect can define an organic reality only as an infinite series. The intellect was not made for the work. Whatever I am, I am not an infinite series. I know that, quite simply; and if the intellect insists that I am, then I promptly conclude that the intellect has taken in hand a problem of which it is incapable. We cannot measure beauty in a pint-pot.

There is, at this first check, a choice. We may once for all discard introspection, as certain of the modern psychologists affect to do. We can look on men as we look on animals—automata that behave after a certain describable fashion. The idea is to me nonsensical, and I mention it only to indicate that it is held. For those who hold it, of course, the whole conception of personality is an illusion. Therefore, we need waste no time over it.

PERSONALITY AND IMMORTALITY

My personality in the widest sense exists; I may describe it as the organic whole of my attributes as a living being. But to require or to desire that this personality shall be immortal seems to me inordinate. My cardinal attribute as a living being is my mortality. All that I am grows up out of, is fundamentally based upon, the fact that this body dies, and its functions wither up and cease. If we begin to talk of personality as something independent of this living body, unaffected by its change and decay, we are already plunged full into transcendental realms. To talk of that personality, whatever it may be, and however it may be conceived or imagined, as "this personality," is a mere juggling with words. If any personality can be immortal, it is obviously not "this personality"; and if a personality is not "this personality," why call it a personality at all?

Why indeed? Except for the profound and ineradicable belief of humanity that there is, as it were, a core of living reality hidden somewhere in the swaddlings of "this personality." At moments it seems to emerge; memories of things that have never happened, nor could ever have been happenings at all, premonitions of what will never be, of conditions untranslatable into terms of the life we know,—these strange inward tremors of the human being can be ascribed only to something which we at once are and are not. For some inscrutable reason we set a value on these moments; they are precious to us. In them, it seems, we were on the brink of an understanding that slips wholly from the grasp of our searching mind. They are the poet's "moments of vision"; they are common to all men.

But few men would claim these tremors, or that which is moved by them, as part of their personality. Their personality is their own, these things are not; and when they visit a man, all that he knows as his

personality is in abeyance. Something slips out of those swaddling bands and for a brief instant takes possession. Looking back upon them, striving to retain the memory of them, a man will say : " Then I was not myself," or he will say : " Then I was indeed myself." And, strangely enough, the propositions are interchangeable. For these moments warrant the belief, which doubtless they first inspired, that a man has a self that is beyond and hidden from his self of every-day. It depends upon himself to which side the scale of speech inclines. " Then I was indeed myself " is the word of the idealist ; " Then I was not myself " is the word of the materialist. But the fact is the same ; and it is a fact of common experience.

These are " the intimations of immortality " concerning which Wordsworth wrote his ode. They are not rare, they are not the privilege of peculiar men : it is simply that some men attach more significance to them than others. To one man they are the key to the mystery : to another they themselves are the real mystery, best left unplumbed, incalculable and inexplicable disturbances of the tenour of existence. But to neither are these tremors a function of their ordinary personality. That is, as it were, suspended, and this suspension is welcomed by one man, and resented by another. Whatever it is that a man is, and whatever it is that he touches, in such a moment, it is not himself in any ordinary sense of the word.

If we put resolutely aside the dogmas of theologians, and refuse to accept anything but the immediate experience of mankind before it has suffered metamorphosis at the hands of the doctors, it is to these " intimations of immortality " that we are reduced for the basis of a faith concerning the spiritual reality of man. Doubtless Wordsworth begged the question to some extent when he gave these moments of vision that splendid title. But he had to account for them ; he dared not ignore

them; they were supremely real to him. They had been supremely real to many men through many centuries before him; and out of their felt reality had grown the tenacious faith of man that he possessed a soul, and that it was immortal. This faith, superbly expressed by the founder of the Christian religion, had been vulgarised. The notion of the soul as a hidden and a higher self was too mysterious or too mystical. The ordinary mind fastened upon the concrete elements in its symbolic expression; it insisted on reading in the letter and not in the spirit, and the doctrine of the immortality of the soul became degraded into something scarcely distinguishable from the immortality of the body. It was not surprising, for those who spoke with most authority concerning the soul and its immortality used words that were difficult and strange. They said that the soul could only be found by a hard and mysterious process of death and rebirth. There seemed to be no straight road to the soul. It was remote and inaccessible.

This process of death and rebirth which was, quite evidently, an actual and lived experience for those who authoritatively proclaimed it, was changed into a mere ritual act in religion. A ceremony was performed over the would-be, or unconscious initiate; and he was told that he was dead and reborn into the possession of his soul. And, of course, he remained precisely what he was before. He had to take the existence of his soul on trust. He knew nothing about it, and very few of his teachers knew more than he: and those who did know had to face the old difficulty of explaining a new order of experience to those who had not experienced it. "Even a proverb is not a proverb to you," said Keats, "until your life has experienced it." It was very much as though a man should try to explain to a cow the nature of *homo sapiens*. The instructed cow would imagine him as a very superior kind of cow—every-

thing, in fact, that she as a cow would desire to be in the cow-paradise. The condition of being something profoundly other than cow would be in itself unintelligible, and very undesirable.

So—if the crudeness of the comparison may be forgiven for the sake of its clarity—those who demand the immortality of this personality find the doctrine of the immortality of something other than this personality not only undesirable, but positively repellent. They forget, first, that they are demanding a rank impossibility. The immortality of this personality is a contradiction in terms: the mere fact of immortality would make this personality quite unrecognizable. They forget, again, that the conception of this personality is a vague and unsatisfactory thing. Every deep-searching effort to disengage a solid core of reality from among the superficies of this personality leads straight to conditions of being that are not personal at all. When we touch most nearly the sources of our being, or the heights of understanding, this personal and phenomenal "I" dissolves away, and "personality" is discovered to be not the essence, but a veil, of our own reality. And those others who object not to the possibility, but to the valuelessness, of an immortality not of this personality, forget that the conjecture we make, or the conviction we hold, concerning the nature of the soul derives from those moments of earthly existence when men, and these the greatest, have seemed to themselves to come nearest to the hidden reality of themselves and of the universe. The soul is that of which they are aware at their moments of profoundest comprehension. That this comprehension is of another kind than any our quotidian faculties allow is indubitable. But that it should therefore be valueless, or of less value than our mundane impotencies before all ultimate problems, is a strange position indeed.

In this matter we must hold fast to the spiritual

perceptions of the great men before us. They are the highest wisdom we know. Of course, it is open to any man to reject them absolutely as the utterances of delusion. But even the realist must take count of the fact that these utterances of the poet and the saint have remained indelible from the hearts of generations of men. They may not have understood them; but they have been so moved by them that they have never forgotten them. The utterance of the great poet and the great prophet is compulsive; what they declare and reveal may be mysterious, but they speak to us as having authority and not as the scribes. If their wisdom was an illusion, it is curious, to say the least, that this illusion should retain an undiminished power over men, while the so-called truths pass incessantly into desuetude and decay.

But it may be said that what we call their wisdom was only flashes of illumination, momentary and bewildering; they came to them through no effort of their own, and they were beyond their interpretation, as they were beyond their control. There is no help in them. The presumption will not hold water for a moment. The more diligently we examine the great spiritual heroes of the past, the more evident it becomes that they indeed struggled for the possession of their soul. The ultimate wisdom which they touched was the just reward of what they endured in their loyalty to the truth. Their progress to a consummation was, for all its pains and loneliness, a natural progress; they received deep into themselves all the suffering that life gave them for their portion; when the great ninth wave bore up against them they faced it and plunged into its depths. Thus they emerged. It is no accident that the men who have uttered what seems to us the highest wisdom are those who have most greatly suffered, or that the highest faith is wrung out of the deepest despair. When Shakespeare in *The Tempest*

declares his belief that this world of appearances wi
fade, and his faith in a generation yet to come with a nev
vision of the human universe, we know by the darl
horrors of the great tragedies out of what an abyss o
desolation he had wrung his knowledge. It is the ol
knowledge, won by the old ways, which are for eve
new to the man who has the courage to explore them
Of such men there are few. But they are worth under
standing: none are more worth understanding thai
they. " Do you not see," cried Keats at the momen
of emerging from his own wilderness of despair, " hov
necessary a world of pains and troubles is to school ai
intelligence and *make it a soul?* " He, at that momen
of knowledge, had faced his destiny, and " died int
life." He had paid the full price down to the las
farthing for that contact here on earth with eternal lif
which was announced by the founder of Christianity
and is the always forgotten secret of his message. A
the priestess of the universe declared to Keats in th
sublime allegory of the second *Hyperion* :

> That thou hadst power to die
> And live again before thy fated hour
> Is thine own safety. . . .

It may be that ordinary men cannot themselves attair
the wisdom of these heroes. The demand is too great.
After all, as Keats himself said many times, " we never
understand really fine things until we have gone the
same steps as the author." To understand a truly
great man's wisdom, we need to undergo his experi-
ence. There is no other way. It sounds impossible
and presumptuous; perhaps it is not really so. Any
man has at least the capacity to deal honestly with his
own undeniable experience, and part of his experience
will be the profound response from an unknown self
within him to the mysterious words of his great fore-
runners concerning the soul and its immortality.

"FREED THE FRET OF THINKING"

By Thomas Hardy

FREED the fret of thinking,
  Light of lot were we,
Song with service linking
  Like to bird or bee:
Chancing bale unblinking,
Freed the fret of thinking
  Over things that be!

Had not thought-endowment
  Ever mortals known,
What Life once or now meant
  None had wanted shown—
Measuring but the moment—
Had not thought-endowment
  Caught Creation's groan!

Loosed from wrings of reason,
  We might blow like flowers,
Sense of Time-wrought treason
  Would not then be ours
In and out of season;
Loosed from wrings of reason
  We should laud the Powers!

THE BLACK DRESS

By Sarah Gertrude Millin

I.

ALITA wears a black dress now.

It happened this way: I said to Alita—Alita is my native cook, and we live in Johannesburg—I said "Alita, you are no longer a young woman. You have a grandchild. Don't you think it is time you had a black dress?"

Alita met my eyes squarely.

"No, missis," she said with firmness.

"Don't you *want* a black dress?"

"No, missis."

"But, Alita, black is very nice. All the white people are wearing it. Even the young people."

Alita shook her head.

"And think," I persisted, "how beautiful it will look on Sundays when you have on your new black shawl with the long fringes."

Hesitation flickered for a fragment of time on Alita's face. But she answered me with gentle decision.

"The shawl is our custom. But we Kaffirs don't wear black just for play. Missis, black is a big thing."

I could not oppose such an argument. Why should Alita's dress belie her heart? Let other folks' servants appear in black if they chose. Alita could go round as always in her blue dress with the little white spots, or the purple with the cheerful stripe. If that was how Alita felt, why, then, it was artistically right for her to dress so too. Is it not what the best fashion papers advocate? Do they not say one ought to express one's individuality in one's clothes?

II.

Besides, Alita has a dignity which is independent of dress. It is not only that she owns a property in Bloemfontein, her home town, for which she gets ten shillings a month rent, and that she has been paying insurance for her funeral for the last twenty-five years; it is not only that her mother once worked for President Steyn, and that the Kaffir minister comes to call on her, and she brings him tea and biscuits where he sits gravely waiting for her; it is that Alita is intrinsically noble. Her life has been a long sacrifice for first one and then another of an unsatisfactory family. She has never, in any particular, failed a human being. She lives by her conscience. She is not, I must admit, neat or graceful, but she is cheerful, and often wise. I cannot think what sort of a world it will be when Alita no longer knocks at my room in the morning, saying: " Ten minutes past seven. . . ."

About that, by the way, there is a secret between us. I am the only white person who is aware that Alita cannot tell the time. She knows when it is ten minutes past seven because the mine hooters go at seven. She regulates most of her activities by the mine hooters, but she gets up betimes in the mornings because she is, as she says, a fowl.

It is her pride which prevents her both from admitting her ignorance and from curing it, just as it is her pride which makes her sit every afternoon on a stone, in view of the passers-by, reading a newspaper. Alita does not, as she herself confesses, know " where the *a* points "; but it looks well for the house, she thinks, that the cook should sit near it reading the paper.

III.

And so I resigned myself to Alita's gay dressing, and life went on as it had done before I became ambitious about her clothes.

Then, one day, a little odd thing happened. ' was a bottle of lavender-water on a shelf, and it l white and opaque instead of yellow and clear. / said idly to Alita : " I wonder what made it cl like that."

Alita did not reply, and the subject dropped.

But when next I saw the bottle, I told mysel water must have been added to the lavender, : thought : " How does water pour itself into a bott

Alita could not suggest an explanation when the puzzle to her.

" But, you see, Alita," I said, " it means sor has taken the lavender and has tried to deceive r filling up the bottle with water."

" Who would want to deceive missis ? " said

I pointed out that we had a new houseboy, ' I don't like to think he comes upstairs," I added

" Isaac is not a boy to behave like that," de Alita.

" Yes, but who else can it be ? A bottle doe: on its own behalf, do such things."

Alita answered me with feeling :

" But missis must not suspect Isaac. It make heart sore."

She went away into the kitchen, and was very all morning, and I could see that she was dissat with me for having brought about an unpleasant : sphere in the home ; and perhaps, I thought to m it would indeed have been wiser if I had said nc about a matter of so little consequence.

IV.

After lunch Alita asked me if she might go town. . . . Towards evening I saw her coming with a bundle on her head. Alita's modern s Lena, or her fashionable daughter, Emily, woul walk about Johannesburg with bundles on their h

Nor could they do so, because, with constant plaiting, they have trained their hair to grow, and they wear hats. But Alita still swathes round her scalp of peppercorns the traditional head-cloth ; and she even comes upstairs, when no one is looking, carrying household things on her head instead of in her hands.

Alita walked with her bundle straight to her room. She did not, as usual, first offer to show me her bargains, and make me bear witness to her receipts. And it was not till evening that I knew what it was Alita had gone to town to buy.

She was wearing a black dress.

" But Alita," I said, " you are not in mourning. Why are you wearing black ? "

" I must," said Alita.

" Did you get it this afternoon ? "

" Yes."

" Because I asked you ? "

" No. That was only for the one part."

" And for the other part ? "

" For the other part it was right that I should wear black."

There was passion in her voice.

" I am a bad woman, my missis. I made a big fault to-day."

I waited for her to continue.

" It is the bottle of scent."

Her voice was sinking downwards.

" It was I that filled it with water. I did like this with my hand—— " she repeated the movement, " and I knocked the bottle over."

Her chin was quivering now.

" I was ashamed to tell missis. And I quickly put a little water in to make the bottle full again."

I could have laughed, and yet it was pathetic too, to think that this grave and virtuous woman should have

feared to tell me that she had knocked over a little bottle of lavender-water.

" Did you think I should be angry? " I said.

" I did not think at all, missis. My heart dropped because I had made an accident " (Alita and I converse in a very degraded Dutch, but she says such words as " accident " in English—" upsident " she says), " the blood came in my head. And I did this thing. Missis, a person keeps herself proud, and then——"

She made a little gesture of abandonment with her hand.

I tried to console her.

" But now you have told me, it is finished."

" It is not finished. There is another sin, too. Did I not let missis suspect Isaac? "

" You said it was not Isaac."

" But how could missis know why I said so? "

She would not accept false comfort.

" All this morning," she went on, " there was darkness in my heart. And it was when I was beating the eggs that I thought ' now I will get the black dress missis spoke of.' "

It seemed to me there was suddenly a lighter tone in Alita's voice. And I understood why. Alita felt she had done a dramatic thing. It pleased her to wear black for her fault as, in other times, sinners put on hair-shirts.

I responded to Alita's changed tone by examining the dress. " The stuff is really very strong," I commented. " What did you pay for it? "

She told me.

" Well, I must say that is cheap," I said with awe. " It is wonderful how you manage to get such bargains."

Alita looked down at her skirt.

"Yes," she admitted. "They don't fool Alita in the shops. I know my little things."

"And I have always thought," I said, "that a person's dress ought to go with her shawl. You will hear what the women will say about you next Sunday."

Alita gave a little sniff.

"Not every woman has taste, my missis. There are some who forget the years. They dress in bright colours, like children. I know a woman who comes to church with a red cloth on her head. How shall such a woman understand black?"

She lifted innocent eyes to mine.

"I will get the shawl, and then missis can see how they go together."

She went away to fetch it.

I gazed after her with satisfaction. It would look still better that Alita should wear black, I thought, while she was reading the paper under the stone wall.

HÉ-NAURME.—*The Dial,* which is the most "advanced" literary magazine in the United States, has the habit of giving an annual prize of £400 for the most notable work of American literature during the year. For the past year, 1925, the prize has been given to Miss Marianne Moore for her poetry. Our ignorance of Miss Moore's work is as complete as it is deplorable; we have therefore to rely upon the critical description of it given by the editor of *The Dial* himself in making his award. Here it is:—

> I should like here to expose certain literary fragments, torn jaggedly from the hard contexts, fragments which, being felt out with the hammer of the intellect, return the consistency of rock crystal, fragments which, being thrown upon the hearth of our sympathetic understanding, betray the immense, the salt-veined, the profoundly meditated chromatization of enkindled driftwood.

Hé-naurme! as old Flaubert used to say.

OUR CONTEMPORARY HOCUS-POCUS

By Aldous Huxley

THE sciences of phrenology, physiognomy, and animal magnetism seem to us nowadays strange and comical enough. We have lost faith in the bump of philoprogenitiveness; and to explain the phenomena of hypnotism and suggestion we need not have recourse to a caricature of the theory of magnetism. A hundred years ago, however, the people who took what is called,—quite without irony,—"an intelligent interest in science," were mostly enthusiastic admirers of Lavater, Gall, and Mesmer. Balzac, for example, believed most earnestly in their doctrines, and the *Comédie Humaine* abounds in pseudo-scientific expositions of the theory of bumps and phizes and magnetic fluids.

Reading them now, we marvel,—with a superior smile,—how a sensible man, to say nothing of a man of genius, as Balzac was, could believe such fantastic balderdash and, queerer still, imagine that it had anything to do with science. That sort of thing, we reflect complacently, would not be possible in our enlightened age.

But, alas, it is possible. The vague and earnest-minded dilettanti who, in 1925, like to think of themselves as taking an intelligent interest in science, have discovered for their special delectation something quite as silly, easy, and inexact, something at the same time quite as amusing, quite as excitingly and alluringly "philosophical" as the theories of Gall and Mesmer.

Phrenology and animal magnetism have gone the way of black magic, alchemy, and astrology. But we need not regret their loss ; the ghosts of our ancestors have no cause to pity us. Indeed, we might almost be envied. For we have got hold of something even more entertaining than phrenology. We have invented psycho-analysis.

Fifty years hence, what will be the favourite pseudo-science of the novelist, the lady of fashion, and the earnest-minded but unscientific seeker after enlightenment? Something, we may be sure, that will seem, a hundred years hence, just as ludicrous as phrenology seems to us and psycho-analysis will seem to the next generation. For the type of mind to which the pseudo-sciences appeal is an eternal type. All thinking beings are anxious to know the secret of the universe ; but they set about the search for truth in different ways. The man of science relies on experiment, sifted evidence, and a severe logic. The non-scientific man who, however, aspires to be scientific (for there are also the franker mystics, who do not) prefers less arduous methods. People of this type are generally incapable of close reasoning ; they have but the vaguest conception of what constitutes evidence. They believe in short cuts to the absolute, backstairs approaches to certainty, get-rich-quick methods of acquiring the truth. Hence, rejecting, because not comprehending, the more difficult sciences and their laborious methods, they devote themselves to the study of what seems to them just the same as a real science—a pseudo-science.

The subject of all pseudo-science, from magic to animal magnetism, from astrology to psycho-analysis, has always been Man,—and Man in his moral nature, Man as a suffering and enjoying being. The reason is not far to seek. Man, the centre and in a sense the creator of our human universe, is the most spectacular and exciting subject that can be studied. Moreover, we

all know about Man, or think we do; no preliminary training is necessary before we begin our study. A science of Man presents itself as the shortest of all possible cuts to absolute knowledge; hence the invariable subject matter of the pseudo-sciences.

The methods of all of these "sciences" betray the same family likeness: Employing arguments from analogy in place of logical reasoning, accepting without subjecting to control-experiments whatever evidence they find useful, making assumptions which are then regarded as facts, inferring a rule from a single ill-observed instance, changing the connotation of terms whenever it suits them, assuming light-heartedly the identity of *post hoc* and *propter hoc*. Thus do the unscientific seekers after truth put together their strange and fantastic bodies of doctrine.

Some of these pseudo-sciences have enjoyed, in the past, whole centuries and even millenniums of popularity. The development of genuine science, the spread of education and the accessibility of knowledge have, however, in recent years enormously accelerated the process of their growth and decay. Astrology and magic endured among the civilized nations of the past for tens of centuries. But animal magnetism lasted no more than a generation before it was exploded. Phrenology lived no longer, and of the promising pseudo-scientific sensations of the twentieth century, the Calculating Horses of Elberfeldt only contrived to keep the stage for two or three years, and the gorgeous N-rays of Nancy undulated rather abruptly into nothingness after a span of popularity that, however intense, was no more enduring. Psycho-analysis has lasted and, we may be sure, will last a good deal longer, for the simple reason that its falsity cannot be conclusively proved by a single experiment, as was the case with the N-rays. As with the other great pseudo-sciences of the past, a conviction of its absurdity will

gradually appear and grow in the minds of its sectaries, until at last even those who take an intelligent interest in science will find it too manifestly absurd to be believed in. By that time, however, some new anti-scientific genius will have made its appearance with a new pseudo-science. The ex-devotees of Freud will not be left mourning.

The pseudo-science of psycho-analysis is one of the finest specimens of its kind ever devised by the mind of man. The fact is sufficiently well attested by its prodigious popularity among all classes except the scientific. And when we come to analyze it we find that it does, as a matter of fact, possess all the qualities that a pseudo-science ought ideally to have. To begin with, it deals with man in his moral nature. In the second place, no special education and no remarkable intelligence are required from its students. No painful mental effort need be made in order that we may follow its arguments ; nor, as a matter of fact, are there many arguments in the strict sense of the term to follow. Anyone with the faith that can accept unsupported statements as facts, with a feeling for the significance of symbols and the more than logical force of analogy can study psycho-analysis. And the science has other and more positive charms. For the neurasthenic it offers cures (whether it fulfils its promise is a question into which we shall go later) ; it is, as it were, a tremendously high-class patent medicine. And for those interested in the blushful mysteries of sex,—and who, after all, is not?—it provides a mass of anecdotes and theories of the most fascinating character. If it could only incorporate into itself some method for foretelling the future, some miraculous recipe for making money without working, psycho-analysis would be fully as complete a pseudo-science as astrology, magic, or alchemy ever were. In time, perhaps, these improvements of the theory may be made ; psycho-analysts are

resourceful and inventive folk. Meanwhile, take it even as it stands, it is incomparably superior to animal magnetism, phrenology, and the N-rays and only inferior to the most grandiose creations of the anti-scientific mind.

My own profound disbelief in psycho-analysis began when I first read, many years ago now, Freud's work on the interpretation of dreams. It was the machinery of symbolism, by which the analyst transforms the manifest into the latent dream-content, that shook any faith I might possibly have had in the system. It seemed to me, as I read those lists of symbols and those obscene allegorical interpretations of simple dreams, that I had seen this sort of thing before. I remembered, for example, that old-fashioned interpretation of the Song of Solomon ; I called to mind those charming bestiaries from which our ancestors in the Middle Ages used to learn a highly ethical brand of natural history. I had always been doubtful whether the leopard were really a living symbol of Christ (or, as other bestiaries affirmed, of the Devil). I had never, even in infancy, whole-heartedly believed that the amorous damsel in the Song of Songs was, prophetically, the Church and her lover the Saviour. Why should I then accept as valid the symbolism invented by Dr. Freud? There are no better reasons for believing that walking upstairs or flying are dream equivalents of fornication than for believing that the girl in the Song of Solomon is the Church of Christ. In one case we have the statement of some pious theologian that an apparently scandalous love song is really, if we will but interpret it in the right way, the expression of an innocent and, indeed, positively commendable aspiration towards God. In the other case we have a doctor asserting that an innocent action in a dream is really, when we interpret it properly, the symbol of the sexual act. Neither adduces a proof;

each leaves us with a bald and unsupported statement. In either case, it is only those who have the will to believe who need believe; there is no evidence to compel assent from the sceptic. That anything so fantastic as this theory of interpretation by symbols (which are made to mean anything whatever according to the taste of the analyst) should ever have been regarded as possessing the slightest scientific value, is really quite unbelievable. It may be remarked in passing that while all psycho-analysts agree in regarding dreams as being of first-class importance, they differ profoundly in their methods of interpretation. Freud finds suppressed sexual wishes in every dream; Rivers the solution of a mental conflict; Adler the will to power; Jung a little bit of everything. The psycho-analysts seem to live in that marvellous transcendental world of the philosophers, where everyone is right, all things true, every contradiction reconciled. They can afford to smile down pityingly at the practitioners of other sciences, who crawl about in a muddy world where only one of two contradictory alternatives can be true at a given moment.

It was the symbolic interpretation of dreams that first shook my faith in psycho-analysis. But a systematic criticism of the theory should have begun by questioning its still more fundamental doctrines. There is the assumption, for example, that dreams are always profoundly significant. This is taken by the psycho-analysts as an admitted fact, though it is, to say the least of it, quite as probable that dreams have practically no significance and are no more than vague and haphazard series of associations set in motion by physical stimuli, internal (such as digestion) or external (such as the ringing of a bell or the rumbling of a cart).

The psycho-analytic assumption that dreams are in the highest degree significant is made necessary by the other still more fundamental assumption of the existence of the Freudian Unconscious. To read a description of

the psycho-analyst's Unconscious is like reading a fairy story. It is all tremendously exciting and dramatic. The Unconscious, we are told, is a sort of den or inferno to which all the bad thoughts and desires which clash with our social duties in the world are sent. At the door a mysterious being called the Censor is set on guard to see that they do not get out. Life in the underworld of the mind is extremely lively. The evil wishes pullulating in the den of the Unconscious are forever trying to escape, and the Censor has to prevent them from emerging into consciousness. The most extraordinary and ingenious stratagems are resorted to on both sides. The bad thoughts will put on disguises, drape themselves in sheep's clothing, and emerge as harmless thoughts; this is what happens in dreams. Hence the significance of dreams and the necessity of interpreting them symbolically, so as to get at their latent meaning—*i.e.*, discover the identity of the evil wish under his disguises. Sometimes, when the bad wishes are too strong for him and fairly shove their way out, the Censor himself will provide them with their fancy dress, insisting that they shall wear a mask and domino, so as not to give the conscious mind too much of a fright by the aspect of their ugly faces. In the invention of stratagems the suppressed thoughts and the Censor show themselves incredibly ingenious. One is left with the impression that they are far more intelligent than the poor stupid conscious mind which, unless it belongs to a psycho-analyst, would never be able to imagine such ingenious tricks and devices. The truth of this exciting anthropomorphic myth is cheerfully assumed by all psycho-analysts, who proceed to base their arguments on it as though it were a scientifically established fact.

All the other great " facts " of psycho-analysis are found on examination to be mere assumptions of precisely the same character. There is the assumption, for

example, of the widespread existence of an Œdipus-complex. There is the assumption that young children have sexual feelings and desires. Infants at the breast, Freud assures us, experience a genuine sexual pleasure; and to prove this, he bids us look at their faces which wear, while sucking, that perfectly contented expression which, in after life, only follows the accomplishment of the sexual act. This is a particularly scientific piece of evidence. We might as well say that the expression of profound wisdom and rapt contemplation which we often see on the faces of babies lying contentedly in their cradles is a proof that they are great philosophers and are thinking about the problems of free will and predestination and the theory of knowledge. Or again, there is the assumption that most normal human beings are somewhat homosexual as well as heterosexual. There is the assumption that a large number of children experience anal erotism. And so on. No proofs of any of these assumptions are adduced. But they are all treated as facts.

Psycho-analysts defend their theory by pointing to its practical therapeutic successes. People are cured by psycho-analysis, they say; therefore psycho-analysis must be correct as a theory. This argument would be more convincing than it is, if it could be shown: first, that people have been cured by psycho-analysis after all other methods had failed; and secondly, that they have really been cured by psycho-analysis and not by suggestion somewhat circuitously applied through psycho-analytic ritual. In his excellent little book *Psycho-Analysis Analyzed,* Dr. McBride records cases of phobias, supposed to be specially susceptible to treatment by psycho-analytic methods, which have been cured by the simple procedure of reasoning with the patient on his fears. The possibility that psycho-analytic cures are really due to suggestion must seriously be considered. Psycho-analysts, of course, indig-

nantly repudiate the notion and declare that suggestion is entirely foreign to their system and is, as a matter of fact, never practised by them. The published accounts of their cases,—the notorious and really revolting case of "little Hans" is a good example, the more so as Freud in his account of it explicitly answers in advance the accusation that the child in admitting his incestuous love for his mother and desire to kill his father may have been influenced by suggestion,—show quite clearly that suggestion, whether intentionally or unintentionally, is employed and indeed must be employed. How does the psycho-analyist overcome the so-called "resistances" of his patient without resorting to suggestion? If neurasthenic patients are, as a matter of fact, cured by psycho-analytic methods, it is because they go to the analyst feeling confidence in his powers; they accept his statement that they are suffering from a suppressed complex and will get well as soon as it is hauled out into the light of consciousness. They put themselves in his hands. In due course the psycho-analyst produces a superb complex, dating back to the time when they were two years old. "Here is the culprit. We have brought him back into the light. Now you are cured." And the neurasthenic is cured. But the cure would probably have been effected much more expeditiously if straightforward suggestion and hypnotism had been used from the first. Nor, if other methods had been employed, would the patient have gone away with his mind full of the fantastic and, for anyone with a tendency to neurasthenia, dangerous and disgusting mythology of the psycho-analytic theory.

DESIDERIUS REVISITS THE GLIMPSES

(being a dialogue between an August Shade and a Young Writer of This Time)

By Robert Nichols

SHADE . That was a sour chuckle. You cannot surely be reading my *Praise of Folly ?*

READER : If you are Desiderius Erasmus, then know that I am.

SHADE : It gives me pleasure to hear you say so. I thought I was forgotten save by such elderly country gentlemen and scholars as your grandfather, Francis, who graciously translated my *Letters* in three volumes, taking eighteen years to do it and finding perchance about as many readers.

READER : The work would appear to have had its compensations. He was lonely and did you not visit him? I can remember his calling my urchin attention to your presence somewhere between the coalscuttle and a water-colour by Maclise.

SHADE : But I remained invisible, eh? Folly and wisdom were alike to you in those days. From your worn look and sallow complexion I hazard they are so no longer. I congratulate you.

READER : I suspect irony. Did not d'Annunzio inscribe a copy of *La Pisanella* " To Anatole France, on whom all the faces of Truth and Error smile equally " ?

SHADE : And you would like to inscribe in mine " by

Desiderius Erasmus, on whom all the faces of Wisdom and Folly smile equally"? You may do so if you wish, you morose young man, provided only that, when you have done so, you laugh.

READER: Never, if it must be after your manner in this detestable book!

SHADE: Detestable, eh? Come, come, isn't that rather a hard word for a book which I considered but a trifle, composed "as a camel is made to dance"? The volume is perhaps my truest word, but none the less that word was spoken in jest. I wrote it in a few days while at Thomas More's house, and its principal object was not to invite the detestation of youth, but to while away the time against the arrival of my library and the departure of my lumbago. The idea had come to me as I jogged norward over the Alps. Italy and my fortieth birthday were behind me. It was early autumn. The leaves were scarlet in the ravine. All around me rose the whisper of hidden cascades. There was, as one of your poets has it, "a harmony and a lustre in the sky which through the summer is not heard or seen." The fall of a distant avalanche loosened among the heights a volley of echoes, resembling the exchange and prolongation of monster laughter. And I too laughed, leaning backward on my horse, and in that moment was the book born. Already I had forgotten Rome and the Curia save as a supreme example of cozenage and imposture.

READER: Where nevertheless you played the sycophant—as so often in your life.

SHADE: Very much less so than in other places where I was not so much appreciated, and at any period scarcely more than your typical popular writer of to-day, such for instance as Messer Frank Crane. I depended on the caprices of princes, he depends on those of the public. He has never given himself cause to tremble. I was frequently in danger of losing my

head. Nature has made that impossible to Messer Frank Crane.

READER : Do not despise him. He sometimes talks such obvious good sense as you and I may well have absorbed and forgotten, but the less fortunate not yet discovered. He too is a humanist—of a kind.

SHADE : Perhaps.

READER : There have been minutes while reading this book during which I have wondered whether both you and Crane were not sophists—he cheerful on principle despite the abyss and saturnalia of folly he is careful not to approach too closely, you full of horrible laughter provoked by the gases which rise from the abyss over which you have leaned. But he has the advantage : he is at least cheerful.

SHADE : And am not I? You very much mistake me if you suppose anything else. You have been paying too much attention to the everlasting babble concerning the egregious crimes and follies of contemporary Rome. Believe me, you have only to read my little book with imagination and you will discover that it was not Rome alone I had taken the measure of, but mankind.

READER : I fell into no such error. I understand you only too well. For I have beheld more filth, foolishness, and carnage than you in your forty years, and that insane laughter you indulge in, to which I have been so often tempted, prolongs itself very dreadfully in my ears.

SHADE : Insane? The very last word to apply to it. You express yourself with lugubrious violence as though humanity had done you a wrong in being what it is.

READER : So it has.

SHADE : Indeed? Young man, you have either been reading Pascal, a sage who could not smile at himself, or drinking sour wine.

READER : No : I have been reading your book. The Righteous of this country have forbidden wine.

SHADE : I would take no interest in the discoveries of Columbus, and now I see I was right. By my gouty fingers, the sovereignty of Folly is even more absolute than I supposed. You are in a hard case and I no longer wonder at the splenetic humour which has fallen upon you.

READER : To Tophet with the wine—it is your book.

SHADE : The devil will be more grateful for the wine than you seem for the book.

READER : Look at the scene you draw.—Folly originated all things and rules all things. We are begotten in folly because, without the foolish usurpation of the mind by the body, no one would be sot and criminal enough to beget another wretch to sin and suffer in this idiot world. We endure life only through the inane relish folly lends to it, in proof whereof you gravely quote from my favourite and the least foolish of all Greeks (the least foolish of people) Sophocles : "To know nothing is the sweetest life." You proceed to prove that Folly is at the root of the most honourable occupations no less than of the dishonourable. Sage and sycophant, lover and lecher, prince and pander—all, for you, are merely Folly's children. Folly cements society and supports it. Did you not write—"And indeed the whole proceedings of the world are nothing but one continued scene of Folly, all the actors being equally fools and madmen ; and therefore if any be so pragmatically wise as to be singular, he must even turn a second Timon, or man-hater, and by retiring into some unfrequented desert, become a recluse from all mankind."? You expostulate with my Timon's attitude and you yourself are its author—for it is you who have finally opened my eyes.

SHADE : Thank you.

READER : I can say like Rimbaud—

> Industriels, princes, sénats :
> Périssez ! Puissance, justice, histoire ! à bas ! . . .
> Ah ! passez,
> Républiques de ce monde ! Des empereurs,
> Des régiments, des colons, des peuples ; assez !

SHADE : Rimbaud, a greater man than Napoleon, is heady reading. You would do better to study more closely my book which you have not understood. Folly may make your heart stand still, but it makes the world go round—however elliptically. If to err is human, it is also the first step toward the divine. As my friend Goethe has it—" Ein guter Mensch in seinem dunklen Drange ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewusst."

READER : Do not speak to me of men " good " or otherwise : the mass of them love " good " men. They have no " aspirations " even of the most " obscure " and so can have no " instinct of the one true way." Swine do not err : they wallow.

SHADE : You dwell too much on man's crimes and too little on his conceits. His crimes he shares with animals, his conceits with the gods alone.

READER : Ah, your cursed *Philautia*—the art of having an excellent conceit of one's self.

SHADE : You resent it because you yourself are suffering from it—and a very peculiar and unfortunate form of it. But I would have you know that it is the task of the truly sensible to mix with all people, either conniving readily at their folly, or affably erring like themselves. Do not be too virtuous. Drink a little, wench a little, be one of the crowd.

READER : Bah ! as Baudelaire said—" A chacun son ivresse."

SHADE : Gall was his and seems to be your tipple. It is a poor one. Rabelais, who filched so much from me, was wiser than your Baudelaire. There was no grief in his cup whatever and there is little in mine.

READER : He has humour and you wit. I have only a weary and disgusted heart.

SHADE : Your peculiar folly has bewitched you. You remind me of Alceste in Molière's *Misanthrope,* who gratulated himself upon his hopes of losing his lawsuit because it would irrefragably demonstrate to him the villainy of man.

READER : Life is too long.

SHADE : You will not always think so, and meanwhile do not make it longer. On the roundabout of this world we are all seated astride our nags whether we will or no. Folly, that oils the wheels and grinds the tune, alone makes the ride endurable, putting giddiness in the head, exhilaration in the breast, gaiety in the eyes, and laughter in the mouth. Love Folly—for of it were you born, by it you must live, and in it you will die !

READER : Hush, you will break my heart.

SHADE : Let it break (for that is the beginning of wisdom) but let it break in laughter, not tears. *A chacun son ivresse :* laughter or tears ? It is better to be fuddled with the first than sodden with the second.

READER : I do not wish to be either. I wish merely to see and to judge.

SHADE : Impossible. The merry-go-round is in motion. You have your choice—keep your eyes on your surroundings and do not glance beyond and be merry, or endeavour to see and be sick. Life is a roundabout and Folly turns the wheel.

READER : My friend Aldous Huxley calls that grinding figure a slobbering cretin.

SHADE : Swallow your bile and laugh. That figure has a fair face, for it is that of the Spirit of Life itself and the notes that gush from the organ are of the waters of perpetual youth. The roundabout spins merrily ; ceaselessly children succeed to children upon the hobby horses ; loudly ululates the mysterious, repe-

titive tune; round we swirl and over our heads circle the equivocal stars.

READER: A nightmare.

SHADE: A hobby horse. And Democritus, sage of my favourite Epicurus, bears me out. Modern physicists, who seem to have more wisdom in their folly than that Socrates I describe as "exercising his geometry upon the measure of a flea," expand the lesson. All that is is a whirligig, both in particular and in general; the electron swings about its nucleus in an almost ellipitical orbit, this orbit itself rotating, and Einstein's universe returns upon itself. All moves, and I would that it moved us to laughter. Ah! why was I not born in the days of Einstein, Rutherford, Bohr, Bragg, Planck, and Millikan? There is the new Renaissance, the new extra-nationalism, and ultimately the new church.

READER: What percentage of mankind knows or cares anything of them or their works? Modern ethnology gives us little hope that man will relinquish his innate conservatism. The slobbering cretin grinds the wheel and the helots shout.

SHADE: Nevertheless, the enormous discoveries of these men will ultimately affect ethics. They make for humility, reawaken man to mystery and abate the asperities of dogma.

READER: You are more optimistic than I.

SHADE: No, I am more far-seeing: for depth of sight has always been my supreme virtue. Not to put too fine a point on it, young man, despite the continued saturnalia, which I deplore no less than you, I hope, young man, I hope.

READER: You are unreasonably elated by the discovery of someone reading at the remotest edge of a continent, but newly discovered in your day, the trifle you penned some four centuries ago and by the power that trifle yet possesses to provoke. In other words,

you are yourself a victim of your famous Philautia, Folly's own sister, self-love.

SHADE : And if I am, young man, if I am? Read my friend Unamuno on the Tragic Life and grant Don Quixote his glory. Sancho at least was merry and could dance, while you are only bilious. Be not too sure of that reality which oppresses you, as it did me, till I learned from the skies of Italy to throw it off. Personally, my benign folly is more sagacious than your sullen wisdom. In Italy I left a later son, student as I of ancient texts, who trod an even darker road than I, one whom not even his native skies could console. For Leopardi the true reality was "a reality which waits for us to construct," by the creative power of the mind, its natural "virtu" which he calls imagining ("immaginare") and associates with love. Let each Pygmalion create his statue, perhaps his passion will infuse it with life.

READER : Passion! Love! Now I know why you have such a hold on me. You are magnanimous.

SHADE : That is a quality that comes only when the heart is broken, and that is why I said such a breaking is the beginning of wisdom. Farewell.

READER : Stay but a moment, one moment!—when will mine be broken? Speak . . . speak . . . It does not answer. . . . It has melted away.

THE LAND OF SILHOUETTES

By L. A. Pavey

THE seaward edge of that Eastern country is flat—"flat as a map," it was once described by Robert Buchanan. In one region in particular it is a land of wastes, of rank and tussocky grass, of sedgy waterways, of mud and ooze, and sometimes, for its waters are tidal, of incalculable floods that hide these things equally under their surface as far as the eye can reach. Where possible the land is tilled and cultivated to the edge of the inlets, though even then sometimes turned by the floods into saltings; but mostly it is a hopeless and irreclaimable waste, the undisturbed home of the sandpiper, the dunlin, and the curlew, and the black ooze of the channels is the breeding-place of crabs in unnumbered thousands. Half a mile inland you may find occasional farmhouses, but even on the deserted fringes man has not been beaten. From any point, mile after mile, as far as the eye can reach, stretch the earthworks he has built against his immemorial foe, the sea that he has taken upon himself to hold and to bind, and against which still, old as are those barriers, year after year he sets his vigilance and renews his defences. There is something better than the merely geometrical in this long line of earth-walls; there is something noble, almost Roman. Their flat, narrow tops wind everywhere into a space that seems immeasurable; a space that would be almost without meaning but for the covering dome of cloud-flecked sky, there

to tell you that you are still below and among finite things. There is a delight in that country, on a clear day, in the resting of the eye on the unbroken level distances, undisturbed by variations in land and water, and hardly by a tree (save perhaps for an occasional pollard willow clinging desperately to a dyke-side), a delight in the effect of space that is missing from the beauty of hilly country. Every change of light, every movement of cloud, and the interchange of blue and white—a whole unbroken circle of sky, are yours. There you may watch the drama of the day, complete, the swelling and dwindling of the storm, the following triumph of the sun, the steady inflexible gathering of the forces of night, the splendours of changing sunsets of which not one pulsation is hidden, that great show suspended there, inverted, open to you on your first free and easy entrance to the marshes. Even when the startling frankness of that countryside is lost in the low sea-mists that roll across on occasion, white and woolly, from the shallow salt wastes, it has still its own attraction, an eerie one, of the seawalls cut horizontally by that dead blanketing, so that you walk them, clear underneath the dome of the sky, and look down on a lost earth and a milky smoking sea. You might be a Superman survival, and below you the expanse of a buried world, save that, with the hugeness lent by its white distortion, weirdly shapeless objects sometimes loom at you, their bases lost in the void, a haystack perhaps, or some dwelling in the waste that looks in that covering as though undisturbed since the Danes first discovered those waterways. It is as though the ghosts of thousands of invaders who, legion after legion, once found them the entrance to Britain, and fought in the many battles on these marshes, roamed now perpetually over their conquests refusing to leave them to their quiet.

It is never quite calm there. On the hottest summer

days there is a little whispering breeze ; on the stormiest you cannot walk against its gales, you must shoulder and push your way with every step against a persistent strength that is soon bewildering in its unvarying opposition. It would not do, in the rain and dark, to miss your footing on those exposed seawalls ; on every side of you run the dykes, and you can cross no part of the coast country direct. There are many tales of deaths from exposure, even among the few natives who know those places as well as they can be known. It is a region where you win your tenure hardly.

But the most remarkable feature of that countryside is the unbroken skyline against which all things moving on the walls are shown in a relief that is startling. That is why I have called this sketch "The Land of Silhouettes." You will find, in this unaccustomed setting, new qualities and appearances, new dignities, in the human body itself. So bold is the starkness of its outline, there set high on the seawalls, that, until you remember those tales of the victories of the elements, you are tempted to think exaltedly of man's triumph, striding along the paths he has made through the waste, reclaiming and dredging and keeping a countryside that was lost to the waters before he came. Occasionally there is a boat moored up those lonely creeks, the masts standing up high above the earth-walls and cutting your sky into segments—and quite as often there are the broken ribs of a hull brought there to the wastes for its slow death. Just once awhile in the slow cycles of the unflurried days those inland waters may be disturbed by some adventurous sailing-boat or by a barge taking a short cut from river to sea. And even those barges have an outline that is distinguished, so low are the shores, an individuality, a certain impressiveness that you will find lacking on inland waterways.

It is free, this country. Nobody claims for it prettiness, and it thus runs no risk of acquiring those distressing

inhibitions often so necessary to prettiness; it is not fenced off to the last square yard, the rich have not made it their province, and it has not been "exploited" in any shape or form. Call it, if you will, poor marsh-land, and leave it at that. Nobody will quarrel with you, and a certain few will even feel relieved, knowing that you do not intend to interfere with it. It has endured, from outsiders, that sort of thing for centuries; but those who saved it from the tides knew it for what it was, and those who have maintained it, and read aright its appeal, will leave you your own opinion. You are looking at it with other and alien eyes, that is all. But they know what it means to eyes that see, clearly and with understanding, an individuality that marks it off as a place apart from the beauty spots that are favoured of their fellows.

THE TOWN BEYOND

By Henry King

OVER the hills and far away
In the noontide glare of a windless day
You once appeared; your white walls shone
Like a pebble of quartz in the southern sun.
So much I saw.
My vision lied;
Your walls a common sun denied.
Hills lay between. The road was lost
And deep within the valley crossed
The silent Lethe streams that sever
Your world, your light from mine.

THE TOWN BEYOND

Ah, never
Shall I walk softly in your streets
Where, without price, the fountain greets
The life-worn traveller with wine
Vouchsafed to other lips than mine ;
Not mine to reach your cypress shade
At noon and rest me unafraid ;
Nor from this drowsy caravan
That with the birth of time began
Shall I at eventide alight
To your sweet harbour from the night ;
Not mine to know your secret ways,
Thread the warm darkness of your maze
Of fountained courts, secure as one
Who has a magic freedom won.
Maybe if I were newly born
I might be native to your morn
And breathe your air and hear your streams
And touch the wonder of my dreams :
But I am old, and though I seek
The road till death, yea, climb the peak
That hangs above the silent river,
Descend and cross—yet I shall never
Enter your gates.
The streets will shine
With this same sun, and mortal wine
Will slake my thirst, common the pool
Wherein my weary feet shall cool :
And though these precious things be dear,
I shall remember.
Once you were
(Was it a dream or perfect sight ?)
The fortress of the heart's delight,
The soul's own city, poised in day,
Over the hills and far away.

THE NOVELS OF CONSTANCE HOLME

By Doris N. Dalglish

ACHIEVING its excellencies, as it does, at the cost of so many limitations, the contemporary novel cannot fail to give the impression that its purpose is ultimately suicidal. It is as though a hundred dangerous and combative torches had been hastily lighted from a flame whose real and sacred mission was to sustain life by means of its illumination. Until some crisis has arisen the excellencies appear to outnumber the limitations. But suddenly, personal loss and disappointment compel one to turn to literature in order to find reason that may reconcile, or a flaw is observed in our political or economic apparatus, and we put literature to the test. Can it merely express, or can it communicate certainty or, at least, refreshment? Something checks the rhythm of individual or social life. Ugly things in life's foundations are revealed. Out of the consequent mental suffering we draw the conviction that intellect is not enough. Intellect may be self-contained, spiritually lazy. Its bright things, among them the new novel, come quick to confusion. The fictitious passions, in criticizing which we sought relief, burn themselves out before our eyes, and we are left still searching for consolation of our sudden pain. Those vivid writings cannot quieten the rhythm that trouble, within or without, has jarred. We ask for steadiness.

Rare as it may be, this longed-for quality can be found in the contemporary novel, and it is richly displayed in the work of Miss Constance Holme. In the

last ten years her six novels must, at intervals, have lit up a scattered company of torches. The company must remain small, one theory accounting for this by the fact that the novel of the crowd—even the superior crowd of informed readers and persons of taste—is a sedative rather than a tonic. It is one thing to hand out the annual and lucrative story to the appreciative and but faintly critical audience, pulpit ministering to slothful pew. It is another thing actually, as it were, to be with and among your readers, co-operating rather than exhorting. There is a recognition accorded to novelists of this spirit which differs essentially from the deluding " recognition " which sweeps the novels of the successful in scores from the library shelves. The novelist who expects his readers to work and to make mental and spiritual progress achieves recognition from those whose spirits must, for the sake of life itself, make progress, and that not because the books are in the library, but because the reader has been seeking from life that which he suddenly discovers to be the spiritual content of a certain novel.

It is not surprising that a novelist possessing this peculiar appeal to effort and fellowship should be a woman. It is, however, irrelevant.

The secret of this " higher principle " of composition to which reference has been made is quickly explained. It is the method of the poet. Where other writers—even women, harassed, when their novels are good, by conscientiousness—organize their characters, a writer of Miss Holme's calibre is content with a wise passiveness. It is the poet's method, the slow assimilation of the man who contemplates and will

> Watch from dawn till gloom
> The yellow bees in the ivy bloom,
> Nor heed nor see what things they be.
> Yet from these create he can
> Forms more real than living man. . . .

These forms are the only characters of fiction with whom the reader is quick to identify himself. They are less strongly drawn in Miss Holme's first book, *Crump Folk Going Home,* but its successor, *The Lonely Plough,* sets before us a band of Westmorland gentry and farmers of whom a dozen certainly " come alive." Gentry, farmers . . . types who might be treated with Miss Kaye-Smith's rather forced eloquence or Mr. Galsworthy's delicate helplessness, so that with either method they would draw apart from us into their native land of artificiality. Or again, we have met in Mr. Kipling's less savage passages those country gentry of whose nobler prototypes Miss Holme has written, " On the backs of its often inadequate "—(what use would Mr. Kipling make of the inadequate?)—" but willing gentry the agricultural county moves forward, exorbitant with them because it has bred them. Titles —silver—illuminated addresses—a portrait to hang behind their empty chair . . . the real guerdon is surely immeasurably different and beyond."

The gentry of many otherwise admirable authors inflame the reader with an indignation which is the sheer unreason of politics—a piece of silliness as it must appear to the reader of *The Lonely Plough.* Lord Bluecaster, that kindly, ineffective young man, never sent one convert to support the dictatorship of the proletariat. He is set among too many poignant accidents —a lovers' quarrel and a son departing from the farm, the old people exiled to a lesser home, that home wrecked in the tragic waters that tore in from the sea and smashed and destroyed the sea-wall that Bluecaster had let stand because a Lancaster had built it, and " what a Lancaster says, goes." Tragedy and reconciliation, and the ordeal of Lanty Lancaster, Lanty, the strong servant of a lovable and inefficient master, who had to see his father's wall crippled by the sea; who had to live out in convincing anguish the proof of his

theory that " there's only one tie between man and man that will stand a week, and that's just simple faith. . . . I tell you it is better to keep trust and be betrayed—ay! better even to betray trust in keeping trust, than never to have trust at all!"

The chapter in which the reader is hurried from the track of one character to follow another's progress while the thunderous winds and the rising tide storm on through the black night is a piece of eloquence rarely equalled by the literary modern novelist, who shrinks too often from bringing his sensitized personalities into actual conflict with nature. It is easier to exercise one's fevered band of intellectuals in urban surroundings; easier also, if nature must be sought, to be idiotically pagan. Miss Holme does not allow her characters to be slaves to the earth, even when—

> clay of the pit whence we were wrought
> Yearns to its fellow clay,

as when the girl Deborah explains in *Crump Folk* her love of " every blade of grass springing upon Crump land . . . every furrow turned in Crump soil; every tree that draws life from it, and every sunset painted on its woods."

Along with Lanty Lancaster, Bluecaster and the characters of her own story, Deborah speaks as one who can give devotion without losing a sense of values. Life, for all of these—not " characters " but friends—consists of a progressive sacrifice. Life is hard.

" We all stand alone," says Lanty, " if it comes to that. We drive our furrow single-handed, out of the dark into the dark. . . . It's always one man's hand on the lonely plough."

Even love between man and woman, which Miss Holme, without any slight, dismisses to a secondary position, is not to be regarded as a passion of physical ecstasy. It meets with obstacles because it is honest and

generous and scrupulous, and its final conquest is not so much a personal triumph for possessive vanity as a soul's contribution to the common human stock of power and delight.

The licence to be given to humour in art is a perplexing subject. It is instructive to remark how wisely humour plays about the chapters of *The Lonely Plough*, never shrinking to the facetious or grinning a broad welcome to farce. Critics have been heard to complain that so destructive an element must not be allowed to invade a work of large intent, but, in our foolish phrase, we are human, and when author, character and reader so intermingle their personalities, the event which twists a smile from one of the three must be communicated to the others. It is a pleasant competition to decide which of the partners first saw the joke.

Less well-known, *The Old Road from Spain* is filled with pictures of the same grey hills and green dale pastures, the same austere stone houses whose atmosphere Miss Holme can so delicately interpret in a tune of words; the same sports and garden-parties and tedious brief scenes in drawing-rooms; horses and dogs, families with traditions of service, a cold touch of legend from old unhappy things.

Then comes a severance. Three novels follow, after 1916, in which the events of one day, a tragic but never wholly desperate day, strike something of awe across simple lives. The sophisticated, even the best and soundest of them, make way for personalities whose emotions are less speedily articulate. The delicate consciousness of privilege and duty, the intimate, humorous contact between personalities, are like rivers forced underground, running through the stiff soil of less developed minds but never ceasing to run generously and to give forth a sound of life and motion.

"Tread softly because you tread on my dreams" was written on the title-page of Miss Holme's first

book, and this is no plea from arrogant authorship, but a voice speaking from the humblest of her characters. These simpler personalities are not poorer in the capacity to create for themselves houses not made with hands. Each of them, as Stevenson put it, carries his lantern in his heart.

Kit Sill, the hero of *Beautiful End*, is returning to the farm of that name to spend his old age with his son and daughter-in-law. He has spent a shameful and agonizing interval in the squalid home of his second son's wife. Insults and privations and taunts for the masterly playing of the fiddle which had once made him famous, have lengthened out one weary day after another. Nevertheless, the material house to which he returns is repugnant to the visionary in the old man.

> "You can't bring back the dead to the lone living. You can't put back the laylock by the door."
> "Nay. I wish I could." Thomas's face fell.
> "At Marget's I hed 'em both."
> "It's your old home, think on," Agnes said wistfully, but he shook his head.
> "'Tisn't home when the music's all ganged."
>
> A silence fell on the three of them after that, the silence of helplessness ceasing from futile speech. . . . The music could only live where the dream lived, and he had left it behind.

Kit returns to his other and wretched home, for "it's never a poor house where folk find their dream."

The Splendid Fairing, winner of the *Femina-Vie-Heureuse* prize, is a tragedy from the beginning. Perhaps it is only at the last, when Sarah Thornthwaite has knowingly sent her supposed nephew, the son of her greatest enemy, out to death in the imprisoning water, that one fully appreciates the air of suspense and irony which has put a grim point on countless little details in the chronicle of the day. Tiny incidents and broken speeches have helped to set the tragic scene,

in which Sarah, "betrayed by what is false within," a disappointed, embittered woman, discovers that the stranger from Canada who has gone out into the dusk to the sinister estuary is not her nephew but her own Geordie.

But the tragedy is not overclouded by utter desolation. Just before the thunderclap of despair and wrong breaks over Sarah's mind, her husband attempts to voice the dominant philosophy of Miss Holme's writings.

> "Anyway, we've had the best on't!" he cried triumphantly, as if inspired. "Eliza's had what looks most, but we've had the real things, you and me!"

The real things . . . faith, love, sacrifice, sympathy, humour, the will to work and give service. These do not change. They ennoble the hard but not tragic story of *The Trumpet in the Dust,* that remarkable picture of a day in the life of old Mrs. Clapham. The end of the day that sees the grand disappointment of her life and her enforced return to a life of charing and scrubbing has a dignity of its own which austerely surpasses the triumph of the morning. Hearing of her election to be tenant of the alms-house, Mrs. Clapham hurries off to spend an afternoon's felicity in the rooms that are to be her new home, and returns in ecstasy to learn of her daughter's death and her own responsibility for two grandchildren. As in *The Splendid Fairing* evil has been working through an enemy, and there has been mean treachery, but Mrs. Clapham herself is blameless from the beginning to the last moment when she lays her old head down to cry in the middle of writing her request that the alms-house, her longed-for haven, may be given to Martha Jane, the village slattern.

It is not easy to stand outside these books as a critic. Very early in the act of reading one is taken inside. The story merges into life. One is there, involved, amused, active, sympathetic, sharing the responsibili-

ties, dreams and delights of these extraordinarily human people. We are, in the act of reading, made wise enough to understand. Nor are we acutely conscious of someone aloof from ourselves who is displaying a purely personal faculty for telling a story and outdistancing our merely receptive minds in achievement. The criticism that we utter when the book is finished is a criticism not of any well-told story but of life itself, life in which we stand and suffer and hope. Possibilities which we never saw before are revealed. Almost it may be said that we feel the continued life of those characters pulsing in our own. They have not come to an end. We remember them—Kit Sill finding a glimpse of eternal beauty as he fiddles for a children's game and watches his own unattractive grandchild, Lup Whinnerah waking to find his distraught mother silently awaiting by his bed the flow of the grey and terrible tide without, Mrs. Clapham talking racily to the old alms-house folk and bringing before their tired old eyes the drama of her own vigorous life.

More than that, actual passages come to memory. There is a tiny chapter in *The Lonely Plough* whose fateful rhythm, once apprehended, remains vivid in the mind.

> Dawn saw a boatload of haggard faces under the walls of the Pride. There was water as far as eye could see, and the grim light filtered through six great gaps in the bank. The Let had given in all directions, and from Watch How the whole Wythe valley showed like one vast lagoon.
>
> Lup stood up in the stern to hail, and found his voice a dead thing in his throat. All night long it had been calling, but it was dumb now. In his pocket his icy fingers crushed the forgotten violets meant for his mother.
>
> Lancaster, at an oar, looked up at his terrible face and shivered. Somebody called, and they rowed closer. Across the sill of an upper room the wind had blown the silvery strand of a woman's hair. They hailed once more, and drew towards it; but when they saw the water-mark, they were silent.

So, on Mothering Sunday, Lup Whinnerah came home again.

Or again, in less tragic vein, there is the picture of Dandy Shaw's gradual acclimatization to Westmorland.

For the first time in her smooth career she was arrested, called to halt by something that thrilled almost to pain. For the first time, too, she saw herself no longer the pivot of her world, an outstanding figure on an obliging background of earth, but a mere unnecessary pigmy on its surface. She found the country cruel and very lonely, full of shut secrets, fearful, yet unquestionably alluring. In this new atmosphere, where the true Romance still brushed by on velvet wings, her unfledged soul shrank a little, and as yet was lost. The name of it in books had stirred her to a vague desire; the reality of it, keen as a sword, rich as purple curtains before God, made her afraid.
The house affected her in the same way. Its tranquillity, its dignity, its rapt air of hiding secrets mystic as the Grail, impressed her as the attributes of a living thing, with a mind and being larger than her own. Its susceptibility, too, amazed her. Halsted, for instance, had cared nothing for weather. When the sun burned, you drew the blinds, and, within, the luxury grew cool and fragrant; and when storm held sway without, again the blinds were drawn, shutting you into soft comfort, where electric light, silver and china, laughter and the click of balls or the slur of dancing feet, struck always the same note of lapped pleasure. But, at Watters, when the sun shone, the old house stirred dreamily and smiled, and half-forgotten pictured faces looked alive from the dim walls, and threads of hot gold ran molten along the dark floors. There was no need to curtain the sun; the place needed it, and turned its old bones gratefully under its touch. And on days of stress the house shared it with the day; you could not shut the storm from Watters. The wind was in the house itself, lifting the rugs, whistling up the stair, crying like a lost soul in the eaves. The hurrying sky was mirrored in the glass of the panelling, and the beating rain filled the stone eyes with streaming tears. Outside, the full river swung above its banks, and the lost wail of sheep on the mist-hung fell rode on the tortured air. . . .
Slowly, very slowly, the faintly shifting kaleidoscope of

> the months adjusted Dandy to her new conditions. The first sense of stagnation, following on the hurry of Halsted, was replaced gradually by a feeling of steady movement and expansion. The days were alive but never feverish. She came to see that rampant activity does not always mean progression, that the stimulant of rush may finally produce stupefaction, and flying feet carry one over all the great truths of life. The country's gift was hers—time to grow.

It is enough—the style is the philosophy which it embodies. Nothing is accidental, ornate, or prodigal.

Life by itself does not satisfy a majority of novelists at the moment. They exert themselves to turn its lustre and keen edge into the vicious shapes of gloomy cleverness. To one waiting for life, watching and receiving, there must inevitably come terror and loveliness far more lasting than can be deliberately prearranged as material for art. The truest adventures, as it has been said, are not those we go to seek. They are not far from us at the moment of our birth. Life by itself is sufficiently dangerous and grisly, yes, and sufficiently beautiful, without the ingenious labours of the intellect that has read rather than lived.

> O mystery of man, from what a depth
> Proceed thy honours. I am lost . . . but this I feel
> That from thyself it comes, that thou must give,
> Else never canst receive.

Miss Holme has recaptured the very sense of wonder which thus touched the poet of her own county, where men and women of the dales live by and respond to the same vital interests, " trust in the morning and quiet in the evening, our own folk and work, and food and sleep—seed-time and harvest, cold and heat . . . the real things." Indeed, at moments one speculates that her peculiar gift to the modern novel is the gift of an intellect which has been kept immune from the fretfulness of the ailing society of cities, enriched by the messages of hill and sea, and instructed thereby to appreciate the nobility of man's dependence.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OLIVE SCHREINER : THE TRAGEDY OF A THWARTED ARTIST.—Last year her *Life* was published, and now we have her *Letters* (Fisher Unwin, 21s. net). Why have they not made more stir? They are such amazing letters—not for wisdom or beauty—but for their passion and truth. Perhaps they made the critics uncomfortable; they are uncomfortable letters. Often it hurts to read them. They are so intensely personal; cries direct from the heart, spontaneous and unrestrained as the cries of a child. She cries, she suffers, she rebels, she endures, but she does not laugh or smile. She never laughed at the world, for she saw only its tragedy; its comedy quite escaped her.

"It is impossible to feel that there is anything but agony in the world," she wrote once to Havelock Ellis from Paris, and the cry continually recurs. "We mustn't hurt other people . . . life is such awful agony." . . . It seems that she felt too much to have a sense of humour, for she never knows a moment's detachment. And this intensity of feeling made life a prison from which she could not escape. She even thought from her heart, not her brain. She thought, as she wrote . . . "with her blood." "Why must I write everything with my blood? Other people don't."

And again: "I sometimes feel as if I were bleeding to death."

Yet her feeling was never false. It was angry, sad, bitter, despairing, agonized—but always vital feeling; and passionate, as only youth is passionate. But it was never gay or joyful. Happiness to her meant peace. It meant only respite from suffering. "Happiness . . . means to me . . . I am for a time in a condition to master my own feelings and keep them from rending me." And, after her return to South Africa, she writes:

"My whole emotional nature seems dead and yet I am so happy."

Passionate as youth is passionate. And angry, as youth is angry; and hopeful with the hope of youth, and bitter with youth's blind bitterness. For though these letters reveal a big-hearted woman, a pure soul—frank, proud, sincere, idealistic—they show, too, a thwarted development, a spirit that never wholly matured. For she never quite grew up. Her genius withered before it could blossom.

And that she knew this herself I feel sure. For this is what the letters reveal: this is their unconscious confession. And this is the cause of her suffering. She does not admit it in words, but she was aware of some deep frustration. And although she attributes her incessant suffering to other things; to her ill-health, to her shyness, to her dread of loneliness and to her equal shrinking from personal contact, to her sensitive nerves, and to all the stupidity and cruelty around her—these are but effects, not causes;—all arising from the frustration of her artistic powers, from this nipping of her soul's maturity and her painful realization of this frustration. For there is no bitterness so black, no despair so deep as that of the thwarted artist. This cause only can account for the poignancy of her letters, and for her painful attitude to life. For her pain could amount to agony. Nothing else can explain it;—this life that was one long suffering.

In her early twenties she was writing: "I wish when I was two hours old the nurse had tied a garter round my neck, then I would never have known the pain of living." Exactly ten years later she writes to Ellis in almost the same words: "Oh, Harry, why didn't my mother tie a garter round my neck the day I was born? . . . the hidden agony of my life no human being understands." And again: "Last night I cried for hours! I don't know why. It was like a mad

agony come upon me." And a little later: "I have been passing through the stiffest time of my life." (But there were many such times.) "I am utterly alone in the world, and I wish it so, because I only inflict suffering." Yet no woman had stauncher friends.

And her generalizations strike the same note:—

"Life is a battle to be fought quietly, persistently, and at every moment." In one of her last letters she wrote to her husband . . . "nothing matters in life but love and pity for all our fellows . . . it is terrible to be human creatures . . . the universe is so awful. . . ."

Her external circumstances cannot account for this suffering. In much she was fortunate. Her recurring attacks of asthma were certainly burdensome, but otherwise her vitality was strong. When she first came to England, she had youth, beauty, fame, and friends on her side; but even then these weighed light against her misery. And throughout, this overbalance remained. Life itself cannot account for it. To all sensitive, idealistic natures such as hers, its facts are ugly—often beyond endurance—but beauty is no less undeniable. And an artist must reconcile the two, or build a new world in defiance. But Olive Schreiner did neither. Her sensibility hampered her executive powers, and it crushed her creative spirit. She could never escape from herself. Even her criticisms strike this narrow, too personal note. Writing of Hardy she says: "It seems . . . as though he were only fingering his characters with his hands, not pressing them up against him till he felt their hearts bleed." And of Heine: "I personify myself with him . . . the infinitely burning, tender, passionate heart will be known only to a few . . . it must be so, heart to heart."

She worked with vigour and intensity but with despair gnawing her vitals. For none of her later work fulfilled the promise of the *South African Farm,* that almost perfect expression of adolescence in its pas-

sionate groping for truth, its blind anger and bafflements. But it was the book of a youthful genius, and a genius not yet matured. The genius never matured. For Olive Schreiner did not grow up. As an artist she remained adolescent. She saw always through the eyes of youth, with youth's hot sincerity; but with youth's bitter blindness. And all she wrote after twenty was but repetition, for the creative fire had died, though she agonized to rekindle the flame. Her life and her work prove this. Her allegories . . . her preoccupation with social questions—her mystical yearnings for union—were all unconscious acknowledgments of failure. They are the expression of her soul's despair. She wrote once to Ellis:

"My feeling is that there is nothing in life but refraining from hurting others and comforting those that are sad . . . what kind of feeling is that for an artist to be narrowed down to? . . ."

But that is the nearest to a conscious confession that she makes.—BARBARA BURNHAM.

"HOUSE AT SURBITON."—"The tickets are only half-a-crown each," she said.

"But I never win anything in a lottery," Jones countered.

She frowned.

"Oh, it isn't a lottery. The police, you know. It's a ballot. And it's for a very good cause. And, of course, the first prize *is* a thousand pounds."

"All right," Jones smiled. After all, she was very pretty.

"And your friend over there? You'll take one for him too? Numbers 4774 and 4775. Five shillings, please. Thank you so much. Good-bye."

"Which will you have, Smith? 4774 or 4775?"

"What does it matter? I never win anything in a

lottery. Here's your half-crown. You'd better keep my ticket for me. It won't win, and if it did I should only lose it. What would you do with a thousand pounds? "

" House at Surbiton," said Jones; and he put No. 4774 away in a separate compartment in his wallet with the word " Smith " scribbled lightly in pencil on it.

It was incredible, but there it was. In the morning paper quite plainly.

FIRST PRIZE: No. 4774.

Mabel found it at breakfast. The tickets, quickly. She threw 4775 impatiently from her. She read every word on 4774.

" Why, you've got some silly scribbling on it," she said. " We must send it in clean."

And she found an india-rubber in record time and removed the offending scribble.

" I s'pose," said Jones, gulping at his coffee, " I s'pose it can't—can't—be Smith's by any chance? "

" Why, of course not, dear. Whatever put such a silly idea into your head? There's Mr. Smith's ticket, that one. You know you really ought to have written his name on it. Let me do it before it's too late—in case they find a mistake in the number.

And she wrote " MR. SMITH " in large letters on No. 4775.

" Oh darling, now we can have our house at Surbiton." And she kissed him on the bald patch.

After all, he thought on the way to the office (as far as anyone who has come into a thousand pounds can be said to think) after all, Smith wouldn't know what to do with it. He would invest it in something gilt-edged and add the income to the capital. Wouldn't help trade a bit. Of course, they might share it. Fifty-fifty. But then he would only get five hundred, and he couldn't

buy the house with that. Oh, damn it! what a cad he was. Of course, he must own up. Why, it was simple stealing. He would 'phone Smith as soon as he got to the office.

Then he thought of Mabel.

There was a lot to do at the office. Such a pile of letters. What with one thing and another he hadn't time to telephone. And when Smith rang up as usual for lunch he said he was so busy that he wouldn't be able to get out to lunch to-day. He would have told Smith then, but there was so much that ought to be done, and really he disapproved of private calls in business hours. It was a matter of principle, and he was a man of principle. Good heavens, if a man didn't stand by his principles, where was he? Business must come first.

But Smith saw the winning numbers in his paper at lunch, and he rang up.

"I suppose neither of us has won anything?"

"Why, don't you know, old man? Hasn't anyone told you? I've got the winning number. Yes, 4,774. No, I'm sorry, old chap. Wish it had been yours. Feel almost inclined to hand it over, you know, or go shares. Except that it really was my number—and not only that, it's not myself, it's the wife I'm thinking of. Yes, of course. House at Surbiton. Yes, thanks so much. And I say, old man. I'm awfully sorry it isn't you, you know. I mean it, really. You do believe me, don't you?"

Damnation! Why had he added that? He wasn't that sort of cad really. Not that sort. Better ring up and explain. Oh, how could he? Must go through with it now.

There it was all right. No. 1, New Terrace, Surbiton. They had wanted to call it No. 4,774, but the authorities wouldn't let them.

And now they had to think of a name for it. Somehow Jones never quite took to the house, didn't even like it enough to think out a name for it.

"I don't quite like Lottery Villa," said Mabel, "though it is better than Hospital House. Can't you think of something?"

"Smith's House," he suggested.

"But it isn't," she said.

"I know," he answered. "That's why."

"You silly boy. You must have your little joke." And she moved her fingers caressingly along the top of his head, just as if there was really some hair there. He always loved her for that. It showed a divine understanding.

"You angel," she whispered.

"What a funny place heaven must be," he thought irrelevantly.

And she kissed him on the tip of his nose.

F. G. Stone.

Schnitzler's "Fraulein Else."—Schnitzler's latest story, *Fräulein Else,* following the recent mode, is wholly of the "streams of consciousness" type. It records, in short staccato sentences, the thoughts of a young girl during a single evening, culminating with her death that night, and is so real and immediate in its effect that the reader is made to go through her experiences and to share her feelings—alas, of unrelieved discomfiture! The story, briefly, shows us *Fräulein Else* pondering over her mother's suggestive telegrams and letter and trying to make up her mind as to whether she should take the hint and appeal to a remote acquaintance—an elderly *roué,* staying at the same hotel in Switzerland—to remit a large sum of money to her father who is in deadly need of it. At last she steels herself to do so—and the gentleman responds, but being a business man reluctant to give

up something for nothing stipulates for the privilege of seeing the lovely Fräulein Else nude. She detests him —because he is an old *roué* instead of being a young one, shrinks back, argues with herself, accepts, suffers, and finally appears in the required state, but—over and above the stipulated terms—in the public lounge, and faints of shame. She is carried up to her room, where shortly afterwards she dies from an over-dose of Veronal.

A commonplace plot, it may seem—but brilliantly executed. The method is of some technical interest to novelists, since this is a really brilliant example of what can and cannot be done by this method—already employed by one or two German writers of our day, to say nothing of our own Mr. Joyce. It is all *thinking,* only here and there relieved by a line of dialogue, which is printed in italics so as to stand out from the rest. But it is attractive thinking. Here is an example :

> O, wie schön wäre das tot zu sein. Aufgebahrt liege ich im Salon, die Kerzen brennen. Lange Kerzen. Zwölf lange Kerzen. Unten steht schon der Leichenwagen. Vor dem Haustor stehen Leute. Wie alt war sie denn? Erst neunzehn. Wirklich erst neunzehn?—Denken Sie sich, ihr Papa ist im Zuchthaus. Warum hat sie sich denn umgebracht? Aus unglücklicher Liebe zu einem Filou. Aber was fällt Ihnen denn ein? Sit hätte ein Kind kriegen sollen. Nein, sie ist vom Cimone heruntergestürzt. Es ist ein Unglücksfall. Guten Tag, Herr Dorsay (that is the old *roué*), Sie erweisen der kleinen Else auch die letzte Ehre? Kleine Else, sagt das alte Weib.—Warum denn? Natürlich, ich muss ihr die letzte Ehre erweisen. Ich habe ihr ja auch die erste Schande erwiesen. O, es war der Mühe wert, Frau Winawer, ich habe noch nie einen so schönen Korper gesehen. Es hat mich nur dreissig Millionen gekostet. Ein Rubens kostet dreimal so viel.

And so on, till, unnoticed, she falls asleep and dreams on in this way, but less and less coherently. She wakes up, and returns to the hotel, still thinking. Her thoughts are unusually frank ; she can even ironize about her

own facile conclusions. Shrinking from the stipulation, for example, she decides to ask him to withdraw it but to send the money all the same. She will tell him that she understands that he was only joking. What he asked of her was a joke—true, not in the best of taste—but a joke, and she counts on him to send the money, since he is a gentleman, &c., &c. But directly she imagines his ironical rejoinder: "Certainly. I demand nothing whatsoever in return for the privilege of being allowed to send the money to your dad. I would gladly send double that sum. As a matter of fact, I'd be delighted to keep your whole family for the sheer pleasure of it, if you would be so kind as to allow me," or words to that effect.

Schnitzler, a brilliant artist, shows us what can be done in this new way when the author is a Schnitzler. But, on finishing this book, I am inclined to think that more can be done in other ways. *Fräulein Else* is only one hundred and thirty-five pages long, but I have been exhausted by her thoughts to the point of myself cherishing an easy death like hers, having lived through her experiences in the dreary painful way one does in actuality, with nothing else to relieve me. And why should one be made to suffer in this way? This "streams of consciousness" method is all right for the shortest of short stories, and most effective when touches of it are introduced, at intervals, in a long novel. But even *Fräulein Else* is too long for it.—WILLIAM GERHARDI.

ANATOLE FRANCE: THE FRENCH ATTITUDE.—I lately received two special numbers of French periodicals, each wholly devoted to Anatole France. For some days I left them unread, thinking that they were the usual unctuous and vapid *hommages* to which our French neighbours are addicted. In an idle moment I

began to glance through them. Imagine my astonishment at finding that they were filled with indignant and passionate attacks upon him. One is a special number of *Clarté,* the anti-war journal which was founded, I think, by Henri Barbusse at the peace, and of which, if I remember rightly, Anatole France himself was one of the original supporters ; the other is called *Un Cadavre,* and is rather a broadsheet than a special number, for it seems to have been published for this single and special occasion.

These are the only French "tributes" to Anatole France that have come my way, and it strikes me as remarkable that they should both be passionately hostile to the man and his memory. *Clarté* does not particularly impress me ; its attitude, though obviously honest, is in the main the narrow attitude of the revolutionary Socialist, who regards Anatole France merely as a bourgeois *bourreur de crâne*—which means, "a head-stuffer" or humbug, or more exactly (in American) a "bunk-merchant." *Clarté* is for the class-war ; Anatole France was not. Nevertheless it would be untrue to say that this is the real substance of *Clarté's* contempt for him ; it is not. *Clarté* is obviously run by men who went through the war and do not intend to forget it : and they do not intend to forget Anatole France's attitude during the early years of the war. The editor of *Clarté* declares : "Only one other man was utterly despised by the men at the front : that other man was Barrès." I do not think that even the most rabid Bolshevik would risk such a statement, without there being an element of truth in it.

Still, if I had *Clarté* alone to go upon, I would not repeat it. But the statement is borne out by the writers in *Un Cadavre.* It so happens that I am personally acquainted with one or two of these : and for the sincerity of these one or two at least I can vouch. They are also young men who went through the war. And

I know, for instance, that Pierre Drieu La Rochelle is utterly sincere when he writes this :—

> Yet another who lived in that golden age, Before-the-War, of which we understand nothing. He is even the Frenchman *par excellence* of that age—this Anatole France. But, you see, our piety is turned elsewhere; it is not available for this feather-bed death. . . . No, our piety is fixed on those who died young, whose words were not left to melt in their mouths like sugar-plums, but were torn from their lips with blood and bloody foam. And I ask you—this question will supply the reason for the tone I must take, in order that there shall not be heard in Europe only the voices of men who blow their noses and can sanctimoniously agree on this alone : that France is dead and France lives—I ask you what help was this old grandfather to those boys who died?
>
> A nice old grandfather, far too like many other nice old French grandfathers : without a God, without deep love, without intolerable despair, without mighty anger, without utter defeat, without complete victory.
>
> A total ignorance of God—we understand each other, do we not, O poets desperate with nothingness? Threadbare, threadbare philosophy! And love? Intrigues, *à la Français*. The poor love of the *Lys Rouge*. I beg pardon of the race of women. And art? Literature? This nice old grandfather ignored or laughed at all the fathers and uncles whom we love.
>
> No, we cannot forget all that, even though we remember that we owe to him the tool which makes us work and live—the tool which may be broken in our coarse hands, blistered on the rifle-butt and the trigger. . . . We cannot forget that they made us as schoolboys admire those old boys : Bergeret, Coignard, Bonnard. *Vieux marcheurs, vieux pions habiles!*
>
> Our love and our hope lies elsewhere; but our bitterness is here. It is right that our bitterness should be felt among the tears of the pious crocodiles who will crawl along the Avenue du Bois.

An Englishman has no right to criticize an attitude such as this. Whether it is just, I do not know : but I do know that I understand it. Moreover, it seems to me right and proper that the existence of such an attitude

among many of the sincerest and most gifted young Frenchmen to-day should be made known in England.

I have been taken to task by one whose word of praise or blame touches me deeply, for the meagreness of my own praise of Anatole France in these pages. Perhaps it is that I am younger than he. At all events, I could no other. At the point where I stand to-day, Anatole France *means* nothing to me. It is no use my pretending that he does. His view of the world is distant and faint and alien to me. I have examined my conscience many times in this regard, since my friend upbraided me : and still the same answer comes. Anatole France is dead for me. I can remember and acknowledge only what lives for me. Many things have died for me. There was a time when Rossetti and Swinburne and Tennyson were great poets for me ; there was a time when Anatole France was a great man for me. Because these were great poets and great men to me once, I *must* owe them much. I know it. They must have opened roads for me into the then unknown. For all this I am truly grateful. But it happened long ago ; and since then I have gone so far on the roads they opened, that I cannot remember what the first miles were like, any more than I can remember the " me " who once loved these men. I know that he existed. That is all.—J. M. MURRY.

WAGON AND STAR !—At the age of eighty-one Tolstoy, being unable any longer to live with his wife, left her. After nearly half a century of marriage he felt he could not bear another moment of it ; and one pitch dark night he packed up his things and ran away . . . not to save himself as Leo Nikolaevitch, but to save " what, at times, at least to some small degree, there is in me."

In the October ADELPHI there is a translation of

Maxim Gorki's defence of Countess Tolstoy. She was, he suggests, the buffer between Tolstoy and Life. As Tolstoy hit up against Life, as Life bore down upon Tolstoy, she stood there to receive the impact and to deaden the concussion.

This, he thinks, was, in a large part, the cause of the unhappiness she radiated around her.

And yet, if the Countess Tolstoy was like other women—and, apparently, she was—she must have found in this position of buffer, not her unhappiness, but her happiness. It is the deepest ambition of women to play just this part in the destinies of their men. Even David Copperfield's Dora aspired to it : she took charge of his pens.

It was not because Sofya Andreyevna did too much that she suffered, but because she could not do more. She wanted not only to be very lavishly a mother, a grandmother, and an aristocrat, she wanted also to be the complete wife, the authentic mate. She wanted, as in earlier days, to copy out her husband's manuscripts and play the piano to him. And he, because his soul was less covered by flesh than ordinary souls, cried out when her nearness chafed him, and said, in his passion (as he describes), that he would rather live with a rude peasant woman—any rude peasant woman—than with his refined and dutiful wife. That, as far as she could see, was the reward she got for her virtue. . . .

Is it not the trouble with people married to geniuses that they are in the position of wagons hitched to stars—a sport of the gods? There they go, the star flashing along, and the poor, lumbering, earthly wagon creaking dismally after him, and they cannot tell who is to set the pace, or who to choose the way—the wagon or the star. And they jerk to this side and to that. And from below mortals watch the queer gymkhana ; and, on the grand stand, the gods lean back and laugh.—SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.—Mr. Henry King bids us " co-ordinate the most intimate and fateful experience of men," who "have touched the reality of themselves," so that in our spiritual inquiry we may " begin where the mightiest of our predecessors ended." Newman, says Mr. King, can find a moral order in the universe " only by an intellectual sleight." One is reminded of Mr. Murry's Roman Catholic friend: " He manages, by some sleight of brain, to conceive for a moment the existence of a God." Professor Sidgwick "doesn't think it can be proved."

Such experiences must be co-ordinated along with the rest, I suppose. It is all very unsettling. To the plain man, the prospect of searching for spiritual guidance in such a maze is alarming. Some of us would rather " begin all over again from zero."

It may be Mr. King's intention, however, to boil all these things down and serve them up in a form capable of being assimilated by the wayfaring man. But is not that very much what the Roman Catholic Church professes to do?

I, too, have been reading Newman's *Apologia*, and, fascinating as it is to read, have been impressed with the futility of all religious argument. What small proportion of my fellow men is capable of following it? Where does it all lead? Is there anything there to satisfy the child in years or comprehension?

But, after all, Mr. King's inquiry may lead us back to profound simplicities. The first chapter must deal with " the most intimate and fateful experiences " of One who is, above all others, the " mightiest of our predecessors," and probably the second and many subsequent chapters may not be found sufficient to cover all that must be said about these.—FRANK H. KNIGHT.

A PITMAN-VISITOR

By The Journeyman

I should have been less surprised had it been a Tibetan lama who had called upon me. It was a coal-miner; and he had come to see *me.* I was vaguely ashamed. When he told me it would do me good if I could be down the pit in South Wales and listen to a group of miners discussing what I have written here, I wondered whether indeed it would. To hear tell of it embarrassed me; by hearing it I should have been quite discomfited.

Probably my feeling is absurd, and I don't want to be sentimental about coal-miners; but the thought of them and, above all, the thought of their reading what I write, puts me out of countenance. It *is* a silly feeling. If I were a gentleman of independent means, a capitalist, a politician, there might be a reason for it; but I do more than an eight-hour day for my living, and I make very little out of it. Very little, speaking relatively, but uncomfortably more than my miner-visitor who gets 46s. a week. I am not well paid; but he is very badly paid. His presence in the office gave me a momentary but acute feeling that mine is a luxury trade.

I have nothing to be ashamed of: I am certain of it. But the uneasy feeling returns, primitive, unanalyzable. I try to define it, and it escapes me. At first it seems that he, by virtue of his occupation and his miserable wage, is more solid than I am. But I don't believe it: that is mere sentiment. I put it firmly out of my mind. Yet I am still embarrassed: I feel that I ought to do something. "If there's anything I can *do,*" I murmur timidly and vaguely, "books or

anything. . . ." *Books!* Good God! I trail back into my embarrassed silence. "You know," I begin again, "I live so much apart, I see so few people, that I forget. . . ."

"But you don't shut yourself off. You let me drop in to see you like this."

He doesn't understand what I am trying to say. I can't explain, and it would be ridiculous, wrong, if I did. "Good-bye . . . good-bye . . . I'll not forget to send the book." Now, please don't say it, please! But he does.

"It's a day I shall always remember—being allowed to come and talk to you."

Being allowed!

Day after day that encounter goes on within me, irritating, gnawing, rankling. I think of a friend of mine, a man of genius, a miner's son. The encounter which has upheaved me would have been as trivial to him as giving a penny to a bus-conductor. I think of the only time I ever entered a mining village. Darkness, thick material darkness billowing invisibly out of those caverns in the elemental earth; darkness palpable, heavy, hostile, stranger to me than the jungle of the Amazons. I was scared out of my life. To that terrifying darkness people were native, as I to the soft evenings of my home. They lived and laughed in it; in those unimaginable rows of miners' dwellings, grey line after grey line on the scarred hillside, warm life teemed, a life warmer, richer, more enveloping and more oppressive than any I had known. That dense darkness was filled with physical vibrations; there was no space between me and the unknown man who walked on the other side of the way. His physical presence flowed out in the darkness, suffocating me. It was something I had never known, and could never have guessed.

All this I now remembered, and it gave no help.

Here was a thing foreign to me that I could not include in my scheme of reality. It was too big, too elemental, and I was afraid of it. I had put it out of my mind; and I did not remember it while my miner-visitor was with me. But now that I did, he seemed to have felt in London and with me a feeling not unlike that which I had in the mining village. He was as grateful to me for being decently human as I should have been had anyone been decently human to me there. In fact, I was all but arrested for being concerned in a local murder, so obviously did I not belong.

So I might have explained my embarrassment as due to this meeting of aliens from strange worlds; but the explanation would not have satisfied me. That was part of it, no doubt; but the thing was simpler and more subtle besides. I felt that *I* was responsible for his getting only 46s. a week. That was obvious nonsense, but the feeling remained. I didn't want him to be there down in the pit—not that *he* made any bones about it—for half a London dustman's wage. And yet I had no solution. Neither had he. But it was *my* business to have a solution. I felt that I had none—none, at least, that I could offer him in his presence.

That was the trouble. It came over me violently a few days afterwards, when I read of the disaster at Scotswood: 38 men and boys drowned by a sudden inrush of water. And in the debate in the House of Commons it was stated that in the last five years 5,554 miners had been killed and 811,298 wounded. 46s. a week. It doesn't fit. Double it: 92s. a week. Still it scarcely fits. Yet Mr. Cook, the miners' secretary, who suggests 12s. a day for the miner's wage, is called a dangerous Bolshevist. 12s. a day for a miner will upset the economic apple-cart completely. No one abroad will buy our coal; all our manufactures will cost more: in every market British goods will be undersold.

I don't know. I suppose I ought to know. But all the time I have to spare for learning things was taken up long ago. I can't begin all over again. What I am, I must remain—one with an instinctive suspicion of arguments against increases in wages that are uttered by people with more thousands per annum than I have tens. But an instinctive suspicion is not itself an argument, and I have noticed that even the Socialists are not sanguine about the ultimate effects if the miner's wage were increased by one-half instead of being doubled at it ought to be.

I don't know, and, so far as I can see, nobody does know. There is no economic solution. Yet still I feel that *I* ought to have one; that it is part of my personal responsibility that a miner should get more than 46s. a week. Why, I would be willing myself to make it up to £3. Let the State knock another 14s. off my pay and stick it on to his. But the system will not permit of such casual adjustments. The system, the system! The older I get the more does dumb resentment against systems smoulder inside me. Yet I have little to offer in their stead. And I don't believe things were ever better in the past; and I don't believe in human equality, in the material sense, anyhow; and I am not a pessimist. How I manage to reconcile these beliefs with each other and with the sense of personal responsibility that rankles within me, I don't know. I will try to discover.

It seems to me that there are no real solutions of these problems in material terms. I do not believe in any political panacea by which millions will be made happy by a stroke of the pen. Happiness is a matter of individuals; it is a condition which has to be conquered and cannot be bestowed. And the man who has conquered it will not be made less happy if his income drops to twenty shillings a week, or more happy if it soars to a hundred pounds. The essential is that

a man should take control of his own destiny : if he is not satisfied with the place assigned to him by the system, let him not rest till he has worked himself into another and found an occupation with which he is content. Content is not an affair of money ; it depends upon having found one's function in life and fulfilling it to the utmost of one's power.

An easy doctrine, it may be said : but what of the facts? Men cannot move about within this rigid system to find their function. Can they move when there are no houses? And yet I cannot help thinking that if they want to badly enough they will find a way. It all comes down to individuals ; and I have never met one who was really bound hand and foot by circumstances. If he desired to change and would not, the cause lay not in circumstances, but in his fear to change them. It is not in our stars, but in ourselves. Not that a man can be blamed for being afraid : life is a terrifying thing. But it lies with him to overcome the fear.

And no matter what the reformers and the humanitarians may say, this belief in the responsibility of the individual for himself is ineradicable in me. There is his prime duty ; and by accepting it he honestly bears his full share of responsibility for others. If he will accept his own portion of circumstance for himself, he will have done his part towards helping the world at large to bear its troubles : for any man can do what he has done.

It sounds like political indifferentism. I do not think it is. It is, at all events, the most promising political creed I have been able to find. It is one which does not demand that you should wait till a few millions of your similars agree with you for something to be done. It gives you no excuse for wasting precious hours in denouncing the stupidity of your fellows ; keeping an eye on your own takes all your time. You do not look for the millennium to-morrow. If it takes one man the

best part of his life to become an individual, how long will it take a nation of men? By this reckoning centuries begin to appear small indeed, and time itself to be illusory. So much the better. You are saved from impatience, and your own days are filled to the brim.

I am afraid my solution would not be admitted as a solution at all by most people; and I myself should have been embarrassed to offer it to my miner-visitor in person. Not because he was a miner, and not because he earns only 46s. a week. (After all, I have lived through a year on less than that.) But because one is embarrassed at offering a solution of that kind to any other person. Such things, lying deep within me, inextricably intertwined with one's most intimate and secret faiths, are best reserved for home consumption.

THE LAST WORD.—We must learn to understand that science has never at any time said the last word with any description whatever of objects. There is always a *beyond*, an *above*, a *within*, a *nevertheless*, of every description. We ought to have seen that the unity of the self, for instance, is not destroyed by its divisibility into empirical factors, nor its freedom by the insight into mechanism of psychic life, that the value of religion is not destroyed by the affidavits of pscychiatrc investigators that the founders of religions have been epileptics or men of unsound mind. We ought really to have begun to blush from the superficiality of our culture, which betrays itself in the fact that people are always ready with an *either-or*, when mature reflection must authenticate a *both-and*. (Vitalis Norström: Translated by C. T. Harley Walker.)

BOOKS TO READ

THE PORTRAIT OF ZELIDE. By Geoffrey Scott. (Constable.) 12s.

This is a brilliant study. As an ironic chronicler Mr. Scott has perhaps but one superior in England. He has rare material in this very Latin Dutchwoman who became Mme. de Charrière, the tutor's wife, after an astounding husband-hunt, in the course of which she nearly became a Marquise and even more nearly Mistress of Auchinleck—but Boswell was frightened. It is a complex personality to which Mr. Scott has "given vital breath again." Zélide "wanted the prize for goodness as well as the forbidden fruits." After her portentous youth she became the mistress of the boy Constant; and in her old age, "a feared, benignant idol," we see her as something very like a figure of tragedy. Thus it is that the biographer's irony almost betrays him: in his opening chapters he is near to frivolity; in his later, nearer to rhetoric. He is incidentally unhappy in his attitude to the great transition though one's private sympathies may be with him and his *ancien régime*, there is no excusing his bias against Mme. de Staël. In truth, Zélide was much more like the young rival to whom she lost Constant than her champion realizes.

THE GOLDEN KEYS. By Vernon Lee. (The Bodley Head.) 6s. net.

If it be permissible to speak of a *doyen* of lady writers, Vernon Lee is, we think, that *doyen*. She is one of our most distinctive essayists; and the great body of work she has produced is sustained by wide culture, sensitive and always dignified expression, and stimulating thought. In "the sanctuary of the Genius of Places" she finds the peace and goodwill which seem to be chased from the earth by the War and its spiritual ravages. It is to no tower of ivory but to the "human heart, upright and pure," that she seeks Golden Keys; as will be evident to a sympathetic reader of these pensive studies of Continental and English places revisited. The one realistic sketch, "Ethics of the Dustmen" (staged in a Paris hospital) is perhaps the finest: but there is nothing to choose between, and nothing that detracts from, the more conventional beauty of the rest.

EMPTY CHAIRS. By Sir Squire Bancroft. (John Murray.) 10s. 6d. net.

The veteran actor is also a practised writer; and though he follows the familiar lines of theatrical recollections, the great men he has known are greater, his anecdotes more skilfully told, his tributes more graceful, than is usual with his *confrères* when they take reminiscent pen in hand. The most touching and impressive chapter is the last, *One other Empty Chair*: "My apology for the book," as its author says. Marie Wilton, whom Dickens called "the cleverest girl I have seen on the stage in my time, and the most original," was the wife, fellow-worker and collaborator of Sir Squire for over half-a-century; her early retirement was a heavy loss to the London stage; her recent death a heavier loss to the small circle who "knew and loved" this most gracious woman.

GONE ABROAD. By Douglas Goldring. (Chapman & Hall.) 12s. 6d.

Some aspects of Italian life seem to have been *made* for Mr. Goldring! In this new book his charm, his humour, his observation, his whimsical discursiveness can be found at their best: his personality grows more mellowed and unobtrusive. Mallorca, the Balearic Islands, Liguria, Middlesbrough-on-Tees, and finally London all awaken in him more than mere traveller's discursiveness: his pathetic sketch of two literate bar-crawlers at Cannes and his playfully earnest admonishings of Colonel Buchan and "Sapper" recall the reader to a quiet strength always to be reckoned with. It is perhaps a pity that his impulse to social and political propaganda is so insistent.

MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS. Translations and Imitations. By A. L. Francis and H. F. Tatum. (Cambridge Univ. Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

A readable version of the chaster epigrams of Martial by two veteran masters at Blundell's School, whose names are well known to classical students. One more of several recent indications of a revival of interest in the literature of the Silver Age.

CHARLES DICKENS AND OTHER VICTORIANS. By Q. (Cambridge University Press.) 10s. 6d. net.

It has been said many times: we say it again. Q's outstanding quality as a critic is his extraordinary readableness. At times we almost resent it, for there is a studied artifice in the construction of these seemingly slap-dash lectures. Q is a *very* cunning writer. All the lectures are good. With that proviso we may honourably declare that "Dickens" does not fill the bill. Charity is in him of course, but it is not the central quality—that is his prodigious pure "creativeness"—yes, greater than Shakespeare's, greater than anybody's, bar perhaps Tolstoy's. "Mrs. Gaskell" is a perfect piece of appreciation. "Thackeray," "Disraeli," and "Trollope," are briefer yet somehow more satisfactory than "Dickens"; but not on the level of "Mrs. Gaskell."

TOLSTOY ON ART. By Aylmer Maude (Oxford University Press.) 18s. net.

Unexpectedly expensive and full of misprints for an Oxford book. It is a pity, for the book is a valuable one, to which we hope to return. At first we were inclined to resent the mixture of Mr. Maude's exposition and Tolstoy's own writing; but, on second thoughts, we decided that Mr. Maude's exposition was good enough to deserve its unusual place of honour. Mr. Shaw once wisely said that *What is Art?* was the great booby-trap. We have observed with interest that some of the aesthetes have once more fallen headlong in. One would have thought they might have learned by now that Tolstoy was not a fool.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By J. Arthur Thomson. (Methuen.) 7s. 6d. net.

We pity the poor young Theological gentlemen who had to cope with this course of lectures. It consists almost entirely of closely packed notes on biology, physics, and ontology; bewildering to the unscientific. Professor Thomson begins his search for religion, "the greatest common measure," by remarking that: "If we refuse the Positivist dogma, then it becomes clear that there can be neither alternative nor antithesis beween a scientific and a religious view of the world and man's place in it. . . . We absolutely refuse to admit the legitimacy of any alternative between the empirical and the transcendental." We read on and on, doing our best not to "refuse" the author's dogma; but we cannot strike out much wisdom from this wise man on the religious side of his theme—and we are genuinely disappointed.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS MYSTICISM. By Prof. J. H. Leuba. (Kegan Paul.) 15s. net.

A really adequate treatise on the psychology of religious experience still remains to be written. The present book certainly does not supply the deficiency. But it is an instructive example of the shortcomings of certain lines of approach. Professor Leuba's work suffers throughout from a lack of sympathy with his subject and from a failure to appreciate clearly the nature and limits of psychological explanation. He is so anxious to contend that the mystical claims are mere illusions that he never pauses to consider whether the question of their validity belongs to *psychology* at all. The fact that he includes in his book a highly dubious "philosophical" chapter is itself symptomatic in this regard. In short, the work as a whole leaves the impression that Professor Leuba has not fully understood either psychology or mysticism.

ST. JEAN DE LA CROIX ET LE PROBLEME DE L'EXPERIENCE MYSTIQUE. Par Jean Baruzi. (Paris: Felix Alcan.) 40 francs net.

This remarkable volume, which is the result of ten years' original research and intensive study of the life and literary remains of the great Spanish mystic and poet of the sixteenth century, is one of the most valuable contributions to the study of mysticism made in recent times. M. Baruzi holds, and may fairly be said to have proved, that St. John of the Cross belongs to the highest mystical type—the conscious and intellectual, who deliberately seeks to rid himself of all consciousness of object and otherness as a means to an ultimate self-knowledge. In other words he is a masculine and not a feminine mystic, and an unrelenting critique of knowledge is at least implicit in all his work. It has been obscured, according to M. Baruzi, by his ignorance of the intellectual tradition, and the consequent difficulty of his vocabulary. Certain of M. Baruzi's pages contain a masterly descriptive analysis of the metaphysics of mysticism.

CHESTERFIELD AND HIS CRITICS. By Roger Coxon. (Routledge.) 12s. 6d.

A book containing twenty-seven fresh letters by Chesterfield should need no recommendation. We are also given some new historical matter and a selection of his essays from "Common Sense" and "The World." The main purpose of the book is to set right the popular misconceptions of Chesterfield: the work was needed; and is carefully and competently done. Mr. Coxon's close parallel between Chesterfield and Johnson may seem a little surprising; but it contains a germ of truth. We fear the gracious nobleman will not be even now a favourite: he is too plainly the exemplar of certain moral and literary qualities in which our age is wanting.

A GOLDEN TREASURY OF IRISH VERSE. Edited by Lennox Robinson. (Macmillan.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is a pleasant book to have and to handle. The range of authors is catholic: there are seventy, besides the translators of Gaelic. But Mr. Robinson's selections are not likely to please all tastes: he has a marked leaning towards the "dreamy" element, itself preponderant in poets of the "twilight." The weakness of Irish literature in the past has been its shyness of reality. A Yorkshire journal would probably have a good deal to say about the inclusion of Emily Brontë in this team!

AUTHORS OF ROME. By the Rev J. Arbuthnot Nairn. Preface by J. W. Mackail. AUTHORS OF GREECE. By the Rev. T. W. Lumb. Preface by the Rev. Cyril Alington. (Jarrolds.) 4s. 6d. net each.

The aim of these companion volumes, by the Headmaster of Merchant Taylors School and one of his colleagues respectively, is to guide the general public, rather than the student, into classic paths. The method is to give an account of the life and works of the greater authors; not an *abrégé* nor a literary history. We fear both these writers show traces of their profession: we get but a poor half-pennyworth of insight to an intolerable deal of description. Among fifteen authors Dr. Nairn might have found a place for Propertius; and Mr. Lumb relegates Aristotle to four pages under the heading of "Demosthenes." Dr. Nairn would have done well to expend more polish on his very crude translations of Latin extracts. Mr. Lumb is an enthusiast; and his bludgeonings of the modern mind are diverting.

THE STORY OF ELIZABETHAN DRAMA. By G. B. Harrison. (Cambridge Univ. Press.) 5s. net.

This is apparently the third of a series of popular handbooks on literature. Mr. Harrison dashes through his subject in a very light, elementary, and readable manner; and has a distinct flair for quotation. We like the illustrations, which include an instructive model of the Globe Theatre and three contemporary title-pages.

THREE MASTER-BUILDERS AND ANOTHER. By Pelham H. Box. Introduction by Ernest Barker. (Jarrolds.) 18s. net.

Mr. Box's three Solnesses and another are Lenin, Mussolini, Venizelos, and Woodrow Wilson—he does not say which is the another. Putting aside any private opinion that they include two or three "anothers"; one may welcome these careful biographical studies, which are based upon a considerable knowledge of modern politics and economics. The author is fairly detached; he does not reveal his own point of view, but elucidates events and facts independently of any historical theory. That is a consistent attitude: but his work as yet lacks the unifying vision of the mature historian.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEHOV. Translated and edited by S. S. Koteliansky and Philip Tomlinson. (Cassell.) 16s. net.

In the Russian edition Tchehov's letters, numbering over 1,800, are published in six volumes. About 300 representative letters have been selected for this translation, and the editors have included a critical monograph by E. Zamyatin, and reminiscences by Tchehov's younger brother Michael and by Mme. Knipper-Tchehov.

THE BRUTE. By W. Douglas Newton. (Appleton.) 7s. 6d. net.

A story of the crude, vigorous order, dealing with South American adventures amid bold, bad Dagos, first aboard ship and then in the jungles. The theme is "Beauty and the Beast"; the strong, silent man being remarkable even of his kind. Mr. Newton is no hand at the psychological side of his business.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

Brave Earth. By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Sheppard is a considerable writer, though his historical sense is a little uncertain, and his narrative style not always clear. Those who are not afraid of the length and remoteness of his romance of the Reformation period will enjoy contact with a powerful and essentially spiritual vision of the human soul working out its liberation in the grimmest of environments. Humphry Arundell, the hero, in revolt against convention and ultimately, in arms, against the Crown itself, is a memorable figure.

The Age of Miracles. By Conal O'Riordan. (Collins.) 7s. 6d. net.

The author of "Adam of Dublin" slightly disappoints us. He is an able writer, and can command a bright and pleasant irony; but here he both misplaces and overworks it. The story seems to be at odds with its stated and serious motive: but there is real, if superficial, entertainment in his high-born characters—especially when they write letters!

Sixty-Four, Ninety-Four! By R. H. Mottram. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is largely a reworking of the material of "The Spanish Farm," with which Mr. Mottram won the Hawthornden prize last year, the story being told this time by a young officer. Artistically it is not equal to its predecessor; though regarded as an "actualistic" record of the War, it is often convincing. The hero has not quite the depth of spiritual feeling which seems to be assumed, and which would give his experience a more universal significance.

Inner Circle. By Ethel Colburn Mayne. (Constable.) 6s. net.

The modern short story in England is developing along decidedly introversive lines; but Miss Mayne is one of the few with whom the tendency is fruitful. Her method is reinforced by sensitiveness, restraint, and a subtle simplicity of style that misses nothing. We are particularly impressed by "The Latchkey," "Stripes," and "White Hair," all of which deal with the poignant agonies that can be awakened by little things. This book is certainly consistent with the claim that has been made for its author, to rank as our best woman writer in this important *genre* since Katherine Mansfield.

The Best Short Stories of 1924 (English). Edited by E. J. O'Brien and John Cournos. (Cape.) 7s. 6d.

The Editors have studied the short story very elaborately, as is shown not only by thoughtful if slightly incoherent prefaces, but by a laborious sifting and indexing of periodical contributions touching the theme. The collection is pretty good: we are impressed by Dorothy Richardson, Viola Meynell, L. P. Hartley, Martin Armstrong, and A. E. Coppard. The other twenty-one contributors are worthy, if not all at their best. There seem to be distinguished absentees: but this may be due largely to formal limits of date.

The romantic Toryism of Young England is a curious phenomenon, and it is appropriate that its history should be chronicled, with rather more restraint than Disraeli would have found congenial, by Mr. Charles Whibley, who forms, together with Professor Saintsbury, the Tory Party in England to-day. For himself he probably would like to decline the name "romantic," though his admiration for Lord John Manners would hamper the customary vigour of his gesture of refusal; and, in any case, to be a Tory to-day is to be romantic indeed.

I have neither the desire nor the ability to discourse upon the politics of "Victoria's middle time"; but I should like to muse for a moment on that bewildering confusion of principles from which the ideas of Young England were born, and which took visible form in the elevation of the brilliant and rococo Disraeli to the Delphic oracle of Toryism. Surely only England—delightful, preposterous England—could have conceived and begotten the Primrose League.

Toryism: it is a pleasant word. I should like to be a Tory, for the sound of the thing. I dare say I am; at all events, if I were to claim to be one no one could say me nay, since nobody knows what a Tory is. He is one who elects to stand on the old ways—*stare super antiquas vias*. But which old ways? Those of ten years, or a hundred, or a thousand years ago? Rousseau chose to stand on the ways of the state of nature. That was going a long way back. He ought, by all the rules, to have been a very crusted Tory indeed: but he was a revolutionary. Again, in the matter of the Christian religion those who desire to go as far back as they can are generally called heretics.

The good old ways, if they are old enough, are the damnable new ones. Lord John Manners, when young, was all for "the Patriot King" and dancing on the village green: but, instead of stopping discreetly at

the Elizabethan era, in his youthful enthusiasm he went back further, to pre-Reformation days, when the Church was still one and indivisible. He dallied with extreme Tractarianism, and he was promptly turned out of Parliament on the good old "No Popery!" cry. Up to a dozen years ago "No Popery!" was still a sound plank in the Tory platform: perhaps times have changed since then. But I do not think so. English Toryism is a post-Reformation affair. Naturally: for how many of our "old nobility" received their acres as their share of the plunder of the monasteries! Toryism, as a political creed, has but a relatively short period in which to seek its principles: a period bounded on the one side by the Reformation and on the other by the Whig Revolution of 1688. And it is not easy to see what practical principles it can get out of it. The divine right of kings is scarcely adapted to an age which has endured a European war through an inspired Hohenzollern. Mr. Baldwin (of Baldwin's, Ltd.) no doubt considers the King a kindly and honourable gentleman to whom devoir is due; but I imagine that neither his majesty nor he are under any illusions concerning the divine right of royalty. It is a dream, fatal to those who dream it.

The fact is that Toryism is not a practical creed, but a romantic velleity. The sole principle which might be excogitated for it is a refusal of democracy. But, for an Englishman that is hardly possible. He may mistrust democracy, he may believe that in practice it is pernicious, but if he wishes to refuse it he must leave this tight little island and take himself off to Russia or the parts about Cyrene. And, of course, this is what Disraeli, the political realist, clearly saw, when he invented Tory Democracy—a conception nearly as hybrid as Disraeli himself, but not sterile as most hybrids are: the first parent of Joseph Chamberlain's radical Imperialism.

Disraeli's political creed was as good as most, better than many. It had at least a germ of imagination in it, a vision of something beyond the mere ledger loyalty of the narrow Cobdenite persuasion. In his own rococo way Disraeli had a grasp of one aspect of the truth that man does not live by bread alone, as the Manchester school believed. The question : What besides bread man needs, has been answered in many ways. Disraeli thought, with the Romans, that it was circuses. Young England had faith in the maypole. But circuses (in politics) are as likely to turn out nice little wars as morris-dances. And then Little England found its opportunity.

The see-saw of Victorian politics is mildly interesting, but it belongs with last year's snow. The wealthy manufacturer now stands with the landowner ; the agricultural and the commercial interests have had to sink their differences long ago in the recognition that the real political battle is to be fought over the question of private property. That is a real issue, and, one would have thought, a pretty straightforward one. Unfortunately it is continually confused with an issue of another kind—the equality of men. That all men are equal is the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, which should, by its title-deed, find more joy in one sinner that repenteth than in the ninety and nine which need not repentance. But this equality is a spiritual equality which all men share by virtue of their having an immortal soul, if they can find it. This spiritual equality has consequences in the material realm, but it is not included in those consequences that men should be equal in material things. The real corollary of the spiritual equality of men is that in all the affairs of life one man should regard another as an individual being, that he should love his neighbour as himself : which does not mean that he should share all his property with him. Doubtless there is a condition, which some

men have reached in the past, and which humanity as a whole may one day attain, wherein men may become supremely indifferent to possessions and find it beneath their dignity to take thought for the morrow. But that condition is far away; nor is it in virtue of that ideal that the equality of man is proclaimed as a political principle to-day.

The equality of man that is demanded and proclaimed to-day is equality of possessions. There is no reason in earth or heaven why men's possessions should be equal. And this is so evident that more often the naked "principle" is discreetly disguised as "equality of opportunity." It is utterly impossible that men's opportunities should be equal, for opportunity is not a tangible and divisible thing like a barrel of apples; it is a happy conjuncture of the man and the moment, and no amount of care in preparing the moment can assure the capacity of the man. The grain of solid truth in these specious catch-words is that it is an injustice, and a remediable one, that a child, who is not yet fit to battle with circumstance, should be deprived of the opportunity to become the best man he is capable of becoming. Nearly all that Governments can do in the way of remedying that injustice has already been done: most of the rest depends upon mothers and fathers.

But even if the time comes when they will do their part, neither possessions nor opportunities nor men will be equal. It would be a nightmare world if they were. But there is no danger of it. As far as we can see there will always be masters and men in the world. What is to be desired, and what is demanded by the true principle of equality (which, being spiritual, can have no material *equivalent*) is that they should be good masters and good men—a simple demand, in truth, but one that is still far from being satisfied by the one side or the other.

Equality is, as a political principle, pure bunkum;

while to declare that the present distribution of rewards is just, is pure hypocrisy. It is unjust that anyone should possess a million pounds, for no man's work for the world is worth that share of the world's goods ; it is unjust that a bad mechanic should be paid the same wage as a good one. It is just that a man should get his deserts, good or bad ; it happens once in a thousand times. The real question is why on earth men should go on making all this fuss about justice. It is not a thing to ask for too insistently : one might be disconcerted if justice were really given. Again, there is no danger. There is no one to dispense it. " One would need to see with the eye of God to decide who is good and bad," as Tchehov said.

But, of course, the justice for which men clamour is not justice at all. They want happiness, which is a very different thing, and they have an extraordinary conviction that they are entitled to it ; and an equally astonishing notion that they will get it by possessing some concrete thing which they do not possess already.

Every grown man knows that happiness does not depend upon a change of material conditions ; yet, because few men are grown, the old will o' the wisp still allures. Capitalism will be abolished, and the golden age will begin. Just as men say " opportunity " not " possessions," they say " capitalism," not " property," for they thereby conceal from themselves the fact that they are simply asking for what belongs to other people ; if they were to say that property must be abolished, they might realize that they themselves would have to make sacrifices for their own ideal. And the abolition of property is an ideal, and a high one, so high that we may be fairly certain that when men get so far they will be content to abolish their own property, and not be concerned to abolish other people's. Then they will regard with pity the man who is so far behind them in development that he cannot be scornful of

possessions; but the last thing they will wish to do is to convert him by violence. So long as they do, we may be sure that their motive is not the high spiritual ideal of renunciation, but the common and fallacious desire to acquire happiness by riches, or the eternal grudge of the have-nots against the haves.

It is very easy to confuse spiritual ideals with base desires; and the confusions are plausible. The communism of to-day is glibly identified with the communism of the early Christians; from which it differs by the whole breadth of heaven and not a few miles of hell. On the other hand, those who expose the fallacy, lie often and justly under the suspicion that they are magniloquently defending an order of things by which they profit. They would be heard more gladly if they were to show, by their behaviour and their lives, that the spiritual equality of men was a reality for them. It is not enough simply to denounce the wild-fire word of Rousseau: "Man is born free, he is everywhere in chains," as a lie. A mere lie never becomes a wild-fire word. Rousseau's word is part truth, part falsehood; and only he can convincingly point the falsehood who shows himself responsive to its truth. Man is born to freedom, but the chains which prevent him from it are chiefly of his own making: and not only is the servant in bondage, but the master also, until the one can recognize that he can be free in service, and the other understand that only a free man's service is worth having.

Doubtless this also is an ideal, but it has the advantage of being an ideal that has sometimes been attained. It is not on record that the first thing the noble Roman convert to Christianity did was to free his slaves; he entered upon a new relation with them, by which they both recognized the necessity of the temporal relation of master and man, and both recognized the spiritual obligation of one free man to another. The thing is

still being achieved, in innumerable corners of England; but it is harder to attain now that the master is so often depersonalized into a company, and the man into a member of a trade union. Had the masters lived up to their responsibilities in the good old days of *laissez-faire,* there would have been less bitterness in the hearts of the men, and less of the stubborn desire to do no more than they can be compelled to do.

But there is no going back. Trades Unions and limited companies have come to stay. The true-blue Tory may regret times past and claim that he, or his ancestors, did recognize a relation of mutual obligation between master and man; and that it was the soulless manufacturers who first regarded men and women and children as mere units of power to be ruthlessly used and ruthlessly discarded. There may be a grain of truth in it, but not more. The agricultural labourer of the 'forties fared hardly better than the slave of the factory. His cottage was, as often as not, a picturesque and pestilent hovel; and the only agricultural labourer I know well—a man of eighty odd years—has told me that his father, a farm-labourer likewise, and on a noble earl's estate, had to bring up eight children on nine shillings a week. They had nothing but bread soaked in water from one week-end to another. Six of them died. I am afraid there was very little to choose between the Manchester manufacturers and the Tory squires, in bulk. The good old days always turn out, on closer knowledge, to have been the bad old days.

Pat to my purpose, as I write these words, comes the *Times Literary Supplement* (April 30th) with a leading article on " Life in the Eighteenth Century," reviewing two books by authors who have devoted themselves to investigation, unbiased either by Tory romanticism or by the Socialistic *arrière pensée*, of the conditions in London and the country prior to that

industrial revolution which is continually paraded as the source of all our discontents.*

> Our brief survey (says Professor Bowden) has sufficed to reveal conditions of pauperism, helplessness and degradation, from which the older economic society seemed to offer no way of escape. To multitudes long hopeless, the new system of production offered promise of deliverance. . . . Historical veracity demands the blotting-out of the idyllic pictures that have been painted of working-class conditions in agriculture and the older industries preceding the great economic change; it necessitates a modification of the judgment that the status of the workers in the new industrial centres was inherently, inevitably inferior. . . . During the earlier stages of industrialization, the new industries ameliorated rather than rendered harsher the conditions of life for the workers.

The truth is that the industrial revolution was one result of an awakening of the national intelligence. Another result was that men began to be ashamed of the beastly conditions in which the poorer classes lived, whether the servants of cits. or noblemen. What had really happened was not that conditions had deteriorated, but that the general conscience had improved. But it seemed to men that things were worse, not themselves a little better; and they put the blame for a degradation which had not occurred upon the great visible change in the country's economy which had. At the touch of the facts the Tory romanticism of Young England vanishes into thin air.

Toryism is a queer amalgam of a dream of the past and a dream of the future; in other words, it is only another variety of Rousseauism. The Tory is a romantic in silk stockings, the Socialist a romantic *sans culotte*. These facile romanticisms are equally futile.

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* *London Life in the Eighteenth Century.* By M. Dorothy George. (Kegan Paul. 21s. net.)

Industrial Society in England Towards the End of the Eighteenth Century. By Wilt Bowden. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)

There is a profound and eternal verity in a true romanticism, but it lies at the core and will not be found in these superficial transpositions of the creed. True romanticism does not dream ; it is an unrelenting pursuit of the *reality* of the individual, just as a true classicism is a faithful pursuit of the verity of the external world. Let that be grasped, and it is obvious that true Romanticism and true Classicism make the best of bedfellows : they do not conflict with, they complement each other. Romanticism is not revolutionary, neither is classicism conservative. Both seek the truth, and each is aware that it does not possess all the truth.

> *Why tempt ye me? Bring me a penny that I may see it.* And they brought it. And he saith unto them : Whose is this image and superscription? And they said unto Him, Cæsar's. And Jesus, answering, said unto them, Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.

So we come, as ever, back to fundamentals.

People have a way of resenting being brought down to bed-rock. It is necessary and salutary, for it is abhorrent to human dignity that a man's left hand should be ignorant of the behaviour of his right. That is no true belief which does not insist upon being squared with all a man's thoughts and actions and it seems to me that a true connection between religious belief and political creeds can only be established if we think less in terms of " rights " and more in terms of " obligations." In the old phrase of the catechism, it is " my duty towards my neighbour " that chiefly matters, and, if the conception were real to us, it would take us a good deal nearer the millennium than the rights of man, or the rights of property. *Noblesse oblige,* if you like, provided you remember that noblesse is the privilege of any man who cares to make it his.

And the Socialists should give up dreaming of the golden age to be ; and the Tories give up dreaming

of the golden age that was. The present days are better, even though they may seem dark; and the future lies not with that country which expropriates or exterminates its masters, or with that which most swiftly forces its men to work on the old terms, but with that which can push through the present universal deadlock of capital and labour to a more widespread sense of the responsibility of each man for his neighbour.

Let us hope that country will be England. It has been in the van of Western progress too long for any true-bred Englishman not to feel instinctively that England will yet show the way out of the confusion that has fallen upon the West. But whether England, which was the first to plunge into the unknown of the industrial system, will be the first to emerge from it, or whether English industrialism will speed onwards to new and extreme developments of which we do not dream,—these things are hidden. But there is a compass by which we may steer across the uncharted ocean of the future; and that is a true individualism. If every man would strive for the possession of his own self, he would reach a point at which he knows that all manner of things which seemed important, are not important at all: that wealth does not produce happiness, and that happiness itself is not a thing to be aimed at, that circumstance is as it must be, that the only change worth having will be a change in men's attitude to circumstance, and therefore to their fellows, that in so far as this change comes to pass (and each man must do it for himself) men will be content to do as well as they can the work they have it in them to do, and not falsely dream that, if outward things were otherwise, they might be otherwise also.

THE FIDDLER AND THE GIRL: A NEW SONG OF SOLOMON

By Herbert E. Palmer

BUT the root of the matter is I am growing old,
And kicking at the barriers. There's grey in my hair,
An ice-cold sediment dropping through my veins,
My body has lost its spring, my brain its swiftness ;
Poor am I as a mouse in a timber-yard,
And I am glad that there must come an End.

I lived on hope once ; felt my spirit uplifted
By some dream-prospect of established greatness,
Hoped for a Crown and wore it, Power and was rich
Possessed through every misfortune and restraint ;
In Desolation was a kind of king.
The regal Marlowe built not firmer than I,
For Getting was just Hoping. Now Life's different
All's going away, fading, and slipping from me,
And Death seems friendly.

But then, yesterday,
As I sat fiddling on my slackened heartstrings,
Brooding and biting, wishing Death would take me,
In squalid disillusion of tired spirit
Tracing upon the ever perishing page
An acid sonnet with some malice in it,
There stole on me a hand as—if from Heaven—
Your hand.—You entered, and stood looking at me.
And now my fiddle strings grow taut again,
And there's sweet music nestling in the frame.

So I can say, "To the winds with Hope! What's
    Hope!"
Say it unscathed, set free from rage and hate.
What's Hope to me when the instrument is speaking!
Only by this I pay for my lease of life.
My fiddle's the thing. Let hopes die where they soared.

Oh! I'll not chide you for your swift intrusion,
Nor make you shy that you have given me kindness
As senseless as the sun's tap on the hill
Or the soft-footed South wind's wanderings.
Heaven's sense it was, as sudden as wind or sun;
Yet timely, just a touch from the blue sky.

And the root of the matter is I am growing old
And you've half saved me.—No! it is not Passion.
If it should ever shake you make no sign,
Nor let your thought run on my slain discretion
That I should sing of you 'neath sun or star,
You the Sun's flag; for I kneel down to the Sun
And the whole curving radiance of blue sky,
That breadth that holds all Wonder and pure Reason.
And there's a stretch of severing years between us,
Deep chasms of night and tired experience,
You a fair child, and I pushed back by Time.

There's no affinity 'twixt our outward selves,
The carnal trappings of the central sense,
You so aglow, I withering; you the wild rose,
Song's eglantine, the hyacinth cupula,
Or the juniper, Elijah's cloaking tower
(When he hid from Ahab in the wilderness)
Any fair flower that's fragrant in the Spring,
The Spring itself, and then the Sun of Spring.

You were all that to me, like a maid to a lover,
Touching my darkness with soft kindling fingers,
The rays of your spirit shining through my spirit
Till I was pinned to Heaven and the light again,
I Earth's sad clod, and you a shaft from the Sun.

How shall I thank you? Praise what lies beyond you
And all about you, and in the heart of Day;
Do it in this, the string along the wire,
Scattering a trail of music on the silence
As I press forward, acolyte, and knowing
I can do nothing save respond and follow
As the earth follows the sun, yet does not follow,—
Its worn face tilting to the kindly radiance,
Swinging around in the wide severing void.

But I'd speak plainer, change the speech's figure.
The body's between us, that's the actual severance,
Yet almost nothing if I break with Time
And let the clean stripped spirit touch the spirit.
In any thousand years what's age and change?
What's blight and death, or any sudden thing
That starts new life out of life's perishing?
There are no walls between us, only chasms,
The abysses of the flesh, the sinews' cleavage.
(Both voice and sight go out upon the uplands)
And these will melt as they have melted before.
The Spirit summit towers firm through Death and
Change.
And I'll see plainer ere the century's gone,
And know what has stolen upon me in strange guise.
For every spring it comes,—shakes me, then goes.

THE AUNT SALLY

By Constance Holme

It seemed as if he would never get home. . . .

He had been an unusually long time coming over the pass,—so long, indeed, that already the dusk was falling. Already the mountains in front of him had faded. A film had come over the lake. On every side of him the gates of the valley were closing for the night.

But even the sight of the shadows creeping along the plain beneath him had failed to hurry him. His pony, recognizing its own dale even before its vague contours were visible from the heights, had chafed at the rein as it pushed forward down the winding track. But the soul in him had refused to push forward. He had held himself back as he held the pony back. While his body was carried downwards towards the valley to which he belonged, his mind remained obstinately fixed in the valley lying behind him.

He had had such a grand day, over there. . . . The Shepherds' Meeting in Hawesdale was always a great "do," but this year it had been better than ever. There had been a fox-hunt, to begin with, followed by the sorting of the sheep that had wandered from their heafs; and after an immense meal there had been sports and sheep-dog trials. He had had to leave the latter, though, before they were through, grumbling to all and sundry about the necessity. He had told everybody that he had to be getting back because he had stock to see to; but what he really had to be getting back to was his wife Cattie.

He had forgotten Cattie during the day, busy as he was with that sudden rushing busyness that comes every

now and then in the rhythmical life of the dales. It seemed natural to forget her,—over there. Most of the people he met had known him before he was married, and found it easier than not to think of him as still unwed. He had found it easy to think it of himself, too, joyfully slipping back in their company to his boyhood days. He had laughed and joked as of old, and talked—especially talked—as if bent upon making up for all those hours at home when he gritted his teeth on his tongue and said nothing.

It was the innkeeper's wife who had reminded him of his own, and that just when he was at his happiest and freest. "And how's Mrs. Ewbank, these days?" she had asked, interested as the daleswoman always is in her neighbours, even when she is separated from them by the solid bulk of a mountain. "Not so well, isn't she? Eh, now, that's a sad pity! Likely she finds it dull at your spot after what she's been used to . . ." and he had been forced to remember Cattie. Bitterly resenting the interference, yet unable to refrain from acting upon it, he had saddled his pony and started angrily and reluctantly on his homeward journey.

Dropping down the last of the fell, he came to the stream that bordered the dale, and across which, no more than two or three hundred yards away, he could see the shepherd's cottage that was his dwelling. It had a curiously uninhabited look, he thought, regarding it grimly through the gloom, with no smoke going up from the chimney and nobody stirring about the door. But then Cattie, who hated the place, had always had the knack of making it seem as though nobody lived in it. That was a curious thing, when you came to think of it, seeing how highly coloured she was and shrill,—a thin, red-cheeked, flaunting type of woman, with a high, penetrating voice. . . .

His pace had slackened continually as he approached

the bridge that led across the beck to his home, and now he drew rein altogether. The reluctance that had held him back on the hills swelled now into a fierce distaste. Empty though the house seemed, he knew quite well that it was nothing of the sort. Cattie would be waiting for him inside,—waiting for him, yet not glad to see him, and full of snarled complaints. The pleasure of the day would be paid for and overpaid by the time he went to bed ; and suddenly he felt that he could not face that payment. There came upon him, indeed, an almost physical horror of the bridge that led from the happiness he had just left to the bitterness lying before, a horror that was like an actual barrier preventing him from crossing it. He sat for a moment or two swearing to himself as he stared across at the cottage, and then, slipping from his saddle, turned the pony loose, and flung himself to the ground.

He said to himself, half-sitting and half-lying, his fingers scraping among the loose stones on the fellside, that he would not enter the house that night. . . . He knew so well what it would be like,—the dirty kitchen and larder, the frowsty bedroom, the general air of confusion and desolation produced by its careless mistress. As he went in he would see Cattie's red cheeks flaring at him through the gloom, those curiously red cheeks that always looked as though they were painted. They were not painted, as he knew, from the days when he had cared enough to put his own against them, but they looked like it, nevertheless. He had sometimes found himself wishing that they actually *were* painted ; so that, one of these days, when the paint happened to be rubbed off, he might possibly find a human being underneath. . . .

For he had never found it yet. . . . In all the years that he had spent with Cattie she had never seemed to him quite a real woman. There were times when he felt that not only had she paint on her cheeks but in her

veins, so little was there in her to which it seemed possible to appeal. There was no spring of tenderness or humanity in her, as far as he could tell; no more than could be expected or discovered in a brightly coloured doll. . . .

Raising himself a little, he flung a stone idly in the direction of the beck. They had had heavy rains lately, and the water was still out. The grey streak of the stream flowed away on either hand until it was lost in the greyer dusk. Behind him the pony pulled raspingly at the strong fellside grass, munching contentedly in spite of its bridle. His dog, as tired as himself after the excitements of the day, lay with its head on its paws and shut lids set on the lightest of light springs.

He flung a second stone at an old tree-trunk half-submerged both by the water and by the shadow of the bridge, watching the grey curve of the missile as it swung upward and then down until it reached its objective. Miserable as he was, he was yet able to feel a thrill of pride in the correctness of his aim. He had always had a sure eye and a steady hand, and could still take pleasure in them, even though every stone that he threw reminded him of his first encounter with Cattie.

That encounter had taken place during one of his rare visits to the market-town, which was not only separated from him by the hills, but was a dozen miles away. There had been a fair in the place, that day, with hobby-horses in the evening, swinging-boats and cocoa-nut shies, and dancing, flaring lights. He had been the round of the shows, and was having his last shots at an Aunt Sally,—so many shots, indeed, and so successfully, that the showmen were getting tired of him. It was almost as if there was a fatal attraction for him in the great stuffed doll, with its blazing cheeks and twisted, leering mouth,—so much so that it seemed impossible for him to miss it. He had stopped for a

moment to exchange a word and a laugh with the little crowd that had gathered admiringly around him, and as he turned himself about he had caught sight of Cattie. Laughing up at him, with her bright cheeks and her mocking mouth, she had reminded him sufficiently of the Aunt Sally to spoil the effect of his next shot. He had left the booth, after that, and followed her about for the rest of the evening. He had flung things at her, too, he remembered now,—orange-peel and paper-pellets, comfits and—kisses. She had fled from him and he had pursued her, drawn by the attraction of her red cheeks as he had been drawn by the red cheeks of the Aunt Sally. And he had caught her in the end. . . .

He sat up straighter, flinging a stone more viciously than before in the direction of the stump. He hit it right enough, he felt sure, even though there was no answering rap from the sodden wood, but only a musical answer from the water. The pony munched a little nearer, making those loud, strange sounds that seem so much louder and stranger in the failing light. The dog opened its eyes and shut them again. Groping about in the dusk, he found another stone. . . .

Yes, he had caught her all right . . . and from the very first moment of their marriage things had gone all wrong. It seemed incredible to him now that he should ever have been foolish enough to believe that they could possibly go right. She had hated his life and all that it stood for from the start,—the valley and the sheep, the fratching hours when he was with her, and the empty hours when he was not. And by the end of the first month he had hated HER—her harsh voice and her hard soul, her red cheeks and her mocking mouth. . . .

He had grown more than ever to think of her as a sort of Aunt Sally, later on, seeing the colour fix in her cheeks and the tightening line of her lips. The likeness had accentuated the desire that had grown upon him to

fling things at her coloured face. (He threw another stone now with an added force that made it sing in the air.) She had never known how often his hand had crept to his side, stinging and aching with the strength of that desire. That was why it would be better for him not to enter the cottage to-night. He had always been able to hold his hand until now, but he knew he would not be able to hold his hand to-night.

His mind swung back again over the pass, and sunk once more into the heart of the company he had left. The sheep-dog trials would be over by now, and shepherds and dogs would be thronging into the inn. There would be fire and light, drink and song. . . . The innkeeper's wife would be moving about the place, and the innkeeper's buxom lasses. Good-humoured, smiling women, satisfied with their lot. . . . Kindly and homely women, taking care of men, as men wanted to be taken care of, when the evening came. . . .

And for him there was nothing but the slatternly cottage across, with for wife and companion a foul-tongued Aunt Sally at which he might not throw. . . .

He got to his knees in a sudden frenzy of resentment and thwarted longing and something that was curiously like fear, flinging his stones in great, fierce flings at the motionless, sodden stump. He threw first with one hand and then with the other, the better to keep pace with the driving-power that was in him. He scrabbled furiously among the stones, and threw with both hands at once. . . . It was as if he flung his very self at the stump, his hatred and his long martyrdom and all the pent-up vengeance that he dared not wreak. He swore as he threw, and cried,—great, tearing sobs that set the dog whimpering in sympathy behind him. He threw until the whole world seemed full of whirling stones that yet went straight to their mark, until his arms slowed in spite of him . . . slowed and stopped . . . began and stopped . . . until at long last his strength gave out

altogether, and he sank down panting with his face against the grass. . . .

He stayed in that position for such a long time that when he lifted his head again the light had gone entirely. Only a grey streak against the greyer earth spoke to him of the river, with over it a more solid piece of the dark that he knew to be the bridge. He got to his feet unsteadily, feeling heavy in all his limbs. He knew himself to be tired beyond any tiredness he had ever known, and longed to be indoors. He must have the comfort of a roof-tree over him, he said to himself, even though it was the doubtful comfort of a roof that sheltered Cattie.

But at least there was no longer any reason why they should not be together. His rage had spent itself now, and had been succeeded by a dreary peace. He no longer felt any hatred for his wife, nor even his customary sensation of dull bitterness. For a moment, indeed, as he stood wrapped in the soft mantle of the thick hill-dark, a touch of glamour came to him out of the past, showing her as she had appeared to him on that first evening, mocking, indeed, but desirable and alluring, a laughing, coloured, dancing thing in a spinning circle of flame. . . .

The dog had risen silently as he rose, and at a wave of his hand rounded up the pony ; but when he got the latter to the bridge, he found that it would not cross it. Planting its forefeet, it leaned back against the rein, and by the vibration of the leather in his hand he knew that it was trembling. The dog had left his heels and was running up and down the bank, a piece of the dark that had got loose and was running, running, running. . . . It broke suddenly into loud barking,—crying and making little plunges at the old tree-stump in the shadow of the bridge.

And suddenly he remembered that there was no old tree-stump in the shadow of the bridge. . . .

THE ROAD TO DARMSTADT

By A. Lister-Kaye

I got into the train at Vienna. As we steamed through the Wienerwald I walked down the corridor to have a look at my fellow-travellers. By good fortune I discovered a friend. We greeted one another effusively, and inviting me to remain in his compartment he presented me to his friend—" Graf Keyserling " !

I looked in silent interest at this tall, much-discussed person. He seemed annoyed at the intrusion and at being interrupted. They were discussing the approaching end of our civilization. The baron put me *au courant.*

" The Graf was saying our culture is in danger unless we make an effort to save it. Its destruction may be compared to a Second Flood. Those who save our culture and transmit it to the future will be as the animals in the ark. The Graf is among those who are helping to build the Ark."

I mentally applied this simile of the Ark to his School of Wisdom. It came into being, I had been told, as a result of the " Travel Diary,* an appeal for further instruction having been made by so many of those who read this book. It may be wondered that so curiously objective a study should have been so inspiring. The reason is that " Knowledge operates in it, and the juxtaposition of the many world-views is not the essence, but that to each a deeper meaning is assigned." The journey had nothing actually to do with the book. He explains that . . . " its idea is that one whose centre

* Published April, 1925; by Jonathan Cape.

recedes far enough above all form can converse in the most varied cultured tongues." Its essence was bringing divergent rays to unity in a same centre. It is, of course, his effort to make thinks seem " worth while."

As we sped past the gloriously situated monastery of Melk, abode of much learning, we spoke of Progress. An ever-recurring theme in his teaching.

Progress, explained Keyserling, is not so much a change from false to right views as a growing convergence between idea and power of expressing it. We may always mean the same, but far later arrive at the suitable means of self-expression. The only real progress is greater depth, a deeper soul-consciousness.

He seemed to see Psyche lying in a heap in her pebbly stream, while Pan from his rock watches her with malignant pleasure. Materialism gloating over fainting soul. People are as desert sand, without soul, without faith, with no roots in the historical past. They disbelieve in and are impatient of authority. Authority, spiritual or temporal must be accepted in the idea or it ceases to exist. The roots of this disorder date back to the Reformation. Instead of authority, individual comprehension is the deciding factor. No one admits that individuals may be short-sighted, blind, or of inadequate understanding.

One of the signs of decay is the everything-made-easy system. Fatal to growth. An easy accumulation of facts, a smattering of superficial learning, this constitutes the standard of being well-educated. There is neither time nor inclination for thought. Life is arranged to avoid opportunity for thought. Acceleration is the only impetus. No one pauses to reflect that travelling is fastest when one is sliding downhill. Progress, we shout, as we tear madly along the road, oblivious that progress may be in the sense of the Nietzchean Wave. Change does not constitute progress upwards, it is the effort, the aim. Where there

is no effort and concentration there is no knowledge. Knowledge alone is creative. If our culture is to be saved an effort must be made.

No need to bring anything New to light, there is so much of the Old still unprobed! Confucius, the founder of Chinese culture, was proud of the fact that he gave form to the old. Keyserling's basis is, that acceptance of the reality of matter as opposed to spirit is fatal to soul. Spirit is reality. One of the happiest contributions to thought in the eighteenth century was Leibnitz's "infinite possibility." Reality, as we see it, is the symbol of the unseen; it is not the ultimate limit. Beyond the seen is possibility, which is unlimited. Beyond the "is," form, the word, lies the possible, the meaning, the idea. Western thought, following the lines of the Socratic inheritance, has laid stress on form, reality, and for the sake of accuracy and technical exactitude, on words as such. But beyond the literal interpretation of words lies their possible meaning, idea. They are means of contact with idea. Words are dead matter, without meaning, until vitalized by idea. Idea finds interpretation, like the sun in the dew-drops seeming a thousand, yet but one, in language, art, music, politics, to-day, yesterday, to-morrow. None separately gives the fulness of an idea. Only what expresses an idea is vital, and the expression of a vital idea demands the highest art. There are four stages in speech, articulation. First, a stringing together of words in which a man may be very eloquent and have nothing to say; second, the idea the writer or speaker intends to convey; third, the possible interpretation of his words; fourth, the coincidence of his idea with the one expressed, a unit of expression and idea.

In this now developing spiral we were brought to see that soul and man stand in the same relation to one another on a deeper level as idea to word. Hard as it is to express thought in words, it is even more so to live

thought. Thought should be lived. It should be the embodiment of a person's being. In proportion as we understand we can express, what we only half understand we only half express. Understanding comes by effort. Freedom, half understood, has been carried into the life of the soul, in disregard of the fact that to be free the soul must be a conscious soul and not an amorphous one. None but the most highly developed souls can find their fulfilment in the "Limitless without Name of Form." The lesser find in it their undoing.

A vision of motoring madly through the dark, dazzled by glaring head-lights rushing past one; the only thing preventing one from dashing into the oncoming motor, or from plunging off the road, was a thin white line delimiting a path on which one keeps a steady eye. What we need, he was saying, is a centre of steadiness, and it can only be found in the soul. More emphasis has been laid on establishing contact between words and things than between soul and the unseen. Without recognition of soul there can be no consciousness of it. For some time past there has been more concentration on intellect than on soul. But always qualities of soul outweigh intellect. England has more soul than intellect; Germany has more intellect.

It has become customary for logic or reason to be the deciding factor. This process has been not only not constructive but detrimental to soul. Reason is of matter, interprets materialism and has destroyed all the spirituality there was to destroy. Man having become its slave is a "prey to the contingency of the external." Socrates has remained for us the prototype of the "philosopher," or one who searches after truth, but not one who *knows*. There is no abstract truth. The only truth is idea, which transcends truth. Truth, as definition, recedes as we approach it, and leads away

from spiritual reality and Life. Christ saw beyond form and the appearance of things when He said : God is Love. By soul-vision He saw things contrary to what they seem. To an Oriental, who wants to express some detached idea from the unseen world, not to define the seen—a lie is nearer the truth. He believes that idea is of more importance than words. Untruth often conveys meaning more effectually than attempted exactitude. Women generally understand this indirect method of conveying an impression much better than men. The East has excelled in the spiritual sciences and the West in the exact. The one has concentrated on the unseen and the other on the seen.

A similar situation has arisen now to that when Socrates made his ill-fated attempt to raise the intellectual standard of his contemporaries. For his rash endeavour he was proclaimed a Perverter of Youth, condemned to death, and cultured Hellas came to an end. What could have saved them can save us : more Wisdom. Meaning a fusion of mind and soul. We suffer at present from the right amount to ruin ourselves. Wisdom is there ; it is for us to see it. Truth alone is not the quest, but wisdom. Those who *know* make a deeper impression than those who act. The Emperor Tschun sat with his face to the South and there was harmony. Repose. He knew. The most conscious is the most developed being, and consciousness is soul-consciousness, which alone can lead to wisdom. Our wise men have as a rule not been identified with philosophers, they are very often poets. Our greatest thinkers have rarely been wise. Socrates' work is ready for accomplishment ; Hegel having carried logic to its furthest apex, the era of Reason is now closed. The time has come for philosophy to demonstrate the deeper meaning underlying ethics, religion, and all which mankind has until now dimly intuited. The philosopher should strive for perfect wisdom,

fixing his centre in the realm of Idea, and externalize his deepest knowledge. Interpret anew, for instance, the eternal idea underlying Christ's words, beyond the form of which lies still unfathomed meaning to every age. Simple-looking sayings have often the deepest meaning, and the difficult no greater depth than their difficulty. Where nothing is explained all may be understood. Each individual within the limits of his capacity is able to understand what in the case of higher capacity becomes wisdom. Highest wisdom speaks not to the few but to the many. The wisdom of Christ, Krishna, or Buddha excludes no one, for all can understand without great knowledge and with great knowledge still understand. In the sphere of absolute values saint and sage are equal. They are the keynote of life.

Wisdom is for all, but the wise only should teach. The function of the wise is to define in new form the Eternal Idea. Form changes, Idea is imperishable. Idea must be expressed in terms of the Age. The spirit of an Age is oftenest intuited by its artists, who first give it interpretation. No really gifted artist expresses himself in an out-of-date style. But the men of deepest insight are not the artists but the statesmen. The Church was the school of Faith, the University for learning. We now require a school for Wisdom, where we can be taught not to be fragments or thought-machines, but to be our own thought, to act it, to live it. That the word become " flesh " in each one, our being the embodiment of our thought. The school of wisdom must primarily influence a man's being. It must be something between Church and University, for the building of a man's intellect and the spiritualizing of his soul, so that not faith alone, nor learning, but a trinity of faith, learning, and life become an active higher consciousness. Since we become what we can visualize and mould ourselves on the already known, by sketching saints people become saints. Also wise.

But they must first have a distinct conception of what wise means.

If people only see in a philosopher a learned man or a professor they can derive no other impression from him. Words are limited to our knowledge of their meaning, but that does not prove that there is nothing more to understand in them. In itself a word tells us nothing, it is a senseless sound, like buzz of bees or a foreign tongue. It is our experience, knowledge, which gives it meaning. The idea only that gives it life, is Life. In the beginning all was silence,—chaos. Then God spoke and the World was. Slumbering Eros was quickened by Logos. Without Logos what was Eros? In this further sense, the grasp of the idea equals the degree of life. The Word is understanding consciousness, without which everything is meaningless. Our thought is our centre. What we think and live towards we realise, for the Life-principle is subjective. The Messiah came because the Jews had always expected Him. He was the externalisation of their thought. Each one can have his thought and live it, from labourer to statesman. It grows within. To know what we are and be it, is the Idea. Each has something to voice if he only knows it. There is no help for people who do not know what they want. The urge comes only from within. This urge is towards completion.

The complete fool, I thought hopefully, is better than half a fool. While Blake's comment was, " If a fool would but persist in his folly he would become wise."

Even the man of narrow views, Keyserling continued, unconscious of the interruption, who is consistent in his thought, whose thought is an integral part of himself, is doing more to express an idea than one of broad views, whose thought is general thought, herd-thought, no-thought. Even prejudices are a form of soul life.

It was not a surprise to hear him say that spiritual

awakening is always possible, that we are capable of growing, developing, unfolding soul. Inertia though is the line of least resistance. It was the line of least action that led to the belief in God, according to Maupertuis! What are needed, he told us, are initiative, vision, understanding, flexibility, for whatever is not expressive of the Age is like a dead language, an empty formula, which when it ceases to have meaning drops out of usage. This applies also to classes and types. A type exists only so long as it is representative of something, has some stimulus behind it. Without this initiative and personal effort derived from understanding there can be no improvement in the particular or in the universal. Life and History do not forgive those who do not understand. Witness the Last of the Romanoffs. If external circumstances are to improve, the inner man must be improved. The Chinese recognized this long ago, one of the many things understood by us now. We repeat it often, forget it again, and seldom live it. Suppose, for instance, all were Christians instead of only calling themselves so, there would be no difficulty in our understanding one another.

When we get deep enough men always mean the same, only they cannot understand one another from different levels. Minds dwelling on a same level understand one another without the necessity of explaining. If behind Socialism as such we understood that a deeper meaning, inadequately voiced in socialist programmes, and which was the economic and legal formula of the age for the eternal sense of solidarity, was trying to find expression we should pass beyond party and strife. It is some such dim recognition of this fact that has given Bolshevism its immense power. By grasping the deeper meaning we can also externalize a new form of it. Constantine the Great grasped the idea of the need for the Roman Empire of the spiritual support of the Christian Church. He transferred to a deeper level what on the shallow one appeared a peril.

Instead of opposing he understood the underlying unity of their aims : to rule. In this sense Lao-tse says : the weak are stronger than the strong ; and the flowing than the frozen. Total misapprehension was shown in the Treaty of Versailles. It formulated not peace but war. The Entente failed to co-relate on the deeper level what they recognize as true on the shallow, that not division but unity makes peace. In subsequently setting up the League of Nations they showed no progress in understanding. Ideologists grasp an idea but by incorporating it in arid systems and programmes they sterilize it. Neither the League nor an Ara Pacis has gone deep enough. Charlemagne with his " imperial idea " was nearer. Rays of light follow a curve, the straight line misses the mark. A Bismarck and a Stinnes have a deeper insight and very likely the peace of Europe will be achieved by men of far-sighted, egoistic and economic interests, and not by idealists. Why have ideals been found so shattering? Because ideals cannot conform to programmes, they must be lived. When there is dissonance between word and idea, life and thought, then " doth confusion make its masterpiece." It is a house divided against itself. Why did Germany stir world hatred against her? Because of her incompetence in self-utterance. There was a fatal divergence between what she expressed and what she was. Without knowledge, without soul-consciousness, there is no consonant self-expression.

This higher wisdom of which Keyserling speaks is not unattainable. He himself points out that the great figures of the past are the forerunners of a quite possible general standard. What Prometheus was the first to achieve every worker in a match-factory can do to-day. Again, in the England of to-day the standard of " gentleman " is a universal one. The progress we can make now is far greater than any in the world's history. The impulse given by Christ is ripe for realization. He can only now be fully understood. We

are at the beginning of an epoch when error can lose its dominion, for we have understood that it is our attitude of mind which determines the power of antagonistic forces. The strength of Sin is the Law. Good,—meaning tending to life as opposed to Evil tending to death,—can always retire to a level where Evil cannot reach it. That is why in the end Good must triumph. If there is to be real freedom it is not by the realization of any programmes of universal blessings, which are either utopias or swindles, but through a greater soul-consciousness by means of which complete freedom is attained and control of our destinies. The unmeasured depths of soul are as limitless as Space.

Never to turn or look back, like Lot's wife, but to press forward, beyond, to the furthest limits, in affirmation of life is Keyserling's idea. Andromeda bound to her bare rock of poverty is Negation, released by Perseus the sun-god, who is wealth, Affirmation of Life. Perseus always comes. It is for us to see him as the shining hero. If not, Andromeda remains bound by her chains of negativity. Our lives need to be fuller, richer, deeper. Wealth of life is in affirmation not in negation, not in a greater asceticism but in a fuller acceptance. Not to be less but to be more self-expressive in one's work and life, to render the best possible. There is no need to give up a "calling" but to put more into it. All work is equally important, and every "profession" equally noble. The inequality is in him who does it. He emphasizes,—and emphasis in the right place is all-important,—that every one has his "niveau" where fullest development is possible. There is no need to bother about what "one" should do. The question is only, what should "I" do? There is a life's work in that "I." "Better to fulfil one's own however humble Dharma than anyone else's illustrious one," says Khrishna. He says to business

people not to bring ideals into business : profit is its very essence, it is the basis of Life, and anyone acting in a contrary sense is not improving but spoiling his work. Wealth should be extended in a fuller return and a deeper understanding of responsibility. The quality of a man is what he gives to his fellow-creatures, not what he takes from them. Those who take and give nothing are parasites. If the least of workers wants to give his least work it is because the highest have set the standard of taking the most and giving the least. The acceptance of gifts without an equivalent return is dangerous to soul for all but the highest and best. Capitalism has arrogated to itself the " right " to take without giving an equal return : that is, to give amply in the interest of the Community, corresponding to the greatness of its economic power. The greatest Romans held it their privilege to spend their wealth in benefiting the community. Agrippa not only built baths and the Pantheon for the Romans, but provided them with games, distributions of food, &c. The responsibility of possession demands that in proportion as a man receives he must render in full measure. The claim that only workers have income rights is a re-statement of this elementary principle. Generosity is the measure of noble birth, and it is below not above, that nobility is most often found in these days. Less conscience and not more is the stamp of the topmost strata at present.

In conclusion, I have not pursued my journey further to Darmstadt. I have stood wavering at the cross-roads, reading the sign-post. His last words were : We become the prisoners of our decisions. Until we decide we are free. What is begun in this life finds completion in the next. There is no voluntary development in the next Life. It is this Life that determines.

A CHARMING OLD MAN

By Mary Arden

YOUTH! Youth! Firm chin, rounded cheek, laughing eyes. "What a delightful boy!" Manhood. Tall and slight. Always holding himself erect, bearing his head with such splendid dignity through the years. "Sixty-five if a day, my dear, but *so* handsome!" And then . . . "What a *charming* old man!" Yes, charming. The perfect word. Incredibly right. Simply *complete*. That triumph to which he had come, as it were, through a travail of years, and which hung like a silver aura about him—perfect, complete. . . .

"Strictly amateur, my dear sir," he said, bending forward across the luncheon table, "strictly amateur, but I *do* like a good game now and then, and there's a lawn, a good lawn. . . ." With his left hand and his fork he made a little gesture towards the sunny boarding-house window, "You've tried it, I dare-say. . . ."

"Well, sir, no," said the little weak-voiced man opposite, "I can't say I have. Croquet? I don't think I've ever played, but there are experts here I fancy," and he let his languid blue eyes travel about the crowded dining-room, "Miss Stedworthy, for instance, and among all these August visitors, of course, one never knows. So many flowers are born to blush unseen, as they say. . . ."

"Hum, lose their tempers, these women. Never knew one that didn't yet. Playin' with them. What's in it? Keep out o' their way, that's all. *Go* for yer hoop. . . ."

" Quite right, sir, yes . . ." but he wasn't listening, the little man.

" Do you ever read poetry, Colonel? " he asked. " Some wonderful things have been done in that line, I think. I remember when I first read ' In Memoriam,' as a boy at school.

"Calm is the morn *without a sound*. . . ."

He stopped. He looked fixedly at the line of glittering sea that quivered out there beyond the lawn and the bright red arrogant clumps of geraniums and the railing and the esplanade, as if he were trying to catch through all this clatter of knives and forks a murmur—Mmm-ssh-ah-ah ! of the waves.

" Wonderful ! " he said.

" Eh? " said the Colonel. " No, I don't." And under his beautiful white moustache he let his mouth stay open. There were some things which after a long life, a very long life, one *wouldn't* a' believed. Or—or never had believed in an' couldn't now.

" My dear sir," he was beginning admonitory, " don't you. . . ." but a gentle hand pressed his arm.

" Father dear," said the voice of his only, his devoted daughter, " do eat your dinner now. Some people are almost at cheese. . . . These pears are really very nice. So cool, and I'm surprised that they know at a place like this *how* to cook them. I used to say to Freda, ' Now let them stew and stew and stew *very* slowly,' and she never would. She'd serve them all white and still quite hard. There were some things she never *could* understand, just as when I used to tell her *not* to put your things to warm so *near* the fire. . . ."

" I suppose you wouldn't care for game o' croquet, my dear? "

" Oh, no, father, not on a hot afternoon like this, and surely you wouldn't either, not in *that* sun. No, no, sunstroke 'd be the very least. You let me take your

deck-chair over to the clump of laurels in that nice patch of shade. I was there yesterday. You watch the sea and the people and are so cool and comfortable all the while. I was surprised. No one else came and invaded the whole afternoon. I was quite to myself."

"For you to sit in th' shade, my dear, is all very well, *very* nice. But you don't seem to realize—there's a difference. I shall—I shall go into th' town an' do some shoppin'."

"What is it you need, dear? I can——"

"Several things, Kate. Important. Do 'em myself. . . ." But even as he spoke the enthusiasm he had felt for—well, really, for what?—drained away. Like fine sand, Frooo! it went through the sieve and was gone. And he didn't care any more. Why care? One had no *part*. Why care? . . . Och, what was that beastly thing on his neck? He put down his knife. But Kate had already seen. With an abstracted air, as if she didn't know what her right hand did, she flicked with a corner of napkin and the fly was gone.

"Oh, well," he said, "a bit hot perhaps. After all I've not finished *The Times* to-day."

So together they carried out his deck-chair across the lawn.

"Let me carry it, let me!" He put one hand on to the end and kept it there. His feet, always unbent at the instep, made a pleasant noise on the soft grass. Very pleasant. But how hot it was! Under the little corduroy smoking cap he'd insisted on putting on, he thought he felt some sweat collect. A long way off, it seemed, they would come to the patch of shade. But he didn't mind the distance. He felt amiable and rather happy.

Three little children had begun to play ball. They shouted and laughed. What a butter-fingers that youngster was! Catch it, now, catch it! Aw, missed again! He'd never quite made up his mind whether

he really liked little children or not. Now he thought that he did. Fancy running about like that in the heat! Surely they oughtn't to be allowed!

"Don't you think it's rather hot for those children to be out, my dear?"

"Yes. Their mother's a careless woman. I saw her just now in the hall gossiping with that person Mrs. Weldon."

They crossed a narrow gravel path and here came the shade. Briskly Kate unfolded his chair. He lowered himself into it. On one side he could see the front—not many people walking along there now—on the other the lawn, the children playing, the flower-beds, the house.

"Now, dear, I'm going indoors for a while. You'll be quite comfortable here?"

"Yes, yes, Kate. Yes, quite, thank you. . . ."

And he watched her thin, retreating figure. She was of his begetting. How strange that seemed! How strange! How alien she was! How different! Strange! Strange! Suddenly the word was a quintessence for him. Strange! And it seemed that in all this world he saw with his eyes nothing was familiar, nothing was close and real. Nothing. And yet, in a sort of way, those children on the lawn were more real, more familiar to him than Kate.

Now the smallest of them—a little girl in a blue and white check frock—suddenly, for no reason that he could see, broke away from the game and trotted over to the gravel path that ran along close before him. Now she was on the path itself. Going quickly. Tremendous purpose on her little face. Smack! Oh, dear, what a tumble! Up again. Let's see. No harm done. She managed to get to her feet and for a moment looked blankly astonished. Then came the storm. Oh-oh-oh! She wept drearily, and the tears spouted out so fast.

"Come, come," he said, getting up stiffly from his chair, "let's see if we can't make things better again."

He went over to her. She let him guide her along into the shade. She still wept and didn't look at him. He sat down again and held her between his knees, while he got out a beautiful smooth, yellowish silk handkerchief and fumblingly wiped her eyes with it, then began to dab at a scratch there was on her knee.

"Oh, not much," he said, "looks much worse'n it is. Very soon be well. We'll tie the handkerchief round, shall we?" Slowly he formed a knot behind the knee.

"There, there," he said, as she still wept, "we can't have any more tears, nothin' to wipe them away with now."

"Oh-oh-oh!" But gradually she stopped, and now, yes, it was over. She stared at him critically.

"You've got a *big* tear," she said.

"Oh, yes, yes, but that's different. No good wipin' that. It never goes away." He pulled her up on to his knee and began carefully to explain how a long time ago in the wars he had got a piece of shot in by his tear gland, and now there would always be a tear.

"You get quite used to it," he said.

"Children, children! Dickie! Nellie! Florrie! Come in *at once*!" There was the careless woman standing in the door-way.

"I think that's your mother, isn't it, little girl?"

"Ye-es." She smiled crookedly, got off his knee and trotted away. Half-way across the lawn she had an after-thought:

"Good-bye."

He waved one of his hands slowly to and fro like morse signalling and nodded his head.

Now the hot afternoon buzzed over the empty lawn, over the almost deserted front. The green seat on the other side of the railing. Phew! It must be too hot

to touch! Over on the dazzling metallic sea there was one little boat with a white sail. He closed his eyes . . .

The fierceness went from the sun, the light changed. A little breeze sprang up and a lot of small sails appeared on the sea as if fanned there by the draught. The people walking along the front began to have long pointing shadows. There was a buzz of conversation now, in the welcome cool.

"Please, sir," a husky voice said in his ear, "Madame told me to tell you she's very sorry, but she's got a touch of headache and is lying down, and she says it's late and wouldn't you like some tea?"

He opened his eyes. There stood that little scared creature of a maid, twisting her large hands together over her apron.

"All right," he said, "I'll go in."

He got up, feeling as if all his bones had been screwed tight, went over to the house, and climbed the dark stairs.

Tap! Tap!

"May I come in, Kate?"

"Yes, do, dear," she said, and as he entered her room, "I've been wondering what you were doing."

"Have you had tea?" he asked.

"Of course. A long time ago. It'll be *dinner* time soon." She tossed her head fretfully on the pillow. "Why didn't you come in sooner than this?"

"Oh, I—I had a bit of a nap, y' know. The heat. How's your head now, my dear?"

"Oh, it might be worse. I shall get up for dinner, of course."

"Anythin' I can do?"

"No, no, dear, thank you very much. Nothing."

He stood awkwardly by the door, smoothing the handle with his hand. This mood of hers he felt was—difficult. Surely one ought to do *something*! But

what? What? Puzzled, he looked at that thin person lying on the bed.

"Would you rather I—I just left you quiet for a bit?"

"Yes, yes, dear, please."

"Very well." He went out, closing the door softly.

"In the old days, when she was a child," he thought, "what a sweet little thing she was! How we used to understand each other then!" And he saw himself sitting in the old drawing-room in his uniform at tea-time, sitting very straight up with Kate across one knee, while he fed her with bits of much-too-rich currant cake. His moustache moved up and down while he munched himself.

"I cut off your moustache. Snip, snip!" she said, and snipped an end with two stiff little fingers.

He didn't want any tea. He lit his pipe and wandered slowly out, through the garden and on to the esplanade. He had a queer feeling he couldn't define. He just said:

"It's all a strange business, very strange. . . ."

The sea was beginning to have that opaque, milky look of evening. The sky was clear and soft. He felt that it overarched a world that was strange indeed. Most of the people seemed to be couples walking arm-in-arm.

What place had he in such a world: what business there—he who had lived so long ago?

"A long time ago," he thought, "hoch! yes, not that it is. Not so many years after all. But yet—it is! . . . What a tongue-tied chap I am! Never could put a thought into words. What in the world do I mean, I wonder now? Well, well!" He sat down at the extreme end of a seat whose other end was occupied. The girl had her arm round the man's neck in a shameless way.

Puff! Puff! The Colonel drew on his pipe and

looked straight ahead. . . . And out of that other far-off life he heard :

" I'm so alone without you ! Ah, so alone ! I love you so ! "

I love you so ! Well, well ! But what was the good of thinking of things—just *thinking?* None whatever. Led to sentimentality, that was all. . . . Dinner time nearly by now, he supposed. Slowly he got up and slowly returned.

BROADCASTING

By A. C. Benson

CALL me the mirthful spirits, every one,
To solace me, to sate my craving ears
With all the babblement beneath the sun,
The jests men flourish to disguise their fears.

Fall from the sky, and ripple into song,
O sounding string, O wind made musical !
Conspiring dreams, that would your grace prolong
To cheat the silence that awaiteth all.

Hush, hush, ye chiding spirits ! Be content
With what ye prate of, with the world ye span.
Leave me the all-enfolding firmament !
This only know I,—that the heart of man
Is sweeter than the idle word he saith,
And silence is the noblest gift of Death.

A DAY WITH THE GOLDEN TREASURY

By L. A. Morrison

I think a day with *The Golden Treasury* is a day when labour is apt to wear an honest face, and the rewards are in the round and auriferous. Often I push aside in a fit of more or less honest petulance my Theories of this and Psychologies of that, and sundry other Studies and Monographs, and slip a cheap edition of Palgrave into the sagging pocket of my old golfing jacket (I am a duffer at golf, but the loose habiliments of the game suit my taste), and go out on to the uplands, and it may be climb the sunward slopes of Tinto to its mist-engulfed " Tap." Go out, if you please, like Thoreau : determined to make a day of it. There, on the verdurous flanks of Tinto if anywhere, is the place to browse on the Heliconian pastures, in company with and after the fashion of the nibbling tups and ewes. After all, their methodical cropping and munching of the succulent blades of green grass is very regulative to observe ; one cannot help ruminating (Gabriel Oak like) after their kind ; and the taste of some of the pastoral lyrics in Palgrave seems to borrow the flavour of the herbal juice which the sheep find so satisfying. But my chief reason for the companionship of the *Treasury* is other : that (as Wordsworth perceived) " the common, unaided senses of man are not equal to the realization of the world." I must borrow (unless I am one of them) the spectacles of the poets. They gather together the stray gleams of my vision, circumscribe and concentrate the powers of my affection. They

take the tossing hazels, flaming gorse, hyacinth patches, sombre pines, dappled sky, and, " with brede ethereal wove," compose them into a picture that is literal and yet a figure, luminous with a significance I should otherwise have missed. They reveal what shapes they are which haunt thought's wildernesses, shapes of tragedy, irony, umbered or scimitar-edged beauty. As I let my eye wander about me, from the bright watersmeet of tributary streams to Symington's russet woods in autumn glory, where

> with chiming Tweed
> The lintwhites sing in chorus,

and then glance between the covers of my little green book, it is a case of " beauty making beautiful old rhyme," and who shall deny that something fragmentary but imperishable remains with me (if only until dusk) between

> The beauty coming and the beauty gone?

Even the cacophony in the thickets towards Thankerton is a reminder of the time when England was a nest of singing birds, and when " a sudden song from some rare throat " pierces the thick skin of my consciousness and sets me subcutaneously tingling, I turn to relieve my feelings to the sonneteer who sang so sweetly and similarly from a bough by Avon. And what with Shakespeare and Shelley may only have been an imaginative experience becomes for me, as they distil it after long keeping in the wood, a spiritual experience. My soul (no longer spell-bound) swims out into the sea of life surrounding me, or that life imbues my soul with a sense of eternality. " When we bethink us," says a very fine writer, " that our hearts beat and our blood flows through a virtue which blossoms in the flowers, which for the birds is wings and happiness, and which night and day unfurls a new flower over our heads, then we have passed from the transitory to the permanent."

It is not difficult, for example, to hear " The horns of Elfland faintly blowing " as your heart swells with the music of the " Ode to the West Wind " while the elemental Æolus stirs among the birks about you,

> And each tall tapering crest is stirred,
> and the eternal whisper heard.

Or so I imagine. For it is not at all difficult to imagine (however handicapped you are in sensibility) when you have a volume of poetic imagery beside you clearly and beautifully embodying the ideas born in you of communication with Nature, ideas unresting until given substance and form in the felicity of exact poetic expression. But there is more in the *Treasury's* companionship than that; though indeed it is a great deal. Hear Emerson: " There is some *awe* mixed with the joy of our surprise, when this poet, who lived in some past world two or three hundred years ago, says that which lies close to my own soul, *that which I also had wellnigh thought and said* . . ."

This is where the *Treasury* comes in, a complementary channel to that by which Nature's delight flows to us.

> Sweet Robin sits on the bush
> Singing so rarely.

But the expression of the rarity of the song of so commonplace a bird (if any bird can be called commonplace) would have escaped us but for a Scott to articulate it. So, but for Keats, the " high requiem " of the nightingale when dusk, with its opiate wand, has touched us to fitting mood. So, at high noon, the " bee-loud glade," had not both Keats and Mr. Yeats moved us to accept its " magic murmuring." Sound, in truth, is a secret of the poets: the onomatopoetic communication of what hardly can be captured let alone communicated. " Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wee, to-witta-woo."

It comes to this, then. " The economy of Heaven is

dark," as Charles Lamb cryptically muttered ; the opening of a flower may irradiate it ; but only with the aid of the spectacles of the poets can we see in the sudden illumination, and comprehend a revealed cosmos in which

> The swans on still St. Mary's Lake
> Float double, swan and shadow.

Only with the assistance of their hyper-sensitive imagination can we envisage the universe as it ideally is, as it blooms again in the poet's mind. In the words of that forgotten critic, Von Hans Hecht, of whom someone wrote so well in the old *Athenæum* : " A fine imagination, like the presence of Eve, gives a second vegetation to the beauties of Nature." It is this second vegetation which the companionship of the *Treasury* brings to pass as we explore the countryside.

Then, with the panorama of Nature unfolding about you and its ideal interpretation in your mind, esoteric problems seem to resolve themselves. In the face of Nature, it does not seem to matter very much whether its beauty exists apart from our consciousness or only exists because of it and in it and as it ; whether the attributes we distinguish in the objects we perceive are absolutely possessed by these objects, or whether, as Kant says, they are merely phenomena explicable from the nature of the mind itself. Objects would be objectless—or object-lesson-less—as far as our spiritual natures were concerned, if we were able somehow to separate them from the emotions they arouse and intelligence they convey as our senses come into contact with them. We may not dissever morality from beauty. " Art for art's sake " was never a more barren formula (if we divest it of what some sleight-of-word experts have introduced into it) than when confronted, say, with the " God's-eye view " from some intermediary standpoint like Tinto. We cannot, without paying dearly for our self-suppression, check our inner responses to

the external life about us. After all, if God created Nature, man in whom His Spirit dwells must recreate it in his own image. When he has done so, according to his conscience, he finds that " The whole of Nature is a metaphor of the human mind." It *is*, you see, in his own image. How could it be otherwise, when the human mind is a microcosm of the divine? When " the rim of the plain trenched along the shining heavens " is only the boundary between the visible dial-plate and the invisible workings? Surely it is extraordinarily satisfying to the mind of man in his contemplative hours to know that, as Emerson puts it, " day and night, river and storm, beast and bird, acid and alkali, pre-exist in necessary ideas in the mind of God " ? And that he—man—may, by his mind, penetrate to the essential core of these things, extract their ideas, and give them the symbolic expression for his own understanding of them? Surely his mind is in this way the link between the invisible God, on the one hand, and visible Nature on the other, by which the insoluble riddle of existence is solved, the meanings of the one interpreted in the language of the other, on which plane the two opposites meet and are seen as symmetrical about the pole of his being? The natural antagonism which Mr. Santayana's logic posits in his warning to those who " shatter Nature to discover God " is based on a false premise and does not exist, any more than the supposed antagonism between life and art, morality and beauty, patriotism and Christianity.

But it may be we are passing, now, beyond the bounds of our subject. It is a far cry from Palgrave to Santayana, though the leap through the void, when taken, leads to fascinating adventures in the realm of thought—which, be it said, is the golden purpose of a day with the " Treasury." No other. But there is this to be underlined : If we examine the language we employ—our stock of similes and metaphors and idioms

—old coinages and those newly struck—and believe (as we cannot help believing after a dispassionate inspection) in the "radical correspondence between visible things and human thoughts," we must agree with Emerson, I fancy, that Nature *is* the mind in metaphor. Nature inspires the poet, and the poet animates Nature with his inspired expression of it. He has seen Nature as symbolic, and the result is poetic symbolism. And I think it happens thus. As he gazes deeply on the face of Nature with his "seeing eyes," material appearances seem to evanesce, fade, and dissolve themselves into their natural background, and their spiritual outlines to emerge, exquisitely defined where the light of the inner vision falls on them. His plastic mind consequently becomes engraven (as with letters on soft bark) with these symbolic lines and curves—these images. I think this was the origin of the theory of symbolism. Anyhow, all truly great poetry is symbolic, and its symbolism is taken from Nature, whose symbols were the first emanations of Divinity. "Who looks," asks Emerson, "upon a river in meditative hour, and is not reminded of the flux of all things?"

It is a pertinent question. And it is only one of the numberless questions aroused by a day in the country with *The Golden Treasury*. The mind is a lively fold indeed by the time we turn homeward, its beautiful flocks excitedly crowding each other and clamouring for outlet; which (God willing and scrivener's palsy abating) they shall have. But happen that as it may, the proximity of *The Golden Treasury* is a very present help when silence "sits drooping."

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

RUDOLF STEINER: A PERSONAL IMPRESSION.—At a French railway station a few weeks ago I procured an English newspaper: on opening it I saw the announcement of the death of Doctor Rudolf Steiner, the Founder of the Gœtheanum Theatre and School in Dornach, Switzerland.

Beyond one or two meagre notices, nothing to my knowledge has appeared in the English Press which would lead one to suppose that in this country the extraordinary powers of Rudolf Steiner have received recognition in spite of the fact that he has a following in every country in Europe, and also in America, and has exercised a profound influence in such various realms of science and art as architecture, in eurhythmy —a new art of movement—painting, sculpture, and in medicine.

Doctor Steiner was a theosophist and a master of the Rosicrucian system of Mysticism, who united in himself the two streams of Eastern and Western Esoteric wisdom. He possessed a profound knowledge of the ancient Indian scriptures and expressed the deepest veneration for the ancient religions communicated to the human race. He believed, however, that the divine revelation was continuous, given by widely differing manifestations, adapted to an ever changing condition of human development. As a European he felt the profound significance to Westerners of the Rosicrucian philososphy, and believed that in the lives and the writings of modern thinkers and poets and in particular in the life and the writings of the poet Goethe, were to be found the seeds of a new era, opening immediately to the more advanced portions of the human race. To occultists in general he was by almost universal consent the foremost living master, working in the world amongst men

and women, possessing the rare and extraordinary gift of a fully conscious clairvoyance entirely independent of any mediumship and independent of the condition of trance. Both mediumship and the condition of trance were deprecated by him. He believed these states to be a return to past conditions, rather than an advance towards the goal of spiritual development. He sought to instruct his pupils to reach the successive stages of Imagination, Inspiration and Intuition, by which those who aspire in these modern days to spiritual vision may attain access to the spiritual world which is connected with the physical world as cause is connected with its effect.

Upon me, a member of the outer circle of the Society which he founded, unable to bring any standard of my own as a measurement of his great wisdom, he made an impression as an incarnation of burning love —love breaking down barriers that hem in the human race, and love to those around him, expressed in daily life as a great gentleness which is the flower of great strength. All the kingdoms of the mind were open to him but it was not enough for him to see and to know : he was impelled to the almost impossible task of communicating his vision and his knowledge. His patience and persistence, his energy and sacrifice seemed illimitable. Day by day, depriving himself of the sleep to others indispensable, with incredible and apparently inexhaustible energy he laboured, teaching in the lecture room to graded classes ; ever ready to meet his pupils in private audience—founding schools for children based upon deep study and understanding of human nature, training the teachers, and keeping closely in touch with their work, conducting medical research ; and with all these and many other incessant activities showing unfailing courtesy to everyone. Complex as were his creative interests the keynote of his character was simplicity. He moved amongst crowds

unassuming as a well-bred child, and gave one, in a social assembly, an impression of almost shyness, apparently pleased if anyone went up to him and opened conversation ; yet he seemed to know by instinct if any in the gathering specially needed him, and in that case he would find them out at once.

I connect this love and gentleness with Steiner's interpretation of the mission of Christ to this earth. The wisdom manifested in all Nature, in the revolution of the stars, in the structure of the physical body, and in every adaptation of life, was, he held, by virtue of the incarnation of the Christ Spirit to develop in this present earth period into the manifestation of love, as the flower develops from its root. Humanity, when brought in the course of his appointed destiny to the fulness of the measure of the stature of Christ, was to be the hierarchy of love and freedom, and this earth planet had, he taught, been chosen as the sphere for the development of these particular qualities unknown in their perfection to the angels and archangels in all the companies of heaven.

It was this flame of divine love that inspired him with prodigious energy, and led him to the sacrifice of the natural physical powers with which he was endowed, so that the burning of the building*—the Goetheanum—which was his great work—became the symbol of the burning up of his own body. The most touching thing of all to me was that he wanted to remain with us—that he, to whom the world beyond mortal life was a homeland, fought with his spirit and with his will not to forsake those to whom he was a light and a way. He foresaw and foretold impending trouble on the earth, and he wanted to go through it with his disciples, his spiritual children. But great initiate as he was, he knew that he himself and all the human

* The disaster took place, a result of incendiarism, on the eve of New Year's Day, 1923.

race were under the direction of greater beings whose purpose and will he accepted.

Great as was the power of life manifested by Rudolf Steiner in his life on earth, to those who accept him as their teacher that power is greater upon them now that he has passed over into the unseen world and has made himself one with those spiritual forces which are bringing to birth a new era upon the earth.—MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE.

GOETHE'S CRITICAL CREDO.—Herewith receive a corroboration of the criticism of the criticism of Sinclair Lewis's novel in the April ADELPHI, from no less a man than Wolfgang von Goethe himself—a man as great as any of the great men you usually fall back upon when defending your religion against irreligious attackers—and one of *exactly* the same *kind* (for he is aware as much as any of them "worauf es eigentlich ankommt," and is always concerned and preoccupied with solving the elusive problem of the *livingness* of life, while his contemporaries—not altogether excluding Schiller—are engaged in crude theoretical discussions), in short, a man whom, for some curious reason, you persistently ignore.

Anyhow, the passage underlined, is *your* opinion, expressed a hundred and twenty-four years ago. But I enclose the whole correspondence on the subject, started by Schiller (also not a fool !), and dealt with by Goethe,—and I suggest that you have it printed in the ADELPHI for the illumination of mankind.

When one thinks of the works of Anton Tchehov and the criticism he was always met with in his time—that he had no *ideals*, &c ! ! !—or let us say, Goethe's own delightful *Hermann und Dorothea*, in the light of Goethe's critical credo, and compares these simple works of art, with, let us say, the poem of my

Innsbruck friend, called *Der Heereszug Gottes*—the most elevated kind of bunkum that you can think of, the difference becomes particularly acute. And it seems to me, moreover, that most of your opponents misunderstand you on this very point and think that you have grown solemn and didactic and so require from a novelist that he talk solemnly and ponderously of *elevated* things only, preferably of Man, God, and the Universe—at least the most stupid of them do.

Schiller to Goethe (March 27th, 1801).

> A few days ago I attacked Schelling for an assertion in his *Transcendental Philosophy*: "In Nature the beginning is made from the Unconscious and the effort is to raise it to the Conscious; in Art, on the contrary, the movement is from the Conscious to the Unconscious." Certainly he is here concerned only to make the distinction between the product of Nature and the product of Art, and so far he is quite right. But I am afraid that these idealist gentlemen are prevented by their ideas from paying enough attention to fact; and in fact the Poet also begins only with the Unconscious, yes and must count himself lucky if through the clearest consciousness of his operations he manages to discover the first dim total idea of his work undiminished in the completed piece. Without a dim, but powerful total idea previous to all technical operations, no work of poetry can come into being; and poetry, it seems to me, consists precisely in the ability to utter and communicate that unconscious idea—that is, to transpose it into an object. The non-poet can be affected just as much as the poet by a poetical idea, but he cannot express it in an object, he cannot exhibit it as having a claim to necessary existence. So, likewise, the non-poet, just as much as the poet, can produce something with consciousness and necessity; but such a work does not begin in the Unconscious, and does not end therein. Unconsciousness and thoughtfulness combined make the poetic artist.
>
> In recent years in the effort to raise Poetry to a higher *degree* of excellence, the conception of it has been confused. Anyone who is able to transpose his condition of feeling into an object in such a fashion that this object compels me to pass into that condition of feeling, thus having a living effect upon me—I call a Poet, a maker. But not every poet, by virtue of that, attains the highest *degree* of excel-

lence. The degree of his completeness depends upon the richness, the content, he has in himself, and therefore represents outside himself, and on the degree of necessity his work exercises. The more subjective his feeling, the more fortuitous it is. Totality of expression is demanded from every work of Poetry, because it must have individuality, or it is nothing; but the complete poet expresses the whole of humanity.

There are, at the present time, many men so cultivated that only the wholly excellent satisfies them, but they themselves are unable to produce even a little bit of good work. They cannot *make* anything; the road from subject to object is barred to them: but this is the very step that makes the Poet for me.

Similarly, there have been and are Poets enough, who can produce a good and individual piece of work, but they do not satisfy those high demands with their work. These, I say, lack the *degree;* the others lack the *kind*; and I think the distinction is not made clearly enough to-day. Whence comes an unprofitable and interminable controversy between them which does no good to art: for the former, who take up their position in the vague realm of the Absolute, oppose to their enemies only the obscure *idea of the highest,* but the latter have the *fact* on their side, which, though limited, is real. And nothing can come of an idea without a fact.

I do not know whether I have expressed myself clearly enough. I would like to know what you think on this matter. . . .

Goethe to Schiller.

As regards the questions touched on in your last, I am not merely of your own opinion, I go still further than you. I believe that everything that Genius, *quâ* Genius, does, is done unconsciously. The man of Genius can work rationally also, after careful consideration, from conviction; but that is all beside the mark. No work of Genius can be improved, or even freed from its mistakes by reflection and its immediate results; but Genius can, by reflection and practice, gradually perfect itself to a point at which it produces perfect works. The more genius the age itself possesses, the more is individual genius assisted.

As regards the high-falutin' demands which are now made upon the Poet, I too think that they will not assist in producing a poet. The art of Poetry demands in the man who is to exercise it, a certain generous, reality-loving

> *limitation, behind which the Absolute lies concealed. Demands from above destroy this innocent and creative condition, and instead of real poetry, set in the place of poetry something which, I say once for all, is simply not poetry*—as we have learned to our cost in these days. The same state of things holds good in the different arts,—in Art in its widest sense.
>
> This is my credo.

In connection with the article on "Personality and Immortality" and the poets with immortal "tremors," may I recall to you the end of Goethe's *Faust,* which is of the same kind :

> Alles Vergängliche
> Ist nur ein Gleichnis;
> Das Unzulängliche
> Hier wird's Ereignis;
> Das Unbeschreibliche,
> Hier ist es gethan;
> Das Ewig-Weibliche
> Zieht uns hinan.

And I enclose a picture of a Vienna monument to the wonderful man. It's a bad picture, but a wonderful monument, in the Ring. A massive statue of a tall, big, strikingly good-looking man leaning back in a ponderous armchair, his arms resting on the sides and his hands hanging down perfunctorily. A clean-cut profile and wonderful large eyes. The expression of the eyes—in sculpture of all things!—is extraordinary. There he sits and looks before him, and the tram car passes in front of his nose, little people dash past him without cease and without noticing him, judges and statesmen and such, and old ladies and nurses with children. And, now and then, a foreigner visiting these parts, will halt before the striking figure, read the name in hushed awe, bow his head, and pass by.

I was going to tell you what a wonderful man I think he was, but I have let myself into describing the spectacular side of it, which has nothing to do with it. But never mind.—WILLIAM GERHARDI.

THE STATUS OF ILLUSTRATIVE ART.—To turn the pages of the popular magazines of the last century is to experience, together with delight in the quality of even the most commonplace of their pictures—the sheer *quality* resulting from the work upon steel or wood of the immediate human hand—sorrow over the devitalization of the picture-book that has followed the use of elaborate mechanisms for the reproduction of pictures good and bad. Much, no doubt, on the whole, has been gained. And it is not the cheapness of quality resulting from mechanical methods that to-day denies even to first-class illustrative work the status of legitimate art. In any period and no matter in what manner his work is presented, the artist who consecrates himself, whether by direct interpretation, by commentary or by abstact decoration, to the illustration of the printed page, will be classed, until his work shines forth from a past, as a mere bondservant of literature. To-day, with art grown as abstract as higher mathematics, he is more than ever despised and rejected.

His triumphs, up to the closing years of the last century, have been popular triumphs. Rowlandson and Gilray, set now in the ranks of accredited artists, were as popular in their own time as are to-day Bateman and Morrow. And Blake, the father in England of the decorative book, although before his time and therefore never popular in the wide sense, produced in his best work—that accompanying the *Songs of Innocence* and the *Book of Job*—what was actually a cosmic extension of the coloured broadside, and, as such, a direct manifestation of the English spirit. In France, Gavarni and Daumier were from the first best-sellers—though Daumier, atrociously exploited, did not himself reap his harvest—and the one live book of that wasted comedic draughtsman Gustave Doré—his *Contes Drôlatiques*—was racy, of the soil, in every line. The work of this period, culminating in Daumier's tremendous *Don*

Quixote, left the illustrator, in the opinion of the eminent connoisseurs of the day, definitely in the basement. And those of to-day, compelled to canonize Daumier as one of the greatest or alternatively as the greatest graphic draughtsman the world has seen, have carefully ignored the fact that he was a cartoonist and, in the straitest sense of the word, an illustrator.

And while the use of the wood block by the Dalziel brothers temporarily raised the status of book illustration in England, it is doubtful whether these contributors to the Moxon Tennyson would have received contemporary recognition had they not also been painters. With them the illustrator ceased to be a hack, but was a long way from the salon where for a while in the 'nineties in the person of that revolutionary designer of illustrated books, Aubrey Beardsley, he was not only acclaimed but enthroned. For the first, possibly the last time in history an illustrator of books became in his own day the demi-god of the *élite*. Free from the taint of popular appeal, the decorated book was a thing that superior people could discuss and openly display upon their tables. The simple either ignored, or, seeing, called loudly for the police. Now that the incense is dispersed we see that Beardsley's influence, although technically strong, is more apparent than real. Finding the graphic arts bogged in a dull literality he broke fresh ground. But while influencing the material of our decorative art, upon its spirit he has had but little effect. For the bright new path he found ends all too soon in the *cul-de-sac* of the preciosity from which we have only recently escaped. That we have escaped is amply evident in the work of four young adventurers in book illustration now exhibiting in London and only by the scraps of tinsel adhering to their coats betrayed as having for a while hung over the shoulder of that amazing technician, entranced, watching him at work. But each of them stands now upright on his feet and is in

his way an innovator, with his own idea of the book as an entity. Mr. John Austen is perhaps the most thoroughgoing bookman of the four. The drawings for his *Hamlet* and the Regency beaux of his *Rogues in Porcelain,* pieces of perfect penmanship exhibiting an adorable purity of line, are as much parts of a carefully balanced whole as things in themselves. Though his pen-and-ink work has depth and intensity, Mr. Harry Clarke's medium is colour, pure illumination. He sees in terms of colour and it is by colour used in a manner recalling the richly imaged rêveries of mediæval illuminated manuscripts and stained glass that he attains cohesion. Hearing that he is himself a designer of stained glass, one could wish that all colourists might serve the same apprenticeship. The powerful draughtsmanship of Mr. Austin Spare at his best is Oriental, that is to say distinctively mystical in quality. All his work is indirect, saturated with symbolical intention and always, in comparison with that of his co-exhibitors, pure interpretation rather than illustration or improvisation. Mr. Alan Odle, preoccupied with the humanities and with a strong tendency to satire, looks at the world with his author, drops on occasion into drama—his comedy scenes from *Candide* testify that the direct dramatic method of Hogarth and Rowlandson can still score heavily if handled with speed and vigour—but keeps the reins in his own hands, flicking from time to time a barbed tail-piece in his author's face by way of reminder that the artist sees both ways. Between whiles an accomplished decorator, he tends to subordinate decoration to exposition, and although his grotesques and *boutades* are characterized by a powerful and strongly individual technique that gives them a secure place in the development of English Baroque, his use of the tail-piece as a sort of lineal epigram is perhaps his most significant contribution to the art of illustration. All four men possess the three essentials: ability to

decorate the page, to expound the author, and to improvise in the same vein.

Book illustration reaches with these four artists (to whose names many more might be added) an interesting stage in its development, and its lovers need have no fear that its future will be less splendid than its past. As an art-form it needs no justification. Those constrained to belittle it should be reminded that half the surviving masterpieces in the world's galleries are either direct illustrations of, or literary improvisations based upon, the Bible and the classics.—DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON.

THE LATE WORK OF SARGENT.—It is easy to compare unfavourably the work of Sargent with Manet's or, for the matter of that, with Orpen's, but it is also easy to overlook the fact that in several of his paintings of the last decade he approached more nearly to an individual point of view than in the brilliance of his middle period, striking though it is at first glance.

There was in Sargent a real strain of the baroque, a delight in doing what had been done before with rich and flamboyant additions. And it seems that while he was at the beck and call of wealth, this gift could not find an outlet in spite of magnificent—if "magnificent" be the word to use—manipulation of surface effects.

But recently, perhaps because our modern costume gives little excuse for bravura, Sargent depended more and more upon reminiscence of the old masters. He produced Vandyck-Sargents, Kneller-Sargents, Velasquez-Sargents. The bravura was still there, but unity was there too. His colour began at last to play a part in his pictures. Instead of looking like pieces of nature with a sheet of bluish glass in front of them—his pictures took on a life of their own. A life of the memory perhaps, but enough to make Sargent's name more permanent that it might have been.—EDWARD FAZACKERLY.

"CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA."—The Birmingham Repertory Company has paid another tribute to Mr. Shaw in reproducing this "history." He, it will be remembered, has stated his conviction that the theatre is more valuable than any other medium of expression for expounding problems or correcting misconceptions. The attitude is manifestly valid ; but with it, the vitality of the characters and their human appeal to the audience must depend on the urgency of restating a specific lesson or argument. That the audience laughed continually over the play does not prove that Mr. Shaw has judged the urgency well ; it suggested rather that neither those who understood, nor those who misunderstood, cared very much about the lessons.

To use the meeting of Cæsar and Cleopatra partly as a peg for satire on the late Victorians, partly to demonstrate that the interests of imperial nobility and cunning involved in that meeting were no more tainted with barbarism than those of 1898, seems at best to be asking for three hours' attention to inessentials. If the late Victorian mind denied a culture to Cæsar (and presumably it did for Mr. Shaw to have been aroused) it is safe to say that the play was as unintelligible to it as the denial is to us. Moreover, the humour would be as cheap to those who had no respect for the great Roman as it now appears unnecessary. For Cæsar, having had a bag put before him by his secretary, Britannus, with the words, "Our enemies are delivered into our hands," to make reply, "In that bag?" would merely have confirmed their feeling that he was a barbarian and an imbecile ; to us, it is simply a silly joke.

The wit with which Mr. Shaw is universally credited is a strange possession : it displays an acute understanding of stage necessities and of life, yet it has the immediate effect of devitalizing any character made to employ it. Perhaps it is that each stroke is designed to strengthen caricature, to disengage the characters

from their humanity, for the purer enunciation of the intellectual motive, while achieving *en route* enough laughter to maintain the interest of the audience. The technique is, in many cases, too apparent. For instance, the youthful Cleopatra's repeated allusions to the "strong brown arms" of Mark Antony, who was no more than a childish memory to her. Mere probability apart, the effect is simply caricature. Cleopatra is not made to live by the trick. Cæsar himself, moulded into a solid, but unconvincing figure, part candour, part platitude, part generosity, part "foxing," is the rock against which the lesser figures strike their wit, in the hope of occasional sparks. The hope is sometimes justified.

The actors all display the sound, pleasing skill which comes of Repertory work, and are to be congratulated on their harmony and cohesion. The scenery and costumes are in no way remarkable. Indeed, the scene showing the Sphinx, and the curtains behind which Cleopatra's nurse is slain, might well be changed. The close black and white stripes of the curtains put a positive strain upon the eyes.—ARNOLD GIBBONS.

An Epitaph

LOVE, here lies your child,
Whose heart was wild, wild. . . .
Stilled in death now : for ever
Faithful,—unreconciled.

MARGARET RADFORD.

THE WRONG BOOK?

By The Journeyman

THERE has been a religious call to arms. It was drowned in the noise of the Budget. Unfortunately, the change in the price of silk stockings obscured the change in the Church calendar, which the Anglo-Catholics have been making, and against which one hundred and fifty good men and true have called upon English Churchmen to defend themselves.

A plague on both your houses!—were it not by far too violent—might express the attitude of the modern man. He is profoundly indifferent to the whole business. Sixpence off the income tax—that is something. But whether or not Corpus Christi should be slipped into the Church festivals, or the Assumption dubbed a Saints' day on carpet consideration—that is remote from his concerns. Why should two, or twenty, more Church services give a sleepless night to a man who never dreams of going to one? Therefore, why should the editor of the *Daily Anything* waste a precious headline on a manifesto which would have divided the nation and sent a Government packing only fifty years ago?

I am not so indifferent. I have an affection for the English Prayer-Book, and hate the thought of its being transmogrified by a set of Romanizing hot-heads, who, if they want to go to Rome, would do it more decently and more courageously, by resigning their cures in a Church which has its origin in a deliberate separation from Rome. That seems a matter of simple honesty and elementary good faith. But reference to those virtues is notoriously irrelevant in religious controversy. Sectarians never see, and never believe, that one

straightforward act of self-sacrifice more powerfully declares the glory of God than a thousand back-stair victories.

For these unassuming reasons I am with those who call upon us to defend the principles of the Church of England against those who would denature it from within, and I hope there will be some active response to their appeal. Moreover, I freely confess that I do not want to see the Roman Catholic Church gaining ground in England, even though I know its gains will always be more apparent than real. If it advances it will be because there is a real indifference concerning religion in its established forms in this country. If that is so, we must accept the fact. It will probably turn out to be less deplorable than it sounds. Anyhow, I am certain that if the advanced Anglo-Catholics dream of subtly reconquering this country for Rome, and they achieve their dream, they will have won a Pyrrhic victory. They may have the Church, but they will not have the people : nor will they have the money—the people will see to that.

I am not a wholly detached spectator. My sympathies are quite definitely engaged on one side. And yet I cannot help feeling that the main interest of this "call to action" lies in the possibility that it may show, sooner or later, whether the nation as a whole has become irrecoverably indifferent to the forms of religion. It *looks* as though it had become indifferent ; and, if it is really so, there is no call to lament over it. The reality of religion will never disappear from among men : it is as necessary to their lives as the casing air. And if Englishmen in the long run refuse to rally to the defence of the Established Church it will be because they have begun to look for the religious reality elsewhere. Those who cannot do without forms will have gone where the forms are most comprehensive, namely, to Rome ; those who desire to dispense with forms—

and these I believe will be found in the majority—will have gone their own individual way.

In this there would be nothing to be alarmed at. It seems to stand in the nature of a Church that is founded, as the authors of the "call to action" themselves acknowledge, on the claim that the individual soul has access to "a direct communion with God," that it should one day evolve itself out of existence. You can hardly build an everlasting institution on the principle of private judgment.

Nevertheless, on second thoughts, an institution, without being everlasting, may endure a long time; what is bound to happen "one day" may well take centuries in the process. Of English institutions, in particular, it is singularly rash to prophesy impending dissolution. They have a trick of being uncommonly tough at the core. And though the signatories to the "call to action" are responsible men who would certainly not have sounded the alarm without good cause to show, I cannot help wondering whether they have not underestimated the powers of resistance to essential innovation that lurk in the hearts of the thousands of simple-minded church-goers in the English countryside. The House of Clergy may resolve that Corpus Christi is to be an English festival, and seriously argue that "The Falling Asleep of the Blessed Virgin"—the very phrase has a hot-house religiosity that the English soul abhors—should be received among Saints' Days with a Collect, Epistle, and Gospel of its own; but perhaps the Anglo-Catholics in the House of Clergy, and their perturbed opponents, have both forgotten an important fact. I do not pretend to know; but I am inclined to suspect that the main reason why the House of Clergy is suffered to perform its alarming antics is that nine out of ten of the simple-minded country church-goers neither know nor care that the House of Clergy exists.

It may be said that this is very wrong of them, a
that they ought to know and care. But why? Wl
should they be required to scratch their heads over tl
manœuvres of ecclesiastical wire-pullers? They go
Church, once a week, to praise the Lord according
the fashion of their fathers, not torture themselves wi
the subtleties of the Thirty-nine Articles after tl
manner of John Henry Newman. Who's in, who's o
in Church politics is no affair of theirs. And it is a ve
good thing it is not. If they began to attend to tl
wrangles of the House of Clergy, they might beg
to have an even more sceptical attitude towards parso
than they have yet acquired.

But their indifference is dangerous? The enemy
sowing tares while they sleep? No doubt he is. B
when it shows above ground a countryman can t
a tare from a wheat-blade without much risk of erro
And perhaps, when these innovations of the Angl
Catholics have ripened from resolutions into full-siz
ceremonies and the words in the Prayer-Book begin
look queer, the countryman will simply refuse ther
It may take a long while for him to realize what
being done. I cannot imagine my friend Isaac G
readily changing his prayer-book (which belonged
his grandfather and enjoins him to pray for a Geor
who more needed assistance than this one) for a ne
fangled missal *ad usum Anglo-Catholicum* with Corp
Christi and The Falling Asleep of the Blessed Virg
in it. When he is told to do so, there may be troubl

Not spectacular trouble, of the kind that sectari
zealots (be they Anglo-Catholic or Kensitite) are zealo
to provoke with their banners and processions; b
respectful, solid, stolid, insuperable trouble of the sc
so well described by Thomas Hardy:

> "Now perhaps (said Parson Torkingham) we had bett
> sol-fa the tune. Eyes on your books, please. Sol-sc
> Fa-fa! me."

> "I can't sing like that, not I," said Sammy Blore, with condemnatory astonishment. "I can sing genuine music, like F and G, but not anything so much out of order of nater as that."
>
> "Perhaps you've brought the wrong book, sir?" chimed in Haymoss, kindly. "I've knowed music early in life, and late—in short, ever since Luke Sneap broke his new fiddlebow in the wedding psalm, when Pa'son Wilton brought home his bride. . . . I've knowed music ever since then, I say, sir, and never heard the like o' that. Every martel note had its name of A, B, C at that time."
>
> "Yes, yes, men, but this is a more recent system."
>
> "Still, you can't alter a old-established note that's A or B by nater," rejoined Haymoss, with yet deeper conviction that Mr. Torkingham was getting off his head. "Now sound A, neighbour Sammy, and let's have a slap at 'Christen Sojers' again, and show the Pa'son the way."

"Perhaps you've brought the wrong book, sir," may turn out to be the impregnable defence of the real Church of England against the zealots of the House of Clergy.

Antipater of Sidon

WHERE, Corinth, charm incarnate, are your shrines?
Your citadel? Your towered wall? Your line
Of noble women? Your ancient treasure?
And that ten thousand of your people lost?

War wreaked on you his hideous ravishment;
We, we alone, Nereids inviolate,
Remain to weep, with the sea-birds to chant:
Corinth is lost, Corinth is desolate.

H. D.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Madame Tussaud's.—For many persons Madame Tussaud's has ever persisted curiously in the memory, lingering with a definition which cannot be quite explained. The strangeness and diversity of human endeavour manifested there always seemed to fascinate the recollection; and its humble, naive style had long since grown into a novelty. Indeed Time, which had conquered most other waxworks, had formed with Madame Tussaud's an alliance which he perpetually strengthened and cherished, so that in these latter days it came to possess a certain intrinsic interest as an exhibition. That was perhaps half its charm; that there existed, unchanged in outlook, although augmented in property, an institution which had entertained our grandfathers; although its attraction, moulded into delicacy in this recognition, was still firmly centred in the wax figures themselves.

There is a most singular impressiveness about a ceroplastic image, modelled to have a lively semblance to the individual. Charles II. peers through the scratched glass panes of his case in Westminster Abbey in a truly remarkable way. He peeps out, not as a king, but as the wax image of a king, stolidly, deadly, a funeral semblance of wax. That is his significance, a semblance. Yet how real and vital is the thought of him, as was that of Fouquier-Tinville, Robespierre, Carrier, or Marie Antoinette, whose features, modelled after execution by order of the National Convention, were in Madame Tussaud's. Those lost days, closing in the agony of death, seemed to filter, real and rigid, from the poor crimson wax on their necks . . .

The Chamber of Horrors was a misnomer. It was never preciselv that. It was, more than anything else, another statement of interrupted life, of murderers, prisoners, assassins who perished suddenly on the judg-

ment of their fellow men. Their crimes seemed to surround them quietly, yet the impression—so strangely compelled by the graven, gloomy features—was always one of abrupt, cleaving termination. The whole gallery was a monument, more consistently convincing to the imagination than any similar exhibition, to ceaseless change, futile endeavour and to the continuity of human experience.

There appears to have been a necessary distinction between this solidity of semblance, and the utter lifelessness which could not be denied to many of the exhibits. When they were intended to represent pictorially alone they were least successful. Tableaux of kings and queens were quite meaningless, although to many of the visitors they were as traditionally valuable as most others. That was a curious fact, though in part responsible for the popularity of the exhibition, and exemplifying that affection for what had pleased their fathers before them.

Those relics so ably reflecting, in their singular manner, the violent action of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic period which were consumed in the recent fire, together with much useless wax, can never be replaced, and it is doubtful if Mr. Tussaud's words : " We shall be born again," will be fully realized. The charm of his exhibition went away in smoke as intangible as itself.—A. G.

PICTURE-SELLING.—It has become necessary for the writer to discover under what conditions modern pictures are sold and to what people other than the few almost " professional " picture-collectors. Investigation of recent exhibitions—especially of an exhibition famed for its quality as a market—revealed the fact that casual purchase of pictures depends chiefly upon idea—a cow well seen and drawn, for instance, has no advantage *from the selling point of view* over one badly

done. The work of those artists who depend upon their technical skill, a class dominant to-day, is, it would appear, bought for the most part by amateurs in the branch in which the artists specialize.

For the benefit of an imaginary person who is adopting art as a profession, I have drawn out in my notebook the table below :

To Catch	It is Necessary to Produce
1. Casual purchasers.	Work of any class with emphasized idea.
2. Amateurs.	Work of any class with emphasized technique.
3. Connoisseurs.	Portraits and subject pictures with emphasized reference to the old masters.

(2) is the most difficult of the three classes to attempt, but provides the quicker return for capital outlay ; (3) is undoubtedly the course to recommend to the young person of moderate gifts, as it will also bring good Press notices, which are often valuable.

Good framing is essential, but this can safely be left to any well-known framer. Cheap framing will take quite 50 per cent. of the value of a picture away in the eyes of an intending purchaser, though he will very often not be aware of it.—E. F.

JAZZ.—Though I am not a professional musician, I know something of the technique of music and I would like to express my wonder at the form which popular music has now taken. It is no longer a watered-down version of what is loosely termed "classical" music, but is absolutely distinct from it, employing as it does instruments which, with the exception of the trumpet and cornet (usually played muted with the hand or

top-hat), and the piano, are unknown to the concert orchestra.

Some of the tunes which this music employs are undoubtedly humorous and entertaining in themselves, and perhaps this is the reason for its popularity (one must remember that bands playing the music can easily fill the Queen's Hall), but since whatever individuality the tunes may possess is immediately and invariably stamped out by them by an exaggerated monotonous rhythm, in combination with meaningless solo work for the various instruments comprising the band, it is not easy to see how this music maintains its hold on the public.

I would not have troubled THE ADELPHI with this minor point, except that it is impossible to go into any place of amusement at the present moment without hearing these too familiar sounds. By the way, the orchestras providing the sounds have fanciful titles. One such band advertises itself as " The Shakespeare-Rutterford Rhythmonic Combination " !—J. H. W.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.—Cross-word enthusiasts can be roughly divided into two main groups. There are those who, in their march through this mechanised world, set an almost symbolic value upon the activity, as a test of ingenuity *per se* ; and there are those who, instinctively frightened of loneliness, seek alliance of any kind, and assume that alliance is stabilized by wholesale participation.

Further examination compels us to transfer, temporarily at least, many from the first group to the second, and makes the boundary impermanent. For it will be perhaps admitted that the pleasure of solving any puzzle, as distinct from the pleasure involved in pronouncing upon its " goodness," is limited entirely by the ability of the intelligence ; while its " goodness "

varies as the process of solving has, consciously or unconsciously, flattered the vanity of the solver.

A riddle is propounded to the intelligence; unravelling proceeds apace to solution; and two effects arise, shared by the thousands of minds which accepted the riddle. The first is the common bond of triumph, the second a presumed ascendancy over the intelligence of the author. The second brings a curious addition to personal and intellectual security.

It is interesting to observe the policies successively adopted by the popular Press, which exists for the specious purpose of welding such "civilized" alliances, in return for pennies.

Interest was revived after the decline of the first, "geometrical" era by resorting to unsymmetrical designs and erratica contrived in the form of houses, dogs, top-hats, and other objects. Care was even taken to set out the clues in rhyme, after the manner of acrostics. A second decline was followed by a third period, in which the words suggested by the clues were "curtailed," "beheaded," and abbreviated, and much ingenuity was expended in devising time-limits for solution. To maintain interest, recourse was even had to mechanically ingenious aids, resulting in tedious, inevitable repetitions of certain words.

Along a totally different line of evolution, the services of eminent persons were engaged for the construction of the puzzles. This line of development seemed promising, but it prematurely revealed its limitations by the fact that the most eminent person so far engaged has been Mr. Gilbert Frankau. This suggests the nice abstract problem: What degree of eminence is compatible with being generally accepted as an authoritative deviser of cross-word puzzles? Or, in the concrete: Which would be the greatest personal triumph for the greatest number of cross-word devotees—to solve Dean Inge's puzzle, or Sir Oliver Lodge's, or

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's—remember what Sherlock Holmes has done for spiritualism—or Steve Donoghue's, or Horatio Bottomley's, or Winston Churchill's, or Montagu Newton's, or Mrs. Asquith's? Let the *Daily Mail* decide.

Certain more serious speculators, who believe that a definite vision or message may be communicated by a group of words not linked in grammatical sequence but co-ordinated by an original thought, have suggested that possibly some higher mind, making use of a cross-word-puzzle-author's intelligence, may actually convey a message to each of the many solvers' minds. Such a possibility, though apparently at variance with the practice of the popular Press, is an interesting hypothesis.—E. H. O.

BOOKS TO READ

PLOTINUS. Vol. III. "On the Nature of the Soul." Being the Fourth Ennead. Translated by Stephen Mackenna. (Medici Society.) £1 1s.

This is, we believe, the first systematic English rendering of the Enneads since the enthusiastic Thomas Taylor and his follower T. M. Johnson. Plotinus had an ontological genius of almost the highest order; but the system of which he was the true creator (though not the actual originator) suffered much at the hands of his disciples. *Rerum cognoscebat causas*, after his fashion. This elaborate discussion of the essence, problems and destiny of the soul depends on and develops his conception of the soul as the only source of knowledge, capable alone of reaching by intuition the intangible godhead, the One or Unity, through the world-soul. That the world-soul, comprehensible by the individual in a state of ecstasy, can reach the reason (*Nous*) that is the overflow of divine or immanent spirit, is Plotinus' most remarkable theory and that which did most havoc among his followers. Philosophers should be grateful for Mr. Mackenna's scholarly translation, which is most elegantly produced—the series would adorn any library.

THE ANGLICAN REVIVAL. By the Rev. Yngve Brilioth. Preface by the Bishop of Gloucester. (Longmans, Green.) 16s. net.

This critical study of the Oxford Movement, which comes from Scandinavia, is a remarkable achievement for a foreign scholar. Dr. Brilioth's learning and his presentation of his subject are unimpeachable: but, curiously enough, we are less impressed by the purely theological side of his argument than by his vivid realization of the haunting spiritual glamour of mid-century Oxford; and his carefully grounded conception of the Movement as a phase in the Romantic revival in English feeling as a whole. The Movement certainly averted stagnation from the Anglican Church: but perhaps it is still too early to see its influences in full perspective. The anonymous translator has served Dr. Brilioth well.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY: BEFORE AND AFTER ROUSSEAU. By C. E. Vaughan. In 2 vols. (Manchester Univ. Press: Longmans, Green.) 42s. net.

We regret that we have not space here to deal adequately with this massive work; but we are anxious that it should not escape the notice of any serious student of political history and theory. The late Charles Edwyn Vaughan had been engaged on it over many years; but as he was a busy professor of literature and had given much time to the work on Rousseau of which it is the complement, it is perforce incomplete. It shows profound learning, keen insight and acute reasoning power; and contains the most able discussion of the theory of Contract in its bearings on the Individual and the State that we have met. Mr. A. G. Little, the editor, contributes an interesting memoir of one of the most admirable (and least recognized) academic figures of the last half-century. A full list of Vaughan's miscellaneous writings, by Mr. H. B. Charlton, is also included; and the whole is well produced.

INDUSTRY AND CIVILIZATION. By C. Delisle Burns. (Allen & Unwin.) 10s. 6d. net.

A study of the bases of modern industrial Economics: perhaps the most thorough work of this distinguished sociologist. All his arguments are closely knit and impartial: on the neglected theme of the Nature of Demand he is particularly strong. His ethical assumptions are, we fear, a little rosy; though he avoids *explicitly* moral lines in his treatment.

STUDIES FROM TEN LITERATURES. By Ernest Boyd. (Scribner's.) 12s. 6d. net.

Some years ago, we formed a considerable respect for Mr. Boyd, critic and historian of the Irish Renaissance. Since then, a journalistic imp has laid hold on him. We find the tone of these dashing essays quite intolerable. He has wide, if not deep, reading and keenness of observation: but he is intolerant, aggressive, "knowing," and hasty to a degree. Almost all his readers will find introductions to unfamiliar foreign writers: but this obligation may become a grievance. If his judgment of the known provokes mistrust at every turn, how accept him as a guide to the unknown?

THE TRAVEL-DIARY OF A PHILOSOPHER. By Count Hermann Keyserling. Translated by J. Holroyd Reece. 2 vols. (Cape.) 36s. net.

For what is to be found in this remarkable book see *The Road to Darmstadt* (page 22). Mr. Reece is to be congratulated and thanked for a very unusual piece of translation.

THE NOVELS OF FIELDING. By Aurélien Digeon. (Routledge.) 10s. 6d. net.

It is at once a pain and a pleasure to acknowledge that it has been given to a foreigner to write the most thorough, the most sympathetic and most critical study yet achieved of an author accounted above all others "English." This book is a triumph of international culture and purely French intelligence. We cannot praise too highly M. Digeon's interpretations of the four great novels, and his profound appreciation of the moral attitude of Fielding, which "is not yet the romantic motive of sincerity which redeems and passion which purifies: it is its prelude." M. Digeon's moral criticism of Fielding, both as man and author, is as indispensable to the enthusiast as to "Richardsonians"—these are still numerous.

A HISTORY OF EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DRAMA: 1700-1750. By Allardyce Nicoll. (Cambridge Univ. Press.) 18s. net.

Professor Nicoll approaches his theme more from the angle of the social historian than of the literary critic. He sees the drama from the point of view of the theatre. His knowledge of his period is exhaustive; his methodical documentation of it rather exhausting. He has to exhibit, and account for, a dramatic output prolific enough but increasingly decadent and dull: his expositions are elaborate and conscientious, if not always convincing. The most marked influence on the period was the rise of the middle-classes, sentimentalizing both tragedy and comedy. It is strange that so "Augustan" an age had so provincial a drama. Mr. Nicoll appends a list of every individual stage production in London and every known play written during the fifty years—such industry is almost provocative! The book is, of course, quite invaluable to students of the subject.

THE COMMON READER. By Virginia Woolf. (Hogarth Press.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Woolf emerges from partial anonymity—we admired many of these essays in the *Times Literary Supplement*—as perhaps our most brilliant *interpretative critic*. That is, although her method is not philosophic or analytical, she is altogether more judicious and satisfying than the merely appreciative critics. Her estimates of Montaigne and George Eliot, for instance, place these authors *as* authors almost perfectly, without relating their work to universal standards. The feminine element, her humorous, graceful, and whimsical manner, does not affect these: though it is the very breath of her slighter biographical studies. Historical sense and wideness of sympathy are Mrs. Woolf's birthright: when she touches two foreign literatures, the Greek and the Russian, we find a remarkable insight beneath her diffidence.

COLLECTED POEMS. By Maurice Baring. (Heinemann.) 10s. 6d. net.

This is not the most interesting volume in Mr. Baring's Collected works. His verse, which belongs essentially to a transition period, is delicate, scholarly, and high-minded; but it almost never achieves vigour or real originality of thought. The masque "Proserpine," for example, is pretty and graceful; but it only evokes faintly, it does not bring to life. Mr. Baring's lyre is in no manner "a wingèd instrument."

MASKS OF TIME. By Edmund Blunden. (Beaumont Press.) 25s. net.

For a poet who reached, when so young, so matured an expression, these new poems seem curiously tentative and unfinished. The second part, dealing with the War, is not good; lacks both cogency and serenity. The first part, containing "rusticities, reflections and fancies" never rises to Mr. Blunden's best: here and there, as in *On the Death-Mask of John Clare*, one meets his true quality; but generally there is a disappointing technical looseness. Mr. Blunden's reputation will not be enhanced among the few who buy this elegant limited edition; nor is one quite sure that he is feeling his way to a new achievement as valuable as the old.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. (Martin Secker.) 21s.

This collection follows hard upon Mr. Aiken's *Selection* and the *Life and Letters* by the poet's niece, M. D. Bianchi (who contributes an Introduction), but it adds little that is of inherent value. Emily Dickinson was one of the most genuine poets America has produced; but the great mass of her work is rather the raw material of poetry than its consummation. Never, surely, have we encountered a more defective sense of rhyme and rhythm. The flashes of inspiration are rare and seem to "come across" almost by accident: yet, somehow, one never escapes the sense of ardent mind and spirit beneath. The inner history of the poet shows a fine triumph over circumstance and over the hopeless intellectual environment that did so much to stifle her actual expression. The suppressed radiance of resignation —that, perhaps, is the essence of Emily Dickinson.

THE BEST POEMS OF 1924. Selected by Thomas Moult. Decorations by P. Hagreen. (Cape.) 6s. net.

We envy Mr. Moult the cheerful enthusiasm he shows in his Introduction for more and more poets and poetry. It is no doubt due to his restricted field of selection that many of the leading English and American poets are absent; and the rest poorly represented. Nothing here will be likely to adorn a Golden Treasury. Mr. Church's *The Flight*, Mr. Shanks's *The Bitten Grass*, Mr. Coppard's *Stay, O Stay*, and Mr. Humbert Wolfe's *Torchbearer* are notable. The little book is very prettily produced.

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR, AND OTHER POEMS. By Herbert Edward Palmer. (Heinemann.) 5s. net.

That we consider Mr. Palmer's poems unusual has been sufficiently shown by the number of them we have published in these pages. Mr. Palmer's work is entirely individual; he is perfectly described by his own apt phrase—"a star-struck singing-man." At his best his verses sing themselves, and are simple, passionate and of a strange beauty. He has all the essentials of a popular poet in the best sense; and it is a wonder to us, after reading such a piece as the lovely *Woman's Love Song*, that he has not become one. Our readers will be doing their plain duty if they buy his book.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

BRING! BRING! By Conrad Aiken. (Secker.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Aiken is an analyst of moods. He deals little in action; and that mainly symbolical action. He is not subjective: he has the dramatic instinct; but his stories are weakened in both construction and style by being too abstract. Though eminently balanced and intelligent, he confines himself to the unusual, often the bizarre. He is in rebellion against the *facts* of modern America: but he neither assimilates nor transcends them.

THE HOUSE OF MENERDUE. By A. C. Benson. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

The Master of Magdalene suffuses his romance with that cultured, slightly old-world charm and grace that mark his essays. The half-dozen characters, whose relations are the material of a tale as full of human interest as it is deficient in construction and plot, are most delicately studied; there is, above all, that *beaucoup de tendresse* which Joubert pronounced to be the essence of a novel. We are slightly puzzled by the concluding episodes, in which four of the characters seem to act inconsistently; and the mellow beauty of the whole does not quite atone for one curious lapse in the author's spiritual insight.

THE NEW DECAMERON. Vol. IV. Edited by Blair. (Blackwell.) 7s. 6d. net.

The device indicated in the title seems rather purposeless. Mr. Rickword is trivial yet amusing. Blair is more serious, but dullish. Mr. Sadleir's *A Mother's Comedy* is the best thing in the volume. Storm Jamieson's *Monotony* is *technically* a very good story. Mr. Lawrence is not up to his standard, but has some rare descriptive touches.

MYRTLE. By Stephen Hudson. (Constable.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Hudson's experiment in presenting the latest heroine of his "Kurt" series through the eyes of nine soliloquists is something of a *tour de force*; but the reader is slightly confused; and so the artistic impression weakened. A strong *dramatic* sense is needed; and it is not forthcoming.

NOTABLE NOVELS—*continued.*

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Cassell.) 7s. 6d. net.

A very convincing and human story, staged partly in the author's favourite county and partly in Sark. The hapless Dan Sheather is an appealing figure, drawn with tenderness and restraint. Miss Kaye-Smith's dramatic sense has never, her poetic sense rarely, been better displayed.

CORAL. By Compton Mackenzie. (Cassell.) 7s. 6d. net.

This sequel to *Carnival* has much of its author's stimulating comedy, but it suffers in comparison from diminished creative vigour and a more artificial and sophisticated style. Mr. Mackenzie's satirical grasp of incident and dialogue is admirable; but his characters are not always convincing.

THE PAINTED VEIL. By W. Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Maugham writes of the frivolous young wife of a doctor, taken in adultery and forced to do penance in a cholera-stricken Chinese town, where her husband dies a martyr to science, leaving her to return home a little improved. It is all rather sordid and futile. Mr. Maugham has observation and a cynical cleverness; but his vision of life strikes us as superficial, arid, uninspiring.

MY NAME IS LEGION. By Charles Morgan. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Heinemann have a keen eye for unusual first novels. There is a good deal that is obvious and even crude in Mr. Morgan's book; but one is conscious of latent power. The achievement is by no means negligible: the promise is undeniable.

THE UNHURRYING CHASE. By H. F. M. Prescott. (Constable.) 7s. 6d. net.

A good book, but not good enough to conceal the *effort* that a historical novel demands of a modern mind. The manner is cramped. Mr. Prescott's scope impels admiration: but his power shows itself more in characterization than in the religious theme (based on *The Hound of Heaven*), which is not modulated by a sufficient historical sense.

THE TRAP. By Dorothy M. Richardson. (Duckworth.) 7s. 6d. net.

Another stage in the emotional life of the interminably interesting Miriam. She *does* nothing except go to live with a fellow-member of the Club. Those who dislike impressionism will at least be grateful that there is so good an impressionist. Dorothy Richardson's sensitiveness and subtlety of perception are very rare: but it must be confessed there are longueurs.

WILLIAM. By E. H. Young. (Jonathan Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is a sympathetic and humorous study of a large middle-class family; and the units, especially father, are skilfully delineated. But such motive as there is is too slight to sustain so long a record of everyday happenings, however pleasurable they be.

The Adelphi

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A THEOLOGICAL ENCOUNTER

By John Middleton Murry

IN *The Guardian* of May 8th last an able theologian criticized, with an unexpected tolerance, some recent remarks of mine on "Personality and Immortality." I was greatly interested in this writer's views, first, because I found them extremely difficult to grasp in spite of the obvious skill with which they were presented, and secondly, because his habit of mind was unfamiliar to me. Though I have read a little in Thomas Aquinas and a little more in some of the mediæval Christian mystics, I am a complete stranger to the thoughts and methods of modern theology.

I have never doubted that the very personal views which I have from time to time expressed in these pages had points of contact (though probably of hostile contact) with the conceptions of modern theology. To have ascertained precisely where these points of contact, or conflict, lay would have meant my going too far out of my way; for I regard myself primarily as a literary critic who has been forced by circumstances, both private and professional, to wander for a season in the debatable land wherein both literature and religion find their culmination. I have been involved, *invitâ Minervâ,* in a voyage of discovery, but not in a punitive expedition. The notion of making a détour in search of

enemies is to me fantastic : I have found quite enough, unsought, on my own road and in my own profession.

But now that an able modern theologian has planted himself squarely in my path, I have no choice but to deal with him to the best of my ability, just as I should try to deal with any literary critic who seriously opposed my views.

My critic begins his article by admitting the difficulties and ambiguities which surround the conception of " immortality." " From time to time, therefore, it becomes a duty to face the difficulties and examine with care the nature of the doctrine peculiar to the Church."

What could be more admirable? I am filled with hope and expectation. It seems to me almost a matter for regret that I should at this moment appear to interrupt the exposition. Nevertheless, I do appear with my statement that there is no paradox in " the simultaneous assertion of a disbelief in personal immortality and a disbelief in annihilation." To this my critic replies that " the thought of an immortality less than personal is both ancient and various in form." There is, for example, the " attenuated immortality of fame " (excellent phrase !), the immortality of the species, and the immortality which " consists in reabsorption into the one Eternal Mind."

At this point I must demur. My statement that I find no paradox in simultaneously disbelieving both in personal immortality and in annihilation has been quite arbitrarily interpreted. Did I say that I believed in an immortality " *less* than personal " ? Might it not be, did not my own article persistently imply, that I believed in an immortality that is *more* than personal? Did I not maintain that " personality," in any current and intelligible use of the word, is a limitation which at various moments of our mortal lives we do in fact transcend, and thereby make contact with a deeper and a truer self? Did I not assert that these momentary

and profound experiences of a self beyond, and greater than, " personality " are indeed our " intimations of immortality," and the only ones we have? I tried to make this clear; I believe I did make it clear. Why then am I straightway represented as saying that I believed in an immortality *less* than personal?

I am convinced that this serious and to me crucial misrepresentation of my statements was not deliberate. The internal evidence proves that my critic is an honourable man. Therefore I conclude that this misrepresentation was instinctive: for him an immortality which is other than personal *must* be *less* than personal. By what necessity, save one of his own temperament?

Henceforward, he is incapacitated from criticizing my belief. He is not controverting me, but some imaginary disputant whom he endows with my name. All that I can conclude from his inability to grasp what I did say is that my conception of immortality is not that of the Church. I never supposed it was. What I do know is that some of the greatest sons of the Church have held a belief that is not, in essence, unlike my own. But of the doctrine of the Church itself I know nothing, for the simple reason that I have never been able to understand it when well-meaning people have tried to present it to me.

Fortunately, it is precisely on this point of the Church doctrine of immortality that my critic proposes to instruct me. " Christianity, it is needless to add," he goes on, " can be satisfied with none of these," that is to say, these doctrines of an immortality less than personal. " Moreover, we cannot remind ourselves too often that faith in ' the resurrection of the body ' is radically distinct from the pagan belief in the immortality of the soul." Here, I fancy, " should be " is more appropriate than " is." Otherwise, what need to remind yourself so often? And, as a matter of history, that " pagan " doctrine of the immortality of the soul

had a very potent influence in softening the asperities of the primitive Christian belief in "the resurrection of the body."

Still, my critic is right in insisting that the distinctively Christian belief is in the resurrection, and the immortality, of the body. What I should like to know is whether he *believes* in it? Whether, indeed, any theologian who is not content with the vain repetition of a dogmatic clause, does believe in it. I understand Saint Paul when he declares: "We know not yet what we shall be"; I can attach no meaning to a vague and general declaration of faith in "the resurrection of the body." I am not saying that those who make that declaration are insincere or perfunctory: I do not know what other men can believe. I merely insist that the mind of a man who can honestly declare that he believes in "the resurrection of the body" is utterly different from my own. I take it for granted that my critic does believe it, simply, literally, without reservations or symbolic interpretations. He must, for he says, and I agree, that it is the central and distinctive doctrine of the Christian Church. Yet his next paragraph, the substance of which I have met before in Christian apologetic, would make me doubtful.

> We venture to say that "the resurrection of the body" represents, in a philosophical sense, an immense advance upon the older doctrine of the soul's escape from its material prison or tomb. The Christian view is the one effective protest against a dualism which can only end in intellectual disaster. Thus alone does "the body" cease to be a disparate and inimical substance, and thus does the "resurrection of the body" come to signify the survival or restoration of personality in the eternal life.

On that paragraph one could write volumes. Let me simply ask one or two questions. Was Plato's fate really intellectual disaster? Is "the resurrection of the body" a philosophical doctrine at all? Does belief in it make the body cease to be a disparate and inimical

substance? Did it have that effect on Saint Paul, or on countless Christian ascetics who have followed his noble and vertiginous example? How does "the resurrection of the body" *come to signify* (dangerous phrase!) anything at all but what it says? If it is become simply a symbol of some ineffable condition, as Jesus' answer to the Sadducees indicates that he held it to be, then why not proclaim it openly?

At this point, however, I re-enter the debate.

> Mr. Murry appears to argue, strangely enough, that because "this personality" is mortal, it cannot be this same personality which is to pass into the immortal condition. As well almost might one argue that the identity of a human being could not survive the cutting of his wisdom teeth. Outside abstractions like the mathematical unit, there is no identity which does not endure in spite of —nay rather, because of—perpetual development and change. Were human personality—the most complex of all things known to us—exempt from this law, it would indeed be strange.

Such reasoning, I confess, seems to me disingenuous. The *conception* of "personality" is difficult, so is the *conception* of life; but the fact of personality is capable of being apprehended as simply as the fact of life. We know what we mean when we speak of personal possessions or personal charm; we know what men are asking for when they ask for personal immortality, and what they think they are getting when the theologian tells them that Christianity offers it to them. They ask to be reunited with their loved ones, or to be given some share of the earthly felicity that was denied them. The theologian who promises personal immortality promises men that they shall have such things as these. If he were to say to them: "No, the life everlasting is something infinitely better, an ineffable condition, wherein they are neither married nor given in marriage, and all mundane conceptions, including that of personality itself, are meaningless, a condition which transcends the

human existence that we know as far as human existence itself transcends the existence of the brute creation," they would reply : " That is not what we want, that is not what you promised." Nor would they be satisfied if they were told : " But, my friends, I promised you personality. The conception of personality is fraught with difficulties. But, in general, I may inform you there is no personality which does not endure in spite of—nay, rather because of—perpetual development and change."

> On any hypothesis, pagan or Christian (my critic proceeds), the philosophy of body and soul is infinitely difficult. . . . It scarcely follows, however, that the whole problem is beyond the range of rational discussion. " If we put resolutely aside the dogmas of theologians," says Mr. Murry, " and refuse to accept anything but the immediate experience of mankind . . . it is to these ' intimations of immortality ' that we are reduced for the basis of a faith concerning the spiritual reality of man." On the same principle, we might offer to put aside the dogmas of scientists, and to stick to " the immediate experience of mankind " as the basis of our faith concerning the nature of matter. The two proposals are, in fact, about equally intelligent. Wordsworthian intimations, chorus-endings from Euripides, and so forth, are challenges to the intelligence, not substitutes for thought. The poet's vision, no doubt, is untranslatable into argument, but so is a pain in one's finger. Theologians attempt to explain one kind of experience, physiologists another. The best of their theories or " dogmas " may be no more than shadows; but, as long as men are afflicted with rationality, so long will such theories continue to appear.

Let me pause at this paragraph : it needs some unravelling. Suddenly we find that the dogmas of theologians concerning immortality are on the same footing as the dogmas of scientists concerning matter. If my critic were a stupid man, I should pass this by as a mere stupidity. Since he is clever, I must suspect him of trying to throw dust in his readers' eyes. For surely this is a travesty of argument.

A scientist, *quâ* scientist, has no dogmas. He has hypotheses which he propounds as an explanation of certain facts; the moment a new fact is discovered that is outside the scope of his hypothesis, the hypothesis is discarded and a new one sought. Science is, by nature, completely undogmatic. Therefore, to declare that my proposal to put aside the dogmas of theologians concerning immortality is equivalent or analogous to putting aside the dogmas of scientists concerning matter is either to be nonsensical, or to imply that the dogmas of theologians are merely hypotheses. That, I gather from the concluding sentence, is what my critic means to imply. Or does he merely mean to seem to imply it? He cannot seriously suggest that the theological dogma of "the resurrection of the body" is a hypothesis? That is a simple fact, for the simple Christian; not a fact at all, for the sceptic. Therefore, I presume that he means that the explanations given by theology of this "fact" are merely hypothetical. I can well believe it.

But the incidental definition of theology interests me. "Theology explains one kind of experience; physiology another." Let us, for clarity's sake, stick to one particular question: "the resurrection of the body." Two things are really combined in that phrase. One is a belief in the reality of the resurrection of Jesus in the body; the other is a declaration of belief that all men will be resurrected in the body. One is therefore a belief in the reality of a certain event in history, the other a belief in a certain future event. These are, I presume, the experiences which theology explains. How does it explain them? For the first, I suppose, no explanation is possible or necessary. if you believe that Jesus did indeed rise bodily from the dead. You simply believe that the Gospel narratives of the resurrection, with all their insuperable discrepancies, are true: the event really happened, and hap-

pened in several different ways at the same time. I do not see what theology can explain in this ; history, psychology, or anthropology might attempt an explanation of the discrepancy of those narratives, on the assumption that the event did not really happen, but was sincerely believed to have happened. But I cannot see what explanation theology can give, or needs to give. The fact was a fact.

And, if this fact was indeed a fact, what necessity is there for theology to seek or give an explanation of the future resurrection of all men bodily from the dead? If the past fact was a fact, there is no difficulty in believing in the future fact. Yet apparently there are difficulties ; hypotheses have to be framed and theories propounded, " so long as mankind is afflicted with rationality." This is the task and function of theology —to supply rational explanations of matters of faith. It strikes me as a chimerical and fantastic occupation. It was all very well in the Middle Ages, when theological conceptions were the only intellectual conceptions which men possessed, and, for example, substance or matter could be easily and naturally identified with God. Then the theological and the rational activity were one. But now they are separated ; and theology (as distinct from the history of theology) presents the pathetic spectacle of trying to find scientific support for beliefs and facts which science cannot recognize.

My critic's next paragraph supplies me with an illuminating example :—

> Annihilation is a doctrine repudiated by natural philosophy in the very hour of its birth. In the lower grades of Nature, where the corruption of one thing is the origin of another, the thread of individuality does indeed appear to be broken at every transition. Yet it has to be remembered that individuality itself, vague and hazy at the lower levels, is for ever advancing towards clearer definition in the long evolutionary process towards human personality. Analogy in such a case, though it must fall

> far short of proof, is strong enough to authorize the suggestion that the virtual immortality of the germ-plasm may be an anticipation or symbol of the real immortality of the individual soul.

What on earth has the continuity of the germ-plasm to do with the resurrection of the body or personal immortality? Nothing at all. Moreover, it seems a little—let me speak softly—inconsistent, first to reproach me (falsely) with believing in a "less than personal" immortality, and then to offer me as "a symbol" of the true doctrine the least personal kind of immortality my mind can conceive. Is that what theology calls "explaining an experience"? I should call it whittling away an article of faith, in order that some people who are slightly afflicted with rationality may be able to say, "I believe in the continuity of the germ-plasm," but to pronounce it, "I believe in the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting." To my non-theological mind there is a difference between these things, and I infinitely prefer the attitude of old Tertullian: *Credo quia impossibile est.* Then I know where I am; I am bewildered by a science which makes its business to demonstrate (by analogy) that the impossible is possible.

At this point, however, mv critic returns, takes his foot off the scientific stool, and plants it, rather circumspectly, on the religious.

> The Christian faith in resurrection rests, however, on no analogies [Why, then, I cannot refrain from asking, make use of them?], but primarily upon belief in the resurrection of Christ as a historical fact. Of those who deny the reality of that alleged event [curious phrase!], something like one hundred per cent. deny it not (as they suppose) for purely historical reasons, but upon some *a priori* ground.

What is a *purely* historical reason, I wonder, in the view of my critic? Does the fact that the narratives of that "alleged event" are hopelessly contradictory

constitute a purely historical reason for rejecting them? If it does (and I think of none purer), then the purely historical objection is overwhelming. But it may be said there is the same, or at least a similar, purely historical reason for rejecting all the Gospel narratives of the life of Jesus. If we deny that he rose from the dead on purely historical grounds, then we must be consistent and deny that he ever lived at all. Very few people are foolish enough to deny that. To this extent, therefore, my critic is correct in saying that the great majority of those who deny the fact of the resurrection do not deny it on purely historical grounds.

But that does not mean that the reasons for which they deny it are *a priori* reasons. They have to deal, in the case of the Gospel narratives of the resurrection of Jesus, with four utterly discrepant narratives of an event which is unparalleled in human experience. Still, it is true that even if those narratives were concordant in every detail, they would reject them. But still not on *a priori* grounds. The *a priorism* is to be imputed to those who maintain that a miracle did, in fact, occur, not to those who deny the possibility of miracle. They reject the Gospel narratives of the resurrection of Jesus in the body, on precisely the same grounds that they reject Livy's prodigies, or the mediæval accounts of men with eyes in their stomachs; and so do I.

But in absolutely rejecting these narratives I am far from denying that Mary of Magdala, or Peter, or Paul, had a real experience of the existence of Jesus after his mortal death. There may well be, and I for my own part believe that there are, conditions —" whether in the body or out of the body "—in which soul may make contact with soul; that men have moments of exaltation when they for an instant possess faculties and acquire knowledge which are quite incommensurable with their ordinary faculties and ordinary knowledge, and cannot be translated into their terms. And I believe that men

and women who loved such a man as Jesus was as passionately as his followers loved him certainly did have such moments of exaltation and communion. They described their experiences according to their conceptions and their powers ; if they had been educated men of the twentieth century they would have described them differently : that is all.

And here, I think, I touch the root of my dissatisfaction with my critic's attitude, which is, I presume, typical of contemporary theology. It seems to me an attitude that is half of this century and half of rustic Palestine in the first century. It wants to sit on two stools at once, and has acquired the art of transferring itself from one to the other with such rapidity that a momentary illusion is created. Sober reflection tells me that the theologian *cannot* be sitting on both at the same moment ; but there is a whirl, a commotion, and a glitter, my eyes are dazzled, and it seems for one incredible second that the two positions have coalesced. It is acrobatics or prestidigitation. Hence comes the general distrust of modern theology and the general disrepute into which it is fallen.

Is it presumptuous to suggest that the only way for modern theology to rehabilitate itself is for it to become truly modern. By that I mean that it should base itself squarely on a critical attitude (which is not a merely sceptical attitude) to the Gospel narratives and the New Testament as a whole. The religious substance that is contained in them, the personality, the teaching, the heroism, the influence of Jesus, the story of the greatest of all human tragedies and the greatest of all human victories, would suffer no diminution. The religious experience exists ; it has been and always will be the most universal means of communion with the reality that eludes all intellectual search. There would still be a God, still a devoted and heroic Mediator and Saviour, of whom it would still be true that

where two or three are gathered together in his name, there is he in the midst of them. The choice in these modern times is not between dogmatic Christianity and no Christianity, as perhaps it was two hundred or a hundred years ago; nor, again, is it a choice between dogmatic Christianity and a kind of ethical humanitarianism. The personality, the teaching, and the heroism of Jesus were not made of benevolence and uplift; he did not preach what Renan called "la délicieuse théologie de l'amour." As we see him, and we can see him plainly enough *if* we look hard enough, he was the man who had the fullest religious experience in human history, and who lived and died completely in accordance with the fullness of his knowledge. For every gentle saying the humanitarians would anthologize there is a hard and terrible one which a truly modern theology would not even desire to extenuate. This harmony in a living man of complete joy in life and complete rejection of it, of extreme love and extreme anger, made Jesus what he believed he was, the Messiah indeed, the prophetic type of perfect man.

There has lived but one man whose life and words and works and death were such that countless generations of men have felt that he who conquered life *must* have conquered also the last enemy, death. The essential Christian faith in the resurrection of the body rests not on the fact of resurrection of Jesus from the dead, which is no fact at all, but on the fact, which is a fact, that no one who knows him (and we can know him as well as the men who saw him) has ever been able to believe that he died. Somehow or other they have created an immortality for him, and always the highest immortality that they could truly conceive. Let modern theology do the same; then it will not need to call "the virtual immortality of the germ-plasm" to its aid.

ESTHER'S DAUGHTER

By Sarah Gertrude Millin

I.

One thing that used to annoy our cook Alita very much was the fact that Esther, the cook next door, being coloured, could ride in a tram, while she, Alita, being black, could not.

"In Bloemfontein," she said, "they don't make this nonsense. In Bloemfontein it is not as here, in Johannesburg. The first thing is they don't let the Indians or the Chinamen live there at all. And the second thing is that there a Bastaard is a black person and not a white person, and we don't any of us ride in the tram. Black or brown or yellow, it is all the same. And so it should be."

But, of course, Alita never let Esther know that she had heart-burnings over the social distinctions which exist in Johannesburg between black and brown. Indeed, she even went so far as to tell her that she would much rather walk the two miles to town than be grudgingly accommodated, as is Esther, on top of a tram.

"I am my master's and my missis's Kaffir," she said to her, "but not everybody's Kaffir."

Whether Esther really believed, as she self-consciously stepped on the tram, and rode past poor, trudging Alita, that Alita did not envy her her privilege, I should not like to say.

But, in any case, Alita has had her revenge.

II.

It was not only the matter of tram-riding thı troubled Alita in her relationship with Esther. was that Esther generally put on airs with Alita.

Quite soon after Esther arrived next door, Ali went to see her. She pressed her white apron veı carefully, and she put on her Sunday head-cloth, ar she brought as an offering a pumpkin of her own grov ing and some mint, which we are unsuccessfully tryir to eradicate from the flower-beds.

Esther accepted the pumpkin and the mint, and Ali stayed for about half-an-hour gallantly making form conversation about the Church and the rain and thin like that. I say " gallantly " because, from what I cou gather, Esther did not give Alita much encouragemer " I think, missis," Alita explained wistfully, " I thir Esther is going to keep herself high with me."

That was not treatment to which Alita is accustome Even the white nurse-girls stop their perambulato while Alita leans over to comment on the beauty their charges, and the bigger children who walk wi the nurses have learnt to expect that Alita will giv them the sweets she buys with the money sh makes by the sale of bones and bottles. They eve come, the nurses and children, to play in our bac garden.

Esther apparently did not realize that Alita was privileged person in our street.

Perhaps she feels strange," I comforted Alit " Perhaps she will behave differently when she com to see you."

" *Will* she come to see me? " said Alita.

We both awaited with anxiety the return call Esther.

III.

But the weeks passed and Esther did not com She sent the house boy sometimes to borrow hous

hold things, she spoke a chance word or two over the garden wall, but she never herself walked into our kitchen to have a little friendly chat with Alita.

In a way, I did not exactly blame Esther. It was not as if, like the nursemaids, she was so safe about her colour that there could be no question of equality between her and Alita. After all, even white people are like that. They are less friendly with oncoming potential associates than they are with their unquestionable inferiors.

And then Esther was, in other ways too, in a difficult position. She really had to hold on most desperately to what was hers. The trouble with Esther was that she had once had a white husband, and that her child had inherited his white skin. What would Esther's daughter say if she saw her mother hobnobbing with Alita?

Alita pointed Elizabeth out to me one day as she was walking past our house to see her mother.

" Missis! Quick! Make as if you are not looking. It is the daughter of Esther. It is Elizabeth."

" That white girl!"

Alita nodded. She had created the sensation she wanted to create. I really was surprised. For I have seen colour manifesting itself in many ways, but I have not seen anything stranger than that a thoroughly brown woman like Esther should have a child as fair as Elizabeth.

" The nursemaid that comes here with the twins," Alita went on, " tells me that this Elizabeth has got a young man, and he works on one of the mines. His name is Mr. Periguano."

I noted how Alita gave to the man his courtesy title, but not to the girl who was the daughter of Esther.

" He must be an Italian," I commented, and it ran quickly through my mind that if Elizabeth should, by an unlucky chance, have very dark children, it could

always be pointed out that they were of Italian descent. I was relieved to think that Elizabeth was going to marry an Italian.

But Alita denied Elizabeth's young man the grandeur that was Rome.

" He is not an Italian, missis. They say he is English, or perhaps Irish, and that his hair is red."

" Periguano is not an English or Irish name, Alita," I said.

Alita yielded politely.

" Missis knows, of course. But still that is what he is called. I have heard it with my own ears. Mr. Periguano."

" You have not seen him yourself? " I asked.

Alita shook her head.

" He does not visit Esther," she said very pleasantly.

IV.

And why was that, I wondered. Why did not Mr. Periguano visit his future mother-in-law? . . .

Esther was always going about these days with sewing in her hand. So Alita told me. " She is making things for her daughter like the white people have. In two months' time they are going to marry. It will be a grand wedding, I hear, with flower-girls and what-not, and Esther is putting all her money in the post-office for the wedding-dress. Missis, I would like very much to see that wedding."

" Well, you can go if you want to," I told her.

" I would not give Esther the pleasure," said Alita, " to stand like a dog outside the church making ' Aie-e ' when her daughter walks in to get married."

Nevertheless, in the end, she did go. " I will stand behind the crowd," she said. " As long as Esther does not see me, that is all that matters."

She returned after an hour, and I asked her how it had been.

There was, I thought, a curiously charged expression on Alita's face, as if she were primed to the very edge with excitement. Although she spoke equably, it was only, I could see, from the surface.

" Well, and so the people came, missis, and there were three motor-cars. In one was Mr. Periguano with a friend, and it is true he has red hair. And in another was Elizabeth with a man, and the flower girls, and in another were folk I don't know. Then some came in carriages, and some came walking. And everyone was really white, missis."

And did the bride look beautiful?"

Alita made a sound signifying the very absolute in appreciation. " Missis should have seen her. The veil and the lace and the dress all full of beads. I can swear that dress must have cost Esther more than a little money. Perhaps five pounds. No, what do I say? Five pounds? Six or seven pounds even!"

I expressed my overwhelmed astonishment.

" And Esther?" I asked. " What was she wearing? Had she a nice dress, too?"

Alita did not reply. It was the dramatic pause. I had leapt to the very heart of Alita's story.

" Esther?" she said, tasting privately her thrilling climax.

" Yes. How did she look?"

" Esther?" Alita repeated in a quiet, demure voice. " No, she was not looking very wonderful. She came just as missis can see her every day."

I certainly was surprised.

" But why was that? Was it because all her money was spent on Elizabeth's clothes?"

Alita shook her head.

" No, missis."

She spread out her arms, and delivered herself of her news. " No, it was not for that. It was because it did not matter how Esther looked. Esther, my missis,

was not in the motor cars. She was not in the carriages. She was not in the church. Esther . . . . Esther was standing at the back of the crowd where Alita was standing. And when Elizabeth drives past, she puts out her head, and she makes a little noise in her throat, and then she quickly hides herself that Elizabeth shall not see her. And I too—that she may not be shamed more—I look too as if I don't see Esther. And that, missis, is how Esther went to her child's wedding."

It was not necessary that Alita should speak further. We both understood what had happened between Esther and Elizabeth. Elizabeth had married white, and was done with her mother. Quite probably Mr. Periguano had never even seen his mother-in-law, and knew nothing of Elizabeth's African blood.

"Are you not sorry for Esther, Alita?" I asked, after a few moments.

"Yes, I am sorry," said Alita. "I hoped evil would happen to Esther because she kept herself proud with me. I said, in my heart, 'Let the Old Man on High show Esther what it is to feel as she makes Alita feel.' But now I wish He had not listened to me."

V.

In the newspaper next morning I saw the announcement of a marriage between Joseph Baragwanath and Elizabeth Twentyman. For a second it conveyed nothing to me. Then I realized that Joseph Baragwanath must be Alita's Mr. Periguano; and I thought to myself how, if Elizabeth's children were not white, she would not, after all, be able to excuse their colour by an Italian ancestry.

THE LOVE-STORY OF LADY MARY MONTAGUE

By G. H. Stevenson

THE story of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's marriage is well known. No match could have been more romantic or have ended so strangely.

A daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, afterwards Duke of Kingston, she was born in May, 1689, and was fourteen ("I came young into the hurry of the world," so on one occasion she writes pathetically to her lover) when she first attracted the notice of Mr. Edward Wortley. Six years later we find her in intimate correspondence with his sister. Girlish, gushing effusions are those "long scrawls," as she calls them, though even they are not without their shrewd humour and salt of wit. Only hearken to these scraps of wisdom that the sweating postboy carried from Thoresby that summer of 1709. "I believe more follies are committed out of complaisance to the world than in following our own inclinations! . . ." "Nature is seldom in the wrong—custom always. . . ." "All people who fall in love with furniture, clothes, equipage . . . I look upon no less in the wrong than when they were five years old, and doated on shells, pebbles, and hobby-horses."

Mrs. Anne Wortley twits her young friend with being in love. "I passed the days of Nottingham Races," protests the lady, "without seeing or wishing to see one of the sex. . . . Pray, tell me the name of him I love that I may sigh to the woods and groves hereabouts and teach it to the echo. . . . You see, being

in love, I am willing to be so in order and rule." And then : " What do you mean by this reproach of inconstancy? . . . To be capable of preferring the despicable wretch you mention to Mr. Wortley is as ridiculous if not as criminal as forsaking the Deity to worship a calf!"

Her first letter to the brother of "the woman I tenderly loved" (for "my dear, dear Mrs. Wortley is dead") is dated March 28th, 1710, and is a note, "the first I ever writ to one of your sex and shall be the last" thanking him for some copies of the *Tatler*. That Mr. Wortley had slipped some communication of a tender sort between the pages of the *Tatler* is obvious from her warning "to think otherwise of me or not at all." And by April the affair had advanced apace.

It is common history how the then Marquis of Dorchester received Mr. Wortley's proposal for his daughter's hand. He insisted upon a deed of entail which Mr. Wortley refused to make. Lady Mary discusses the affair in many letters. "Since I am so unfortunate," she writes, "to have nothing in my own disposal, I do not think I have any hand in making settlements. People in my way are sold like slaves."

"If this breaks off I shall not complain of you . . . whatever happens, I shall still preserve the opinion you have behaved yourself well." And finally, with a confidence unshaken by one mean or paltry doubt, "I say nothing of my letters. I think them entirely safe in your hands."

Unfortunately a quarrel occurs. "Our aunts and grandmothers," writes Lady Mary tartly, "always tell us that men are a sort of animals, that, if ever they are constant, 'tis only when they are ill-used. 'Twas a kind of paradox, I could never believe, experience has taught me the truth of it." "I have resolved," she writes two months later, "to give over all thoughts of you. . . . While I foolishly fancied you loved me . . . there's no

condition of life I could not have been happy in with you, so very much I liked you. . . I may say loved, since it is the last thing I'll ever say to you . . . I pretend no tie but on your heart. If you do not love me I shall not be happy with you ; if you do I need add no further."

So bold a declaration, as she calls it, had its effect. To be secure of his mistress's heart, Mr. Wortley would even die. "That expression, perhaps the only insincere one in your whole letter," is her unfeeling comment, though she adds : "were this but true, what is there I would not do to secure you?"

A year later, on the fourth of July, 1712, we find her dispatching what she calls "a plain, long letter." Affairs have come to a crisis. Another suitor has appeared, more agreeable to the Marquis than Mr. Edward Wortley, with his obstinacy about entail. Not only is the engagement announced, the marriage fixed, but £400 have been spent upon "wedding cloathes." In vain, like Fielding's sweet Sophie Western, had Lady Mary offered never to marry at all ; the Marquis proved as obdurate as the Somerset squire. He advised his daughter to consult her relations, who told her "they were sorry I would ruin myself, but if I was so unreasonable, they could not blame my father whatever he inflicted on me. I objected I did not love him. They made answer they found no necessity of loving. It was in vain to dispute with such prudent people."

Sophie Western, we know, was shut up in her chamber ; the Marquis threatened to confine his daughter "where she might repent at leisure." "I retired," says Lady Mary, "where I writ a letter to let him know my aversion to the man proposed was too great to be overcome . . . but I was in his hands and he might dispose of me as he thought fit."

Unfortunately, the Marquis took his daughter at her word and proceeded "as if I had given a willing con-

sent." "I have told you all my affairs," concluded the distressed damsel, "with a plain sincerity. I have avoided to move your compassion, and I have said nothing of what I suffer, and I have not persuaded you to a treaty, which I am sure my family will never agree to. *I can have no fortune without an entire obedience.*"

Lady Mary's "plain long letter" was written in July; early in August their decision was made. If they could not marry with the Marquis's consent, they would marry without it.

"I am sorry I cannot do it," writes the lady (she means elope), "entirely as to Friday or Saturday." She wishes to take into confidence a sympathetic relation, but having stated her reason for delay she concludes dutifully enough, "in this minute I have no will that does not agree with yours . . . Sunday I shall see you, if you do not hear from me Monday."

But in spite of a sentiment so pleasing to a would-be husband, it is clear that by Saturday morning there have been scruples on Mr. Wortley's side, qualms on hers.

"I am afraid," she writes, "you flatter yourself my F. may at last be reconciled. I am convinced . . . he never will. Reflect now," she cautions him frankly, "for the last time in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a night-gown and a petticoat, and that is all you will get with me."

Her friend has offered them her house. "I did not accept this," she writes, "till I had let you know it. If you think it more convenient to carry me to your lodgings, make no scruple of it. Let it be where it will if I am your wife. I shall think no place unfit for me where you are."

There is one more short letter, written on Friday night, the fifteenth of August, 1712. One can imagine her penning it in the fading summer dusk by the window giving on to the balcony ("she and I will be on the balcony that looks on the road; you have nothing

to do but stop under it and we will come to you "). Possibly as she wrote the chairmen were waiting below to carry her off to some drum or rout, as the fashionable parties were called in Queen Anne's days. Was the street quiet after the bustle of the long hot day, or noisy with the noises of her London—the cries of the link-boys, the swearing of the chairmen, the pad of cows being driven home from the parks?

Her agitation is manifest. " I tremble for what we are doing. Are you sure you will love me for ever? Shall we never repent? I fear and I hope." Her maid enters with a note, and again she takes up her scratching quill :

" Since I writ so far, I received your Friday letter. I will be only yours, and I will do what you please. You shall hear from me again to-morrow, not to contradict, but to give some directions. My resolution is taken. Love me and use me well."

They were married on August 16th, 1712; in October occurs their first separation.

" I don't know very well how to begin," writes the bride of two months, " I am perfectly unacquainted with a proper matrimonial stile (sic). After all, I think 'tis better to write as if we were not married at all. I lament your absence as if you was still my lover and I am impatient to hear . . . that you have fixed a time for your return."

The letter is headed in her graphic way : " Watling Wells, Oct. 22, 1712, which is the first post I could write ; Monday night being so fatigued and sick I went straight to bed from the coach." It overflows with affection. Even " the impertinent picture " of the familv with whom she is lodged, is but a peg on which to hang her own fond illusions about the future, " when the noise of a nursery may have more charms for us than the music of an opera."

Whimsically she writes, half laughing at herself, half

mocking him ; but the real thing is there so unmistakably that it seems almost a profanation to read her tender words, " I check myself when I grieve for your absence by remembering how much reason I have to rejoice in the hope of passing my whole life with you. . . . I assist every day at public prayers in this family and never forget . . . how much I owe to Heaven for making me yours." And then, laughing again, she thus adjures him, " Pray, my dear, begin at the top and read till you come to the bottom."

Now had Mr. Wortley replied to his wife's letter with the same celerity and lover-like warmth, I am ready almost to swear that there would have been no separation in later years. But he didn't even write at all.

" I sometimes imagine you are not well and sometimes that you think it of small importance to write. . . . You should remember I want to know you are safe at Durham. I shall imagine you have had some fall from your horse . . . there is nothing too extravagant for a woman's and a lover's fears."

Her next letter, dated December 6th, 1712, is from Hinchinbrook, the seat of her husband's family, so dear to Pepys. She amuses herself during the short winter days by exploring the old house and discovers an old trunk of papers, " which to my great diversion I found to be the letters of the first Earl of Sandwich, and am in hopes that those from his lady will tend to my eddification, being the most extraordinary lessons of economy that ever I read in my life." Her words recall Mr. Pepys's rueful entry : " Dined with my Lady, who, now my Lord is gone, is come to her poor housekeeping again."

Reading and walking on the terrace, perhaps that same " cloyster " Mr. Pepys once feared would be so dark, are, so she writes, " the most considerable events that have happened in your absence, excepting that a

good-natured robin redbreast kept me company almost all the afternoon, with so much good humour and humanity as gives me faith for the piece of charity ascribed to these little creatures in the 'Children in the Wood.'" And her letter ends, as letters should end between husbands and wives, with the hope that Mr. Wortley's business will not detain him long from "her that cannot be happy without you."

But Mr. Wortley Montague was no correspondent to relieve a lonely wife. "Your short letter," she writes on the 11th, "came to me this morning, but I won't quarrel with it, since it brought me good news of your health." And she goes on to relate with spirit a scrap of local scandal. The forsaken first love of a Huntingdon burgher had forbidden his banns.

"The great prudes," comments Lady Mary, "say the young woman should have suffered in silence, the pretenders to spirit and fire would have all false men so served . . . For my part, I never rejoiced at anything more in my life . . . it furnished discourse all the afternoon when I was visited by the young ladies of Huntingdon."

And finally comes this little picture of her solitude: "I write and read till I can't see and then I walk; sleep succeeds, and thus my whole time is devoted . . . I see nothing but I think of everything, and indulge my imagination which is chiefly employed upon you." "I am alone," she writes wistfully in another letter, "I am in circumstances in which melancholy is apt to prevail even over all amusements" (she was expecting the birth of her first child), ". . . Should I tell you" (and her veiled reproach is significant), "that I am uneasy . . . should I see you half an hour sooner? I believe you have kindness enough for me to be very sorry . . . and things remain in their primitive state."

Her next letter, six months later, is from Yorkshire, where she is house-hunting. The quest even in those

days was not easy. "I sent for Mr. Banks," she writes, "and find by him the house you mentioned at Sheffield is entirely unfurnished and *he says he told you so.* He says there is a house five miles from York, extremely well furnished . . . but the gentleman is gone to France."

"I am in great perplexity," concluded the harassed lady, "I know not what to do, but I know I shall be unhappy till I see you again . . . I am afraid of everything . . . there wants little of my being afraid of the small-pox for you" (her brother had just died of it). "If I lose you, I cannot bear that 'if.'"

She is still, you see, the devoted wife, he her one thought, whilst he—well, he is certainly a very deliberate correspondent.

"You know where I am and I have not heard from you," is the burden of a letter from Watling Wells, indorsed July 25th, 1713, "I am tired of this place because I do not, and if you persist in your silence, I will return to Wharncliffe. I had rather be quite alone and hear sometimes from you, than in any company and not have that satisfaction."

Though Mr. Wortley Montague was too decorous a character to cause his wife that sort of uneasiness, which makes Mrs. Ellison in "Amelia" declare herself "no stranger to the melancholy tone of the midnight clock," she must have watched for the postboy with the sickness of hope deferred. How gay, how responsive she could be when he did write, her letters prove again and again.

"I return you a thousand thanks, my dear, for so agreeable an entertainment," she writes from York in November, and then follows a stream of lively gossip about "our York lovers, love being as much forced up here as melons."

The summer finds her at Middlethorpe. Their boy is ill, and "my heart aches about him very often. The

house is in great disorder, and I want maids so much that I know not what to do till I have some." And then occurs the too familiar plaint, " I am concerned that I have not heard from you." And again on August 7th, "you made me cry for two hours last night. I cannot imagine why you use me so ill."

On August 9th, George the First was proclaimed King at York, and Lady Mary pens a lively picture of the ringing of bells, bonfires and illuminations and the mob crying " Liberty and Property," and " Long Live King George." But there was fear of a Jacobite rising and she judges it prudent to take refuge with Lord Wharncliffe's daughters at Castle Howard. " 'Tis the same thing," she adds with a touch of her native drollery, " as pensioning in a nunnery for no mortal man ever enters the door in the absence of their father."

The autumn is devoted to electioneering. Mr. Wortley is standing for a seat, and possible boroughs and shrewd advice fill his wife's letters. Whether he profited by her counsel I know not, that he answered her many letters with his usual deliberation we gather from her own pointed hint, " I wish you would learn of Mr. Steele to write to your wife."

Her patience if not her loyalty is at last exhausted. It is on November 24th, 1714, that we find the two at a parting of the ways which was probably even more real a separation than that which took place twenty-five years later. " I have taken up and laid down my pen several times, very much unresolved in what stile I ought to write to you." Thus she begins, and it seems almost a desecration that other eyes than his should ever read her words, so bleeding even now with hurt affection and yet so dignified and wise.

" I know very well," she writes, " that nobody was ever teized into a liking, and 'tis harder to revive a past one than to overcome an aversion, but I cannot forbear

any longer telling you. I think you use me very unkindly. . . . I parted with you in July and 'tis now the middle of November. . . . You write seldom and with so much indifference as shews you hardly think of me at all. I complain of ill health and you only say you hope 'tis not so bad as I make it. *You never enquire after your child.* . . . I am very sensible," she continues, "how far I ought to be contented when your affairs oblige you to be without me. . . . I do not bid you lose anything by hasting to see me, but I would have you think it a misfortune when we are asunder."

Poignant, pitiful words! But they are her last complaint. "I have concealed," she writes, "as long as I can the uneasiness—*the nothingness* of your letters has given me . . . but dissimulation always sits awkwardly upon me. . . . If your inclination is gone, I had rather never receive a letter from you, than one which, in lieu of comfort for your absence, gives me pain beyond it."

There is no knowing how Mr. Wortley replied. Whether, as she threatened, his next of the kind went back to him "enclosed in blank paper," or if he wrote off post-haste to make peace. That peace was made and held good, so long as she considered herself of use to him in his public life, we know. Scandal at this period would have been disastrous to them both, but when twenty-five years later she left him to live abroad, only fools could prate of infidelity or the ribald cast a slur upon them.

And how did she herself look back upon her marriage? Did disillusion sour her? Not in the least. Tolerant and humorous she remained to the last; loyal to her husband to the last. "I know him to be more capable of a generous action," she tells their daughter, "than any man I know."

"When are people matched?" she writes to her sister, the Countess of Mar, "I suppose we shall all

come right in Heaven, as in a country dance the hands are strangely given and taken while they are in motion, at last all meet their partners when the jig is done." And in another letter to the same sister, "Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour at Thoresby? We then thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted. . . . Though after all I am still of opinion that it is extremely silly to submit to ill-fortune. One should pluck up spirit and live upon cordials when one can have no other nourishment."

We know the end of her story. Her husband was taken ill and her impulse was at once to return. "I am dragging," she writes from Rotterdam to her grandson in November, 1761, "my ragged remnant of life to England. The wind and the tide are against me."

She arrived too late to see him, and she survived him hardly a year.

Return

SILENT I seek familiar vales
  And slow, familiar streams,
My homing eyes on Attic sails
  And stately quinqueremes,
    Flaking the blue Myrtoan seas
    Past Melos and the Cyclades.

Hence had I sped an Argonaut
  In vagrant pride of youth,
Questing far treasuries of thought
  For dragon-guarded Truth,
    And under quiet stars I come
    Bearing my broken armour home.

WILLIAM SOUTAR.

ADVERTISING AND JOURNALISM

By Henry King

APPROPRIATELY enough in a large advertisement, in *The Times* of May 23rd, Lord Beaverbrook, the owner of the *Daily Express*, gave the following candid and instructive account of the formation and achievement of his ideal as a newspaper-proprietor :—

> Before I had any practical knowledge of journalism, Mr. Lloyd George asked me to go and see Lord Northcliffe on his behalf. I have forgotten the particular occasion, for I often acted as intermediary between the two most interesting personalities I have ever come across—but I have never forgotten that morning. I found Lord Northcliffe in a little house overlooking the green of St. James's Park. The position was so beautiful that I vowed on the spot that some time I would have a house in London with the same sort of outlook. And this year I have one.
>
> But it was the second episode which determined years afterwards the existing relations between the great Drapers, the Public and the *Daily Express*. Lord Northcliffe was called to the telephone while we were talking, and of necessity I heard what he was saying. It was the late Sir Richard Burbidge (of Harrod's Stores) who was ringing him up to suggest that he should call on Lord Northcliffe to discuss some business point. Northcliffe immediately replied : " No, I will come round and see you."
>
> I was immensely surprised and not a little intrigued. Finally, I determined to solve the mystery, and I put this question to Lord Northcliffe—" How is that while all the great statesmen and politicians and diplomats are ready to come and see you, you are ready to go round and see the head of a big store? " He answered at once—" Because, as a journalist, it is imperative that I should understand

the character and scope of the Big Stores, and my relations with the drapery business are closer and more important than with any other class of business. The great drapers are my big advertisers. It is through my columns that they reach their public of buyers. They are essential to me and I am essential to them."

The episode remained so vividly in my memory that when ultimately I came to the *Daily Express*, I was determined that the kind of relationship Lord Northcliffe had indicated should subsist between that newspaper and the great shopping centres of London—the organisations which draw their purchasers through their advertisements and dispatch many of their goods outwards in answer to the letters of those who order from advertisement pages. That is why the *Daily Express* carries more drapery and store advertising than any other penny Morning Newspaper. . . .

When Lord Northcliffe spoke to me on this matter, I only saw in an intuitive kind of way that he was right. I did not reason about the matter or really understand it. I did not see, as I do now, what a great service was rendered to the public by means of these advertisements, and how the Press and the great high-class advertising houses are really performing an identical task, that of giving out the news.

For the advertisements of great Drapers are news. They are a complete and, indeed, a necessary supplement to the Woman's page. They are a guide as much as the City columns to current prices, or as the Social columns to women's fashions. Above all, they give to men and women alike a chance to study comparative prices, and to see where their money will reap the greatest return.

It would be foolish to waste time and paper in a lament over conditions in which a Prime Minister of England, in time of war, has humbly to send an envoy to a great newspaper-proprietor, who regards only the head of a great department-store as his equal. That is one of the penalties of modern democracy. Nor need we wonder that the discovery came as flash of revelation to Lord Beaverbrook, very much as the light came to Paul on the road to Damascus. Before that moment Lord Beaverbrook had no doubt desired to become a

second Lord Northcliffe. After all, that is the supreme position in modern democracy, and Lord Beaverbrook naturally aspired to it. Suddenly, by a stroke of fortune, he saw how it was done. "I only saw in an intuitive kind of way that he was right. I did not reason about the matter or really understand it." The phraseology, as well as the fact, is interesting. They show that our modern captains, like the old, have their moments of inspiration.

But the point of chief interest is that Lord Beaverbrook was right. Lord Northcliffe had discovered the secret; he was the original genius: but Lord Beaverbrook had the genius to recognize the secret of genius. The modern English circulation newspaper and the modern department-store are complementary to each other: neither could exist without the other. The next development would therefore seem to be that the department stores and the circulation newspapers should be amalgamated. Perhaps that is already happening. One might describe the next phase as one in which the public will pay a penny a day for the catalogues of the great stores.

"For the advertisements of the great drapers are news," as Lord Beaverbrook says. That is not a high-sounding pretence; it is a fact. Let anyone who lives in a country village inquire at the newspaper shop which newspaper sells most copies. He will find that it is the newspaper with the most advertisements. From them the country woman (and the country man) learns the price of commodities, and can determine whether things sold locally are dear or cheap. "They are a guide as much as the City columns to current prices": the analogy is exact. What the record of the previous day's dealings on 'Change is to the man of investments on affairs, the advertisement pages of the circulation press are to the vast majority of ordinary men and women.

Therefore, the primary object of a circulation news-

paper is to obtain the greatest possible number of pages of advertisements of the kind that has the attractiveness of news. At this point in his account Lord Beaverbrook is a little confused, when he says " it must not be supposed that the main object of *The Daily Express* is to secure " such advertisements. He is not, I think, being disingenuous ; he is merely in a tangle ; not unnaturally, for the subject is complicated. However, the main object *is* to secure news-advertisements, and the main problem is *how* to secure them. Lord Beaverbrook is not talking bunkum, though he is using words strangely, when he says—"Advertisements of this class only come to newspapers which have courage and character and make a wide and honourable appeal to the public on quite other grounds." For it is true that though circulation is immensely important, it is not *all*-important. *The News of the World*, for example, has a much larger circulation than either *The Daily Mail* or *The Daily Express* ; but it does not thereby secure the same amount of news-advertising as they do. The big stores know their business : *The News of the World* is *low* ; it does not give them the kind of circulation they need.

But " courage and character "—hardly. " Courage and character " is not what is needed, in any ordinary sense of those words. And Lord Beaverbrook unconsciously admits it, for he gives as the supreme instance of " courage " the fact that *The Daily Express* now keeps its front page for news. That was a good move, and it probably seemed a bold one to Lord Beaverbrook : its real object was (1) to differentiate *The Daily Express* from *The Daily Mail*, and (2) to justify a particular appeal to the great advertising houses on the ground that the people who preferred a newspaper without advertisements on its front page would be more likely to be the kind of people the drapery houses wished to reach with their advertisements.

But see how subtle and profound a change has come

over the meanings of the commonest terms in journalism. Lord Beaverbrook claims, quite sincerely, that the "policy" of his newspaper is "courageous." The policy of a newspaper not so long ago meant its attitude to the political affairs of the nation : now it means simply the methods it adopts to obtain the maximum of news-advertising. The courage of a newspaper not long ago meant its boldness in criticising a popular or championing an unpopular cause ; now it means simply its boldness in departing from the average methods of obtaining news-advertisements. And, I verily believe, Lord Beaverbrook imagines that in speaking of "courage" and "policy" in journalism he is speaking of the things that a Morley, a Massingham, a Spender, a Garvin, or a Geoffrey Robinson would mean by the words.

As I say, it is a waste of time to lament over an evolution that was inevitable. Lord Northcliffe saw the opening and took it ; Lord Beaverbrook is more truly his successor than Lord Rothermere, and he will deserve his success. It is an absolutely legitimate form of commerce, with the traditional English reward for commercial success—a peerage—at the end of it. But the mention of some of the famous independent editors of recent times makes one aware of one typical change which is become so familiar that I had forgotten it. It is no longer the editor, but the proprietor who speaks for the newspaper.

I do not believe that the position will change essentially for many years to come. The perfunctory optimist says that the public will lose faith in the circulation-press. The public will not do anything of the kind, because the public has not got faith of this kind in the circulation-press. Its opinions and judgments are not governed by it. They may be to a certain extent influenced by it ; but the nature of the influence is far from clear. Consider these three facts : (1) Probably

one-half at least of the readers of *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Express* vote Labour ; (2) *The Daily Mail* made every effort to crab the German Loan : it failed utterly ; (3) *The Daily Mail* employed physicians and chemists of authority to expose "Yadil" ; it stopped the enormous sale of that product in a week. Those facts do not warrant a generalization, but they indicate that the influence of the circulation-press upon opinion is of a very peculiar and restricted kind. The circulation newspaper is becoming more and more an interesting and variously attractive catalogue of the news which chiefly interest the great public—sport, *causes célèbres*, stores advertisements, and the Prince of Wales.

Meanwhile the future of independent journalism seems to depend on the ability of independent journalists to see that independent journalism can exist by the side, and in the shadow, of the circulation-press. The independent journal of opinion can gradually gain a small foothold : the slow but sure progress of *The New Statesman* in a time of great difficulty proves it. But the independent journalist must be prepared to make sacrifices : he must not expect to have a comfortable salary, or a discreet home in Mayfair. He must be prepared to pay the price for the independence he professes to value. After all, to speak frankly, it is preposterous that he should expect rich proprietors to pay the piper without calling the tune. What right has he to expect a greater disinterestedness from them than he himself displays? When he is prepared to go into the wilderness and work for five instead of fifty pounds a week, then he may accomplish something. To expect to be subsidized for obeying one's conscience is childish.

A NIGHT ON PICQUET

By Ian Mars

NIGHT! Here and there a lonely star gleaming faintly but resolutely in the cold blue-black depths of the vaulted heavens, as if defiant of the effort of the ominous clouds to cast a veil of melancholy over all the land beneath.

On the summit of a bare wind-swept hill, a quaintly rugged outline; a sentinel of Empire—a picquet. In the picquet all is darkness. Not even a flicker of light strays through the chinks of the rough wall of loose stones from the inner chamber. In the passage between the inner chamber and the outer wall all is deadly silent, immobile. The wind moans eerily round the picquet, searching with tentative feelers for cracks and crevices through which to pour its chill breath on the humans huddled inside those crazy walls. On the top of the outer wall the outline is broken here and there by formless blobs rising to a height of about eighteen inches. Man's subterfuge to speed uncertainty into the mind of the sniper.

Of a sudden, there comes a soft sibilant rustle, an accidental click of steel on stone and one of the mysterious blobs moves, ever so little, almost indistinguishably. To a watcher in the picquet it seems that the subtle movement is sensed rather than seen. Realization comes that one of the sandbags looming grotesquely skywards, is indeed no sack of gravelly soil but a human head muffled in the folds of a turban. The watcher moves silently along the narrow trench towards the sentry and immediately, without any corresponding

movement of the head or form, there comes a sharp whispering hiss, "Halt! Who goes there?" "Picquet-commander Sahib." The whispered reply steals across the intervening two yards and just reaches the sentry's ears, only just—as it was meant to do. "Pass friend. All's well." The time-honoured phrase wings itself across the separating space, spoken with a quaint accent. And the watcher marvels to himself at the might of that Britain who can teach these lawless children of another land something of her customs, her discipline, her inefficiency, and her glorious steadfastness. He glides on towards the solitary sentinel, feeling along the rough walls to make certain that bombs and flares, spare ammunition and verey-pistol are all in their appointed places.

Pausing beside the muffled figure leaning statuesquely against the outer wall, rifle tightly gripped in clenched hand, he whispers in the man's ear, "All is correct?" "Correct, Sahib," the man answers stolidly, reassuringly. The picquet-commander thanks his god that his men, poor superstitious children, have at least no imagination clawing frenziedly at their hearts, turning flaming courage to ice-cold fear. "What is that?" he snaps, suddenly on the alert, his reverie forgotten, every nerve and sinew of brain and body strung to breaking pitch as he points carefully at a black object some fifty yards away. Then sentry peers into the blackness, a little excitedly, a little nervously. Then, an almost reluctant reassurance in his voice, replies: "It is a small bush." Almost he could have wished it were an enemy. His fingers are twitching to press the trigger. Still gazing at the blurred object he fancies it has moved slightly. For a moment his soul has been fired by a spark of imagination. Then the peering eyes relax their strained intensity. A calm stolid Oriental smile flits across his grave face and, like a good soldier, he releases the trigger and places his forefinger behind the trigger-

guard. Years of training, discipline, and mountain warfare have indelibly impressed on his mind the utter stupidity of firing at a dubious target.

He has seen his brother tempted sorely and to breaking-point, fire at one of those bushes which at night seem to be endowed with a miraculous gift of assuming human identity and movement. It was only a bush, sinister in the blackness of night, innocent enough in daylight. The flash of a rifle, a shattering report ringing with dull reverberations through the echoes—and even before the last of these had died down, phut! crack!—the noise of a bullet hitting its mark, followed seconds after by the crack of the charge that had sped it on its death-dealing way and his brother quietly crumpled up and slid to the ground. His skull had been neatly drilled by a bullet, a sniper's bullet from the right. The bush he had fired at had been to the left. His train of thought snapped abruptly. His officer was questioning him. "What are your orders in the event of——?" Mechanically he grappled with the question, realized the sense and meaning of it, and replied with the correct answer, an answer he had learnt, parrot-wise, by heart. The officer moved away. The sentry wondered for a moment how long it would be before his relief, and then settled down in his old position, a machine, a human automaton with one purpose and only one—the protection of his picquet.

The sentry's lonely vigil was drawing to a close. He himself, numb with cold, lashed by the biting wind, was beginning to suffer from the overpowering pangs of drowsiness. He eased his cramped fingers in their mitten-gloves. His overcoat and Gilgit boots had almost ceased to be blessed containers of warmth and become merely odiously heavy weights, dragging on his tired shoulders and sagging knees. His hands strayed to his equipment to ease the webbing straps which were burning their way into his aching shoulders, and, sud-

denly ceasing to fumble, clenched the straps in tense alertness. A stone started to rattle down the steep hill-side, rapidly gained momentum as it bounded downwards until its progress was arrested by a small shrub, and silence once more ensued.

But now a subtle sinister silence, fraught with danger, full of evil forebodings. Like a flash, the thoughts chased through the sentry's rapidly clearing brain. "Was it a sniper? Or an attacking force? Those Mahsuds, sons of pigs, were so stealthy, so quick to strike. Or was it just a pebble loosed by some crumbling earth?" He knew that to wake up the entire garrison of the picquet for a false alarm would bring, if not punishment, at least dire unpopularity on his head. The leather thong* which was fastened round his wrist and led to the wrist of the picquet-commander drew taut as he stiffened into a crouching position, rifle fiercely clutched, eyes peering into the non-committal darkness, ears strained to their uttermost. Suddenly his gaze wavered, paused, and concentrated on a small dark object distant from the picquet by some thirty yards. A bush? Surely not! He was certain there had been no bush in that place half an hour since. Scarcely daring to breathe, he gazed at it fascinated. Yet he had seen that very self-same bush only a few minutes before. But had it not seemed a trifle farther away? His eyes rivetted on the suspicious object, his brain thrashed out the question, stumbled, and paused uncertain. And then—the bush moved, ever so slightly, but move it did. Gone was indecision, banished all ill-forebodings. In their place reigned an intense excitement. The thong attached to his wrist tightened. Quickly he jerked his arm once, twice, thrice.

* A device used on the Frontier whereby a sentry can rouse the picquet-commander without any noise and without leaving his post.

No sound answered him, but there came back one single tug of the leather thong. Satisfied that the Picquet-commander Sahib was awake the man remained mute and immobile, never taking his eyes off that eccentric bush. In less than thirty seconds a burly, indistinct form was beside him, eager lips touched his ear, and a keen, sharp voice whispered, "What is it?" "The enemy, sahib," he breathed softly and described the situation and the position of the pseudo-bush. The picquet-commander gazed intently at the mysterious shadow. He could see nothing unusual, and he knew that a futile expenditure of verey-lights, bombs, or ammunition, would only bring censure on his head. But he knew also that the Indian could see and hear things clearly that were as in a fog to himself. He hesitated, and then fancying he too saw a slight movement, made up his mind on the spur of the moment.

The garrison had already flitted, each to his appointed post like so many ghosts. The officer passed round a whispered message. They had been drilled for this occasion for weeks. And each man knew exactly what the first few steps to be taken would be. After that, naturally it depended on the enemy. The officer crouched slightly lower down, his arm pivoted back slowly from the shoulder, then with a jerk it swung up in a semi-circle, something black and oval sped from his hand rising and falling in a clumsy arc. Bang! Zip-zip-ping-ee! As the bomb exploded, the Havildar fired a verey-light. In the glaring whiteness several things happened suddenly and almost simultaneously. The bush metamorphosed itself into a human body. The body hurtled into the air, a convulsed mass of struggling limbs, crashed back to earth and started to roll down the steep incline. For a few yards it rolled on, an ungainly bundle of seared and torn flesh intermingled with filthy rags. Then it slithered over a precipitous edge, and after seconds that seemed an eternity

there echoed up from the rocks below a dull thud. A rattle of rifle fire broke out from the picquet and overaweing that sounded the harsh, strident chatter of a Lewis gun. Immediately an answering fusillade broke out from all around the picquet. Every rock and shrub, each hollow and patch of shadow seemed to harbour and conceal an enemy.

Flashes of flame leapt out of the darkness and occasionally a hoarse shriek or muffled curse rent the medley of mechanical sounds. A man in the picquet, next to the officer, exposed himself rashly to hurl a bomb, shuddered abruptly, swayed back and crumpled up in a limp heap. The officer, acting mechanically, stooped, seized the fallen bomb and flung it outside the picquet just in time. And then as suddenly as it had all started there came an absolute cessation of the furious hail of death, a lull more ghastly than the actual noise had been.

The officer stumbled into the inner chamber bearing the body of the erstwhile bomber in his arms. There, a dim form showed faintly in a corner whence came the unmistakable sound of a field telephone buzzing away feverishly. The man obtained communication and called softly " Sahib, the Adjutant-Sahib is speaking." The officer laid his pathetic burden on the ground and groped his way across the uneven floor, over a tangled mass of hurriedly discarded blankets and camp paraphernalia, to the instrument. Picking up the receiver he spoke, sharp staccato sentences. " Hallo ! hallo ! Is that the camp ? " " Yes,' slanged back the excited reply, " Is that X picquet ? B speaking."

" Oh ! it's you, Rupert, is it ? Well, look here, we are having a regular picnic. It's D—— speaking. The devils are all round the picquet fairly thirsting for our blood. Can't signal by lamp yet—too dangerous. Most of the telephone lines to the other picquets have been cut. I'm trying to get communication with them,

but I've only got A. However, they'll signal the others for us. No, guns can't help us yet, the blighters are too near. They are thinking things over just at present. We've had one man badly hit—he's dead, I think, and I've had a scratch. No, thanks, nothing much. It's too beastly quiet, I don't like—Ah! There they go like all the fiends in hell let loose. Must crash off. The signaller will stay at the 'phone. Cheerio!"

The subaltern relinquished the instruments with a few curt words of instruction and lurched out into the outer passage.

The din that assailed the Englishman's ears as he reached the outer breastwork was indescribably fiendish. The mechanical noises peculiar to modern warfare were now reinforced by blood-curdling yells from the Mahsuds and hoarse curses from the garrison of the picquet. The enemy swarmed up to the encircling belt of fire and miraculously through it. In a few seconds they were tearing frenziedly at the stones of the outer breastwork. The officer thrust the muzzle of his revolver into a yelling face and blew its head to bits. The sepoy on his right jabbed viciously with his bayonet at the stomach of a man who was kneeling on the parapet. On his left the naik was reeling back dizzily, a cruel knife sticking out of his ribs. He suddenly became aware of the fact that he was pulling the trigger of his revolver without any answering reports. There was no time to reload. He struck out shrewdly at a blurred silhouette scrambling over the sandbags and laughed exultantly as he felt the blow go home. A hand and arm appeared clawing at a large stone and he brought the barrel of the revolver down on the wrist with all his might. And then, just as he was wondering how long this hell would last, he saw indistinct figures stumbling, running away from the picquet and a ragged cheer broke out all round him. He leaned against the para-

pet feeling deadly sick and faint. Vaguely he heard a shout of "Khabadar!"* from the Havildar; there was a scurry of slipping feet followed by an ear-splitting explosion and a medley of groaning cries. A great blackness enveloped him. He felt himself gradually slipping until he was falling through space.

After an eternity came a jarring crash and he recovered consciousness to find the Havildar and his orderly laying him on the floor of the inner chamber. He tried to speak, but for some seconds no words came. His orderly who had been rummaging in his kit crept back and held a flask to his lips. As he drank he suddenly became aware of ghastly pains in his abdomen, shoulder, and both legs. "What happened?" he asked, glaring round wildly. "Your honour has eaten a wound," the Havildar answered, tears in his eyes. "The enemy, where is he?" gasped the wounded man. "Having run, they are gone, Hero-Sahib," came the reassuring reply.

Occasionally a shot rang out. He knew what that meant. The Mahsuds were trying to steal away the bodies of their dead and wounded according to their invariable custom. Sharply he gave orders for a vigilant watch to be kept on all bodies lying round the picquet; the Lewis gun to be trained on a favourable mark; the entire picquet to stand-to till dawn. The Havildar straightened himself. "It is a good word, O Presence," he acknowledged, saluting, and went to see the orders carried out.

The orderly remained crouching by D——. "Sundar Singh," spoke D——. "Protector of the Poor," answered the orderly. "How many dead and wounded are there?" "Three dead and five wounded, Sahib, of whom two will surely die," he answered phlegmatically. "Have the wounded been dressed?" "No,

* Khabadar = look-out!

Sahib." " Then go and bandage them and afterwards return to me." " Very good, Sahib." The man moved away languidly, apathetically. What did these others matter? They could be easily replaced. How could he tend them when his Sahib was dying? The wounded man was aching for the solace of a cigarette but he knew it was unsafe to light one. As far as he could make out he was wounded in the shoulder and both legs beside the stomach. He thought to himself that recovery was scarcely to be expected.

Dreamily his thoughts turned to England ; to a quaint old gabled house in the heart of Somersetshire ; to his father and mother, his sisters and brother. He sighed as illusive memories of galloping after hounds through the crisp air, mounted on his favourite hunter, surged across his fogged mental vision. With a jerk he recalled his mind to the present and all its responsibilities.

" Sundar Singh," he called in a faint voice, " give me wine." The orderly knelt down and raised his shoulders carefully while he eagerly sipped the spirit. " Who is that groaning? " D—— presently asked in stronger tones. " Ram Chand, Sahib," the man answered. " He is hit in the stomach." " Double his legs up over his stomach, bind them so and give him nothing to drink, do you understand? " " Very good, Sahib." He thought whimsically how he himself had drunk although he too was similarly wounded. But he knew he must have stimulant to carry him through to dawn. And if the enemy were to attack again it was essential that he should be able to conduct operations, give orders, think of all the hundred and one necessary details to be complied with. What he was aching for was a long drink of cool water. Such a draught as he had been wont to refresh himself with from sparkling moorland springs when beagling.

The Havildar came in and reported that the Mahsuds were surely born of the devil for they had already suc-

ceeded in withdrawing many of the shadowy bodies from the vicinity of the wire despite the vigilance of the sepoys. The subaltern called the signaller. "Ask the Adjutant Sahib to get the topkhana* to fire as near the picquet as they can," he ordered. The man squatted down on the earthen floor by the telephone and began buzzing. Then his droning voice became audible, apparently in argumentative converse with a sleepy office orderly in the camp. A silence followed, then a further one-sided conversation in the same monotonous tones, deferential this time, however. The man came across and reported that the "Ajitan-sahib" had said he would tell the topkhana sahib. The picquet-commander, suffering agonies, wondered how he could possibly stick it out till dawn. How interminably long the minutes were. From round about came the desultory fire of Lewis guns and the muffled roar of occasional rifle grenades from anxious picquets desirous of helping, but uncertain where to fire. Of a sudden, there was a droning noise in the air, a loud explosion, succeeded by a faint report and the echo rumbled like thunder. The guns were at work.

He dozed fitfully, giving orders in his brief periods of consciousness but for the most part struggling in silence with his pain. As time progressed, the lucid intervals became fewer and farther apart. Once he thought vaguely that this agony was his Gethsemane but his tired mind refused to follow the comparison. After what seemed to be hours, the first silver streak of dawn crept tentatively across the sky. After that, every minute the light increased in strength with a rapidity peculiar to the East.

He was much weaker now. He whispered to the Havildar, who had come to look at him, that a double tot of rum should be served to every man, and then

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* Topkhana = artillery.

relapsed into a vague phantom world peopled by the ghosts of long ago years spent in England. He awoke from this trance-like state to hear the Havildar speaking to him. A relief column from camp was nearing. They were already in flag communication. The Colonel Sahib had sent a message, "Well done D Company." The young man smiled the contented smile of a child. Hours later it seemed he heard footsteps outside the picquet and a moment after there entered the C.O., Adjutant, and the M.O. "Why D——, what's up, old man?" asked the C.O. with gruff kindliness, as he came across to the recumbent figure. "I'm done for, sir, I'm afraid," said the subaltern. "Nonsense," replied the C.O. "You'll be as right as rain as soon as Mac here has had a look at you."

The doctor stepped forward, knelt down, and began his examination. "It's no use looking at me, Mac," D—— said. "But there is a poor devil over there hit in the stomach. You might be able to save him." "He'll be all right for a minute or two, old chap," said the M.O. soothingly, and continued his examination with deft fingers. Presently he got up grave of face, crossed to where the C.O. was standing, and conversed with him in whispered undertones.

D—— smiled grimly. He knew what that meant. Well, he had had a run for his money and it was the best way to go out anyhow. There only remained to go out game despite the gnawing pains.

The doctor came back, produced a syringe and inserted the needle in the patient's right thigh. "Morphia?" whispered D——. The M.O. nodded. He couldn't have trusted himself to speak at that moment. "Tell me straight, Mac, I haven't a hope, have I?" asked D——. The doctor clasped his hand. "Old man, you've run your race," he answered. "How long?" D—— queried calmly. "Twenty minutes at most. Has the morphia stopped the pain, old chap?"

" Yes, thanks, Mac. I want to speak to the C.O."

The doctor called the C.O. and he came across, his eyes moist, and his voice was very husky as he spoke. " What is it, old boy? " " I haven't got long, sir," gasped D——, fighting for breath. " I want to make my last report." And he grinned, a ghastly replica of the dare-devil debonair smile he imagined it to be, a grin that tore at the elder man's heartstrings.

" I want to recommend Havildar Narain Singh for the I.O.M.* for conspicuous gallantry and calm initiative in the defence of the picquet. And Sepoy Tulsi Ram for the I.D.S.M.† for setting a courageous example to the men." He paused and gulped. " The men were splendid, sir," he added, and closed his eyes.

Presently he became delirious. He mistook the C.O. for his own father, and clutched his hand with the instinct of a child seeking protection from vague horrors of nightmare. Then he thought the Havildar was the old groom who had taught him to ride as a boy. For a moment he became semi-conscious and was puzzled by the man's beard. " Your face seems all black, somehow," he murmured petulantly. He rambled on, half coherent words to his mother mixed up with a jargon of jumbled English and Hindustani, for the most part senseless.

" For God's sake give him another dose of morphia, Mac," pleaded the C.O. The doctor searched for the syringe with a glance of sympathetic understanding. As he bent down by the boy the eyelids flickered and opened, revealing eyes completely sane at last, and he knew that the end was very near, that the drug was not needed. To the C.O. he seemed to have regained a little strength, but the M.O. knew it for a last flicker of the tired soul that was almost spent.

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* I.O.M. = Indian Order of Merit.

† I.D.M.S. = Indian Distinguished Service Medal.

He asked for the Havildar and his Orderly and said good-bye to both with a smile on his pain-wracked lips. Bravely he said his last words to the C.O. with a jest on his tongue. Then he sank down and asked in a weak voice for the Adjutant, who had gone outside, unable to stand seeing his friend tortured by suffering. He came in quickly to the call and gripped his hand. " I've got a favour to ask, Rupert," he heard the weak voice articulate with difficulty, " I'm going, old chap. Write to the people and tell them—tell them how I went out. Say I had no pain." He paused expectantly while his friend mumbled a reassuring reply. " The game's finished, old chap," he whispered faintly. " I'm off to —— the happy hunting-ground." A serene smile flitted across the wan, twisted features and the other softly releasing the hand of his dead comrade murmured, " Good hunting, old man."

The barbed-wire entanglement round the picquet had been repaired. The walls of the picquet itself had been rebuilt and the dead and wounded conveyed down the hillside on stretchers. The men had gleefully collected the few remaining bodies of the dead and wounded Mahsuds that still lay round the picquet. The picquet garrison had been made up to strength. The C.O. issued his final instructions to the new picquet-commander and the little headquarters party started down the hillside on its way back to camp.

The journey back was accomplished for the most part in strained silence. Just as they were nearing camp the Adjutant burst out, " Poor old chap ! Good Lord, sir, isn't it damned futile—the whole blasted show. One of the very best, a pukka white man. Oh Christ ! " Tears ran unashamed down his tanned cheeks. " God blast those damned Mahsuds," he raved impotently, and the C.O., who was a man of intimate understanding and pity, said never a word.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

" H. W. M."—It is surprising how much of the elusive personality of H. W. Massingham is conveyed through the book of selections from his writings now published by his son, H. J. Massingham (Jonathan Cape : 12s. 6d. net) ; still more surprising how much he lives in the valedictory essays of Vaughan Nash, Bernard Shaw, J. L. Hammond, and H. M. Tomlinson (which appeared in these pages a year ago). Two of those four writers are writers with a touch or more of genius ; the other two are more than usually practised with the pen. But the cause of their success lies not in this, I fancy. They loved the man ; but again that is not all. They loved him in the only way he could be loved—with the half-whimsical, wholly affectionate detachment that the man feels towards the boy. They were grown up in their various ways ; H. W. M. was not. They saw his bounding outline, tenuous and delicate though it was, more completely than most men can see another man's.

It seems a fantastic thing to say that H. W. M. was a child. And yet I can think of no better word to express that queer petulant waywardness of his, or above all, that sense of inscrutable aloofness and complete autonomy which he produced. If he was not a child, he was as different from men and as concealed from them (even from those who loved and served him) as a child is different and concealed from a man. I have no claim to compare in knowledge of Massingham with the four men of whom I have spoken. I met him first only in 1917 : I worked in close personal contact with him only for two years. But since my impression of him agrees with that of greater authorities, it seems that I may trust it. If I insist on the " childishness " in him it is for the sake of more sharply defining a

quality which was, in the opinion of all competent witnesses, his peculiar possession.

One trick of Massingham's is graven on my memory. He was curiously fond of using the word " bloody." He would twitch his sensitive nose, hitch his gold spectacles, jump up nervously with a big blue pencil in his fingers, turn over the file of the *Times* on the high pulpit desk, point to a paragraph, " Did you see that? It's *bloody!*" Or he would suddenly say of his pet-aversion among latter-day politicians : " That *bloody* man ! " Very many things, very many persons were " bloody " for Massingham. They are for most of us, and most of us have used the word as often as Massingham. It is so familiar and so necessary an epithet that I do not notice it. But, whenever Massingham used it, it came " sharp to my startled senses." No man I have ever known uttered that word in a way remotely resembling H. W. M.'s. How can I describe it ?

He used the word as though it came awkwardly to him, as though he were somehow forcing himself to the utterance. Then there was a faint but perceptible tinge of delighted bravado, as who should say : " See I can do it with the best of you." But he could not : the word came always finicking, vehement, yet unnatural, from his lips.

Am I pressing a single clue too hard? Perhaps : but even while I heard him, week by week, say " Bloody ! " in this strange way, I used to feel " There is the man. Squeeze that hard enough and you will have his essence."

I believe my instinct was right ; as I read this memory-laden book I find, or seem to find, its truth confirmed on every page. In this coarse, sweating, luxuriant physical world, where " bloody " is the very fulcrum of man's natural speech, Massingham was always a stranger and changeling. Yet he forced himself to be of it with a kind of nervous gusto ; he was con-

vial, he could be Rabelaisian even, but his convivity and his Rabelaisianism were not *de bon aloi*. Even ; taste in red wine, which was a fine one, seemed me detached and incorporeal, as though he ːre indulging an exacting *alter ego*. He smoked cigarette like a girl. Beneath his resolute andon to the carnal man was a fundamental d unmistakeable asceticism ; at moments almost an ısterity of saintliness. A pure, white flame, a devourg incandescence, was raging somewhere, as though ıme inviolable and unconquerable element in him :lieved that the Kingdom of Heaven would, but for e wickedness of men, be here on earth to-morrow. ot that he became gluttonous and a wine-bibber to ll sinners to repentance. The war was within his own ıul ; he did not believe his own belief ; and he riously mortified his own austerity. Did he hope to :orcise it? Was he trying, by the strangest of hairıirt methods, to cure himself of expecting the superıman from humanity, and from himself.

I think so. And I am sure it is no accident that anichee, and Manicheism, strange and half-forgotten ords, continually recur in his writings. Queer nphases in conversation that I remember make me ıink that he more than half believed in a real devil, whom politician after politician sold himself. There something childish in Manicheism, but also someıing apocalyptically swift and devouring. All truly ıssionate reformers, all fierce satirists, are Manichees heart. Massingham, who knew himself well, was ıick to detect the condition in another. Trust a eretic for hunting heresies. He adored Swift ; and ıw certainly he transfixes his own heart with the rrow he let fly at Bernard Shaw.

> Something incurably fastidious in his nature has always forbidden him to conceive a truly religious affection for the human being. For a killing, vivisecting, flesh-eating,

> coarsely love-making, woodenly selfish, and yet absurdly complacent animal like that, the best that Shaw could predict was a deliverance from the body of this death. That was as far as his thought would reach. His artist wings have never been quite strong enough to carry him into the mystic region where both the Christian and the humanist poet saw God as the centre of radiant energy, eternally renewed. Sick of materialism in life and thought, he has turned, he says, to metaphysics. In reality, he ends as a Christian heretic, a Manichee of the twentieth century.

That is criticism: masterly. But it is, also, the Puritan anatomising the Puritan. See how aptly, how naturally, comes in the Pauline phrase—"the body of this death."

Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère? What was he doing in political journalism? In a world wherein the man after the flesh is the supreme reality? His penitential dissipations of speech were but a vain effort to persuade himself that in it he had an abiding city. Far from it. His politics were, after all, purely apocalyptic; he went out to see, and to cheer, one Messiah after another: he found him merely a man, and he cursed him. He could laugh at himself for it—he was a very modern apostle—but the habit of soul was ineradicable.

Therefore he was the most impossible of political journalists of his generation, and the greatest. There were good ones beside him: Spender and Garvin; but not one with his touch of devouring eschatology. He had no policy: only an invincible suspicion that in the twinkling of an eye we should all be changed. He had no party. What did he say of his own? "The Liberal Party seems to me something that can't be either cursed or blessed. There's nothing really human about it as there is in Jingoism or Fisherism, or all the straightforward cults of hell. . . ." At last he joined the Labour Party. He would have slipped out of that in the same old way, for really he knew that all political

parties, simply because they are political, are either straightforward or variously crooked "cults of hell," or "really human"—for it is the same thing for a Manichee.—J. M. MURRY.

"THE CHERRY ORCHARD."—Tchehov was aware of a purity which was far higher than a deliberate acceptance of life. That could be, as it was to Dostoevsky, a sincere, passionate loving acceptance in spite of God; a love tortured by the intellectual stresses which had conceived it, incomplete and agonizing compared with the transcendent freedom which Tchehov grew to understand. With the pains of labour and acceptance it was born in him, establishing above the intelligence and reasoned course of life a tranquil awareness of cosmic unity. It was perhaps an advaitistic knowledge, a belief in "not-twoness," rather than a definitely apparent monistic apprehension. Yet the enchantment which filled his mind, the bliss, the quietness of the spiritual life was certainly that of a deeply contemplative and coherent thinker.

There is a strong reason for believing that this is so. In his stories and plays there is not left in the reader's or spectator's thought any of the pain of the unfitness of the world. It is accepted, proportioned, presented so delicately, with such deep emotional intuition that the whole is inevitable. Each circumstance, each character is inevitable. The hurts, the weaknesses which these people portray do not wound by their intense humanity. There is no searing, gaping laceration of the heart such as Dmitri Karamazov or Ilia Luneff occasion. All is quiet, joyful, exacting a sympathy so profound that it is almost inexpressible except as an active desire for a new behaviour and conduct.

The Cherry Orchard, which Mr. Fagan has produced at the Lyric, Hammersmith, demonstrates most tenderly this essential sureness of Life. Tchehov seems

not merely to say " Here is the real Beauty, transient yet surely existing. Do not worry." Rather does he suggest that any mode of living which cannot identify this reality as in and of itself is intolerable, incomplete, and most deserving of help. The purchase of a beautiful estate for villa building plots from a weak, debt-smothered woman by a capitalist who was once a serf, is no new theme. The treatment of it, however, the seeming irrelevancies, the interjections, the queer introspective statements, the " strangeness " of the emotions of these people, is what bears it directly into a reality neither temporal nor illusory, but absolute. Perhaps Trofimov is the most concrete exposition of human endeavour. He is a " perpetual student," seeking truth, earnestly, with great loving-kindness in his heart, but seeking self-consciously and in vain. He is a pathetic figure, as inevitable in his failure as are the misfortunes of Epihodov, the clerk. Yet his significance, his position as a fundamental of human consciousness is offered with such dignity that the tragedy of his life is lost in intense beauty. Even at the end, when everyone has left the old house in the orchard, the cold October sunlight striking through the shuttered room on to the servant Firs, disregarded and locked in the empty house, is pure and peaceful. To a mind fevered like Dostoevsky's such an incident would quiver with an awful barrenness of eternity.

The production is, on the whole, a creditable one, and Mr. Fagan is to be thanked for attempting to give Tchehov a wider popularity. It is played a trifle too slowly perhaps, but during the new lease it is to have at the Royalty Theatre, this may be remedied.—ARNOLD GIBBONS.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.—Are all teachers, then, just a little bitter, always lamenting? Dorothy Johnson's *Looking Back* is the sanest thing

I have read by a schoolmistress. And she had discarded teaching.

The laments published in THE ADELPHI make one feel not altogether sympathetic. They remind one of that very old remark, "Teachers are underfed and underpaid, but not understood."

It seems to me that these teachers are approaching teaching in a wrong spirit, with a false attitude. They want to find in teaching an outlet, a mode of self-expression. That cannot be. Miss Johnson truly said that for "the daily policing of the young" a conventional mind was needed. The school-room does not exist to afford an opportunity for the extension of the personality of the teacher.

"The shackles, both social and moral, so heavy on the wretched young teacher." But this is not peculiar to the teacher. None of us has freedom from social and moral restraints. "She must become a social hermit and an intellectual snob." It is an adventure which comes to how few of us—and then for how brief a time—to find perfect spiritual companionship. A glimpse of Paradise! And most never have that. Hilary West's complaint is that of every sensitive, thoughtful person. It is not a peculiarity of the schoolmistress that, alone, she must seek beauty and truth.

Undoubtedly teaching is dull, disheartening. Why? Because the schoolmistress expects too much from it. Do accountants write to THE ADELPHI bewailing the dullness of their work, moaning because they cannot revolutionize book-keeping? They regard their work as a means to a living and look for an outlet, an expression of personality, elsewhere. Why cannot teachers admit frankly that they teach because they must—to support themselves? Surely the work is honourable and necessary. Why blush to work for hire? (This false attitude accounts in part at least for teachers' being

miserably paid. Teachers strike for a higher wage! Where are their ideals? What is to become of civilization?) If teaching is accepted as a means of livelihood, it is no more "appalling" than any other profession.

The young do not need their teachers to emancipate them, to help them to a glimpse over the "high walls of convention." The teacher is really outside their lives—a necessary obstacle to living. Dreams of a special school for the few? Those who are to find freedom will do so. They need no schools. It is the teacher who wants such a school for her own personal development.

Teaching is not creative work like writing, painting. It cannot make a life for the teacher. It must be incidental to her real life. Let it be well done, conscientiously done, and then let her find her own life where she must always find it—within herself. (Lack of time? We have time for that which we deeply crave. How much time had Lamb for his real life?)

These teachers do not complain that their work demands too much of them. Their sad story is that it does not demand enough. They want to immolate themselves, to find themselves completely in their work. They expect to give themselves up to teaching as to a lover, a husband, a baby. And later they will find that even these cannot make a life for them. Everything comes back to the same source—we must find our real life within ourselves. Nobody, nothing can make it for us.—VERA MCCORMICK.

"THE FIND."—The bedroom was at once stuffy and bitterly cold. Fog hung about it like something one could touch, about the eloquent and active gas flame, about the bedclothes. Especially the bedclothes. She dreaded their touch. Nightly she dreaded

tip-toeing across the icy, greasy carpet, having put out the jumping light, dreaded the feel of the clammy sheets.

A hot-water bottle was "a hextra," and there was no margin for extras.

Night after night she lay down and the room and the days were before her eyes. The room swept but dirty, with the dirt of peeled paint, of varnish entirely worn, of a carpet threadbare.

She had asked her landlady in the early days if she might "do" the room herself, and the woman with a rather contemptuous smile had accepted this tentative claim for cleanliness. In winter the cold of the room was a horror. It was like something living which waited behind the door ready to seize upon you. In summer its heat was torture.

She could see when she closed her eyes the sagging blue blind, the curtained row of pegs where her clothes were hanging, the blotchy mirror over its stand of useless drawers.

Her days were a little like the furniture, she thought, of not much use and of no beauty. Anyone could do her job. No one would wish to do it. From nine in the morning to six at night to type-type. A fight for a 'bus going Citywards in the morning, a fight for a 'bus coming Hammersmith way at night. Tea and bun for lunch, endless vista of tea and bun, endless avenue of insipid "dinners," those dinners of which the landlady had spoken so loftily at the beginning, the tasteless mince, the milk puddings made with water, the dessert of frosted bananas.

She would pull the clothes over her face when she got into bed and ask herself wretchedly what it was for, what was anything for, why was one here, what use aimless, meaningless days spent in getting enough to live more days?

But to-night things felt different. She lay in bed

and saw visions that were not replicas of the furniture, were not rehearsals of days past.

She forgot the cold in wondering just how she should spend the money.

She knew that early in the spending she would have several real meals. She would go into a restaurant and for just once or twice would satisfy that sick longing for steak and chips, for boiling soup, for something hot and with a taste, that assailed her when she ordered her midday tea.

She buried her face in the pillow in a fury of hunger at the thought. She would spend pounds and pounds on food. She would spend it all on food. She thought of the twopennyworths of sweets she had bought sometimes to stay her faintness. Yes, she would spend it all on food. Nothing was desirable compared with two square meals a day.

She began to giggle to herself under the clothes. "I'm growing weak-minded on Mrs. Cocker's mince," she said. "What I really *will* buy . . ."

She could get a winter coat—boots—meals—her mind would stray sickeningly back to meals. She began to wonder what manner of man the owner of the wallet might be. A man who could carry seventy-five pounds about in notes, not to mention valuable papers, must be of a wealth undreamed. He must be able to eat when and what he chose.

She shook with cold under the thin coverings. She would buy a pair of blankets. No, perhaps she would go on this winter as she would have been obliged to do had the money not been coming to her, and put it all away for a holiday in the summer. She had never had a holiday that she had not shared with the nation, and these she had not been able to afford.

What *would* the reward be? Perhaps the loser of the wallet had himself been poor. It might be as much as ten pounds. If he were mean, or if he had never

known how awful things can be, it might only be five, but then it might be fifteen. He might send for her, might perhaps get her a better job. These delirious flights were doubtless due to a prolonged course of bun. Would there be a letter in the morning? She remembered how kindly the policeman had looked when he was talking to her, taking notes about her find. He had been very particular about her address.

Presently she slept.

The fog had not lifted when she wakened. It seemed to penetrate her bones. Her clothes felt icy as she dressed. But she felt happier than she remembered feeling for a long time. She heard the postman drop letters into the box. She told herself that she must not expect to hear by the first post. She assured herself that no word might come for days. She said she was not expecting a letter. She said she would not look at her plate for a letter. The moment she came round the door she looked. There was an envelope at her place. She swallowed her dubious egg without tasting it, and went quickly upstairs. She must read the letter without interruption.

She could scarcely see for the fog, and went to the window for more light. The single sheet of notepaper was stamped with a Richmond address.

She read :

" Mr. Jevons is grateful to Miss Merrivale for the speedy return of his wallet, and is extremely glad that it fell into honest hands."—H. Bardsley.

Epstein in the Park.—The nauseating thing about the Hudson Memorial uproar is the " publicity stunt " element behind it all. Words to the effect that " the great British art-loving public will not tolerate this affront to their sense of beauty," have been written by journalists on nearly all the dailies. Now this is

obviously all nonsense. Epstein's work is a small carved panel hidden away in the middle of Hyde Park set twenty-five yards back from the railings of the battery. Yet this is going to affront the British art-loving public, the same art-loving public that puts up with the huge Germanic memorial to Nurse Cavell in front of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields!

In view of this agitation one naturally hesitates to join the band of artistic tourists from the newspapers, waving their alpenstocks of "art terms" as they clamber about on this molehill in the park.

However, by the time this note appears they will have forgotten that there is a sculptor called Epstein, and so I dare to point out to the Hudson readers a point that *they* may have forgotten.

It is not fair to demand of a sculptor that his memorial should remind the public of the work of the man to whose memory it is set up, *i.e.*, that the sculptor chosen should be a good literary critic—if he is, so much the better, but the important thing is, that if he has to cut a carved panel and make it "carry" twenty-five yards, he should know how to do it. For all I know, the Peter Pan statue—to take another piece of sculpture in the Park—is excellent appreciation of literature. It may be so, but it is not sculpture.—EDWARD FAZACKERLY.

DEATH AS A SOLUTION.—Life, after all, can be neither as good nor as bad as we think, since death is a part of it. It cannot be as good, for putting aside hopes of immortality—and, judging quite plainly by the way people live, it would seem as if they expected to be immortal in this world rather than in the next, as if that were the natural instinct—a state of being which is bound up with decay and extermination must, on the whole, be regarded as a failure. Nor can it be as bad; for the alternative is seldom, on a reasoned considera-tion, adopted. It must be that death is the worst thing

in the world, for there it is, quite accessible, and we prefer to it the distresses of life.

And there is not much difference in the contemplation of one death or a hundred thousand deaths. For, on the one hand, when the individual ends, the whole corporeal universe, as far as he is concerned, ends too; and, on the other hand, since no man can suffer more than it is possible for a man to suffer, the total of suffering is only one man's suffering.

Again, it cannot be said that death often solves the problems of existence. To scrap a thing is not to explain it. To be given a sum to do and to tear up in disgust the paper it is written on is not to have solved that sum. Death does not often come opportunely.

How far, then, is a writer of fiction entitled to avail himself, for the purposes of his story, of this most awful thing life holds? Is it not a betrayal of both life and art to use death cheaply? Is it not shameful to behave like a lazy servant and, stealing Azrael's broom, to sweep a mess into a dark corner instead of decently disposing of it?

It is not suggested, of course, that death has not its due place in a work of imagination. It is as much entitled to take its part in fiction as in life. It may even —since fiction is selected, and life is not—have a larger part in fiction than in life. But, to be justified, it must give an impression of inevitability. The reader must feel that if this character did not die it would be actually unnatural. He may be induced to such a state of mind by the light of his own common sense or by the essential atmosphere of the book; but he must not be left with the uneasy feeling that this wasn't really a fair culmination; and that, in short, the author has cheated him.—SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN.

ON WIRELESS AND NIGHTINGALES

By The Journeyman

In this respect, I am one of the "die-hards," for I cannot imagine many who, like me, have never listened in. I have never yet felt even the faint stirring of a desire to do so; on the contrary, I find in myself an instinctive aversion from wireless and all its ways. I do not want to have anything to do with it. The feeling is so deeply rooted that I can hardly render to myself an intelligible account of it.

I have, it is true, a dislike of mechanisms. To speak over the telephone is an ordeal for which I have to brace myself almost by fasting and prayer. I cannot explain the inhibition. The explanations which I give to myself leave me quite unconvinced. It is not enough to put it down to the utter incapability of understanding a mechanism with which I am afflicted. That is strange enough. I have a very small motor-car which I have learned to drive. Sometimes, quite often, it stops when it is not required to stop. That recurrent catastrophe seems to me always like an act of God. Of my own self I can do nothing against it. I know that any other man would give a turn with the spanner here and a touch with the screwdriver there and the trouble would be over. That I should be able to apply such a remedy is inconceivable. Other men may do these things, but not I. I have but two solutions: the first is to walk resolutely away from the car as though it did not belong to me. After the space of about an hour, I return to it, jump in with a show of confidence, pull up the handle with a sort of airy insouciance, and three

times out of four, it really does start again. It sounds incredible, but it really is so. No doubt there are sound mechanical reasons for this apparent miracle. To me it is just a miracle, for I am, in regard to my motor-car, in the mental condition of the savage. I have bluffed the demon of the machinery ; I have deceived him into thinking it was not me. Had he had time to realize that it was only me, after all, he would never have begun to work again. Sometimes I do not act my part confidently enough : he sees through my deception. Then there is nothing to do but turn to my second solution, which is to wait for the other man. He is the medicine-man ; I am the savage.

A complicated mechanism is completely beyond my understanding. My upward limits in this regard are push-bicycles and lawn-mowers. In them I can *see* what is happening. My eyes understand. When the processes are hidden from view, above all, when electricity plays a part in them, I am utterly bewildered. No doubt that counts for much in my deep distrust of wireless ; but it will not account for it all. Nor is the difference merely the difference between incomprehensible mechanisms which I sometimes have to use, and an incomprehensible mechanism which I do not have to use. If I did not use a motor-car once a week I should starve, so remote is my home from the places where things are bought and sold. There is no such compulsion upon me to listen in. I can quite happily live in complete detachment from wireless.

Yet the thought of it irritates and disturbs me. I wish it had never been invented, just as I wish motor-cars had never been invented. If motor-cars had not been invented, I should not starve, I should simply use a horse and cart. Then why not have a horse and cart now? It is a silly question. It was all very well to use a horse and cart when there was nothing but horses and carts on the road : but things have changed. What

was once a comfort and a necessity is now become an unnecessary discomfort. The moment always comes when you are bound to yield to the march of progress. No sane man is a die-hard for the mere sake of dying hard. It is for the sake of some end which he values. I value remoteness; more precious to me than pearls is the possibility of living free from trivial disturbance by my fellow-men. If I were now to change my motor-car for a horse and cart I should not be exchanging more disturbance for less, but less for more. I do not value the being able to do the journey to my market town in a quarter of the time. That a two hours' amble with a horse and cart should be reduced to a half-hour's dash in a motor-car means in itself nothing to me. Fifteen years ago a two hours' drive behind a lazy horse was a heavenly experience; to-day it is become a torture. To save what I can of my own peace I hoot and toot with the rest of mankind.

And, sooner or later, I feel, I shall be compelled to listen in, for the same reason, to save what I can of my own peace. In but a few years' time, I foresee, every-one will carry a portable telephone. People from miles away will insist on speaking to me, and I, to save myself the trouble that will come of disregarding their messages, will be forced to acquire and use yet another machine. I resent this coming compulsion. Wherever I turn I discover the same universal conspiracy, to rob me of my remoteness. Perhaps, if I had been born to remoteness, I should welcome these diminutions of solitude; but I was not. I have had to work hard to gain it: I have to work hard to keep it. And it fills me with disquiet, even with dismay, to realize that the march of events is against me and my ideal.

How much against, I felt with a shock as I read this paragraph from the *Times* of May 30th:

> A further attempt will be made to-night from 2LO to broadcast the song of the nightingale. It is hoped that

> listeners may hear the notes of the bird at about 11 o'clock. As recently stated in *The Times*, two microphones are being taken to Oxted to-day, and will be placed near a nest. Miss Beatrice Harrison will play her violoncello to induce the birds to sing. Suitable corrections will be applied in the amplifiers on the spot to reduce extraneous sounds as far as possible and to make the song of the birds stand out clearly.

That announcement fairly horrified me. In vain I tell myself that my horror is a mere sentimentality. What is sentimentality anyhow? Who will define it? Who will distinguish between sentimentality and sentiment?

There is, I suppose, in the notion of sentimentality the notion of some excess, or falsity in the feeling. Browning's famous line:

> God's in his heaven : all's right with the world,

when it is taken, as it always is, apart from its context, is to me sentimental. Not that I deny that God is in his heaven, or that all is right with the world. It may be true; but, if it is true, it cannot be truly said in those words or in that tone. That Pangloss chirpiness is generally to be found at the bottom of a beer-can. The emotion is not true. But to speak of the truth or falsity of an emotion lands us straightway in difficulties. It is hard to say that when Rachel wept for her daughters and would *not* be comforted, her emotion was untrue. She felt it. But that is not enough; and the problem why it is not enough is the fundamental problem of literary criticism. (That shows, incidentally, how vastly important literary criticism is, for it touches immediately on the profoundest problems of human life and conduct.)

We may say that in an elementary sense all emotions, being felt, are true. One kind of sentimentality will appear when we have reason to suspect that the emotion is not really felt. I should not care to charge Browning with not having felt the emotion which he expressed.

In his line I find a sentimentality of a different kind, which is excessively difficult to define. It seems to consist in a surrender to a moment of *mere* emotion. Emotions, in order to be of the kind that one can judge true or false, have to have an element of thought in them. It is, after all, almost (perhaps quite) meaningless to say that an emotion because it is really felt is true. A toothache is neither true nor false; so with all the primitive emotions that closely border on mere sensations. When the element of thought enters into them, however, they become amenable to the judgment: true or false? But a thought-emotion is not necessarily true because the judgment contained in it is true. For all we know, the assertion contained in Browning's line may be true. But, if it is true, an apprehension of its truth would not arouse so blithe and chirpy an emotion. If all is right with the world, it is right with it in a mysterious way; and we, if we could see the secret, would be inclined not to carol about it, but rather to chant a solemn *Nunc dimittis*.

A thought-emotion (that is, in itself, not an easy conception) seems to be true when there is a kind of correspondence (again mysterious) between the truth of the thought and the quality of the emotion that accompanies it. Dante's assertion,

> Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria,

somehow proves itself. Possibly there are greater griefs than remembering past happiness in a time of woe. But that Dante believed and felt the truth of what he said is guaranteed by his words. Dante, by the way, was one of the two mightiest masters of this communication of truth in thought-emotion. In this supreme poetic gift he is second to Shakespeare alone. Let me give another example: his invocation of Virgil:

> O anima cortese Mantovana
> Di cui la fama ancor nel mundo dura
> E durerà quanto il moto lontana.

the quality of those lines—the precise tone of their music—seems to prove the truth of Dante's faith concerning Virgil. And yet, of course, that is hardly possible. What has happened, I suppose, is that we have come up against an absolute limit to the capacity of language : here rational criticism is non-plussed. For the first of those lines is not merely a true description of Virgil, but it is the kind of true description of a great poet that another great poet alone can give. Virgil's very soul, the soul that is uttered in his poetry, and can only be uttered in poetry, is in those four words : "O anima cortese Mantovana." Ten thousand volumes could not say as much of the truth about Virgil as those four words. Deep speaks to deep in them ; yet they are perfectly simple. This is the *absolute* truth of poetry.

But I am wandering. In such fields I would gladly wander for ever, and satisfy my hunger for something more than the starve-crow criticism of poetry which we chiefly get to-day. It seems to me that people no longer know what pure poetry is : they do not understand the mysterious voice which makes truth and beauty one. They can judge truth, they can admire beauty ; but they have to separate them. In pure poetry the two are one and inseparable. The truth *is* the beauty, the beauty *is* the truth. It seems easy to understand, until you really try to understand it. Then it seems the hardest thing in the world. And, I verily believe, it is the hardest thing in the world, something that can be grasped only in moments of vision, and can never be explained. How can one *explain* that the single epithet *cortese* in Dante's line is poetry *in excelsis?* It is not simply beautiful nor simply true ; it has the quality of beauty-truth, of something other and higher

than either beauty or truth. Truth absolute, beauty absolute ; and they are absolute only at the point where they are one.

Keats said this long before me, and more.

" That is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." All we know, the topmost pinnacle of our most piercing knowledge : all we need to know, could we not know it for more than a moment. How many men, I wonder, have understood even dimly what Keats meant? Even the elect fail utterly to comprehend. Have I not myself lately read in " Q's " book—*Charles Dickens and Other Victorians*—those extraordinary lines quoted, with this astounding commentary :

> But, of course, to put it solidly, what is vague observation—to anyone whom life has taught to face facts and define his terms—actually an *uneducated* conclusion, albeit most pardonable in one so young and ardent.

" An uneducated conclusion ! " *Gott im Himmel!* The utmost term of human knowledge—the vision vouchsafed only to the captain-souls among men, that which Plato, Christ, Shakespeare, Dante, saw and could not speak, very god of very god, seen no longer through a glass darkly, but for a moment face to face.

Let me get back to my nightingale, or I shall say something of which I shall be ashamed, and once more for my pains be called an incoherent mystic. I am tired of that vain parrot-cry : mystic ! mystic ! mystic ! Let any critic of poetry who would avoid mysticism honestly face the simple fact of that one line, those four simple words of Dante :

> O anima cortese Mantovana.

When he has faced it, lived with it, pondered it, brooded over it, then let him read the two lines of Keats and brood over them, and tell me whether they are true or not. If I am a mystic, it is simply because I am a critic. *Omnia abeunt in mysterium.*

But back to my nightingale. " Miss Beatrice Harrison will play her violoncello to induce the bird to sing."

> Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird,
> No hungry generations tread thee down,
> The voice I hear this passing night was heard
> In ancient days by emperor and clown :
> Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
> Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
> She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
> The same that oft-times hath
> Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Let me consider. Were it any other bird—if, for example, it were that cuckoo who has been swooping from one gate-rail to another round my house for the last six weeks, whose note was to be broadcast, should I care? Not in the least. Nor would Miss Harrison need to play her 'cello. It is simply because it is the nightingale that I am dismayed. And, to go one farther, it is simply because the song of the nightingale is what it is that I am perturbed. It is the most secret, the most thrilling, the most rapturous, the most inviolable voice of nature. Inviolable—that is the secret of my dismay. That is why the microphones, and Miss Harrison, and her 'cello seem to me a kind of elaborate sacrilege.

Yet why not? Why should not those many who have never heard the song of the nightingale have the chance of hearing it in the only way they can? I do not know. I have nothing to say. In what respect is broadcasting the nightingale's song worse than printing off Keats' letters to Fanny Brawne by the thousand on a Wharfedale machine? In none that I can see. The conclusion is unescapable : there is no correspondence between the quality of my emotion and the truth of my thought. Whether or not I am a mystic, I stand self-condemned as a sentimentalist, for though I can see that my regret is nonsensical, the regret remains.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

"TOWARDS THE STARS."—*Mr. Dennis Bradley (as medium—soliloquizing),* "I am surrounded by Ektoplasm. The spirits whenever they happen to be in my neighbourhood are compelled to draw near. They are attracted to me as to a magnet. I can compel them to speak to me—indeed they are only too delighted to do so. They are always craving to speak to humans on this sphere. I am one of the very few whom they can use. Oh that there were many more!

(Darkened room—silver trumpets on table—lights appear here and there before the eyes—perhaps the result of biliousness—but taken as an effort on the part of spirits to make themselves manifest.)

Spirit of John Jones (hisses through trumpet and speaks), "You are a great man, Dennis Bradley—a very great man—a sort of revealer. You have a great work to do—to reveal to men a better revelation than that of the New Testament. You are to make men more sure of a life hereafter than Jesus Christ could. You are to revolutionize the ideas of the well-to-do of suburbia who are now afraid of the future because of self-indulgence and slums. You are to make them unafraid. There is no hell. The very worst that happens is that they go back to a lower state of development and take billions of years in getting up to what they were in the careless days of a born-with-a-silver-spoon-in-your-mouth youth. There is no heaven—or at any rate the ideas of heaven are all wrong. You will still smoke cigarettes and have your whiskeys and sodas in the other world—in heaven. You have a great revelation to make to mankind. There is a great work before you. I am always with you—at your elbow as you write your beautiful ideas of our perfect happiness in the other world, where we are content and understand things. Christianity is all wrong and will soon be played

out, with the Archbishop of Canterbury and his £15,000 a year. When you have written your wonderful book millions will see that you are right. I, John Jones, who speak to you, lived in Ireland before the days of St. Patrick and I have been evolving and evolving, and hoping and hoping that some day I should come across a man like you, so filled with ektoplasm that he could compel me to make a revelation. You are that man. Proceed with your work. You are the great St. Paul of Spiritualism. Through you the twentieth century is to be entirely changed in its religious ideas. My half hour is up. Good-bye."—T. A. D.

MR. NOEL COWARD.—Thirty years ago there were nasty men who were stimulated into active sin by the sight of an ankle beneath a mass of frilled and embroidered white petticoats. The discreet revelation of a garter on a plump leg, or a wink from a sparkling eye fired these gentlemen into a wildness of passion. They drank champagne from slippers, smirked in an agony of carnal devotion, and went home early in the morning; whilst the ladies who owned the slippers, the garters and the ankles, and dressed in tight corsets, sequins and strange hats knew themselves to be successful exponents of an ancient trade. There were other women, and other men, whose tastes were less professional, less expensive, and less public, although their interests appear to have been basically the same.

Yet many of these persons, through the commercial ability of a contemporary are willing, at this hour, to exhibit their naughty behaviour for the absurdly modest sum of one halfpenny. This business man, who turned to profitable account his understanding of what may be called the " peep hole " complex in human mentality, designed the familiar stereoscopic slot-machine wherein a series of photographs is revolved into a semblance of lively movement by a handle. He chose diverse sub-

jects, giving titles calculated to attract those idle minds whose moral behaviour was either a wayward or carefully stifled process ; " Fun in a Ballet Girl's Dressing-Room," " What the Husband saw at 3 a.m.," " A Joke in an Artist's Studio," &c., &c. His machines were made of cast iron. Whilst to the skill evinced by the display of photographs limited to suggestiveness must be credited thirty years' revenue.

The success of this exploitation is no curiosity. Neither is the complex on which it rests. It is the sense of shame following its exercise which promotes inquiry. For many people, peeping into a bedroom, or a bathing machine, or into the intimacies of the neighbour's house, ever holds a fascination. They may be honestly and genuinely amused, feeling perhaps that life, in its variety, is being made truly manifest there. But others may graduate from the pastime, learning that their weakness in peeping is greater than the weakness they observe ; and thereby, that knowledge so gained is too circumstantial, and almost useless evidence in life itself. They have not become ashamed of what they have seen, so much as of the atrophying of the reason by the senses which enabled them to peep.

To-day, for an outlay in proportion as a halfpenny is to a set of old photographs, Mr. Noel Coward exhibits peepshows containing real flesh and real blood. He has scenes representing two passionate, suppressed women becoming drunk whilst waiting for a lover whom they have both shared previously, two elderly women undressing for bed, a middle-aged woman attempting to seduce a schoolboy in a railway carriage, and the stresses between a decadent mother and a drug-taking son.

No one doubts that these incidents actually occur. They are pictures which are as true of weakness as the photographs of thirty years ago. Each is taken with a remarkably wide-angle lens, developed in the deep emotion of a young man and printed with a most skilful,

precocious wit. They are valuable to Mr. Coward as observations of a growing vision. Their realism cannot be doubted, but their reality is a tiny thing.—A. G.

Posters.—There is a form of competition current at the moment in which the competitiors have to arrange in order of popular esteem a number of well-known posters. A friend of mine has won a prize in one of these competitions; and as he is a poster artist himself I was curious to know how he managed it. He was wise. He did not trust to his own judgment in the matter at all, nor even what he imagined to be the judgment of that person we all long to meet and perhaps talk to—"The Man in the Street." No, more for his own interest's sake than anything else, he made every person he met for a fortnight arrange in the order that pleased him a set of reproductions of the competition posters, and at the end of the fortnight he took the average arrangement. It was as he feared it would be. The nearest approach in his set to the kind of work that he was producing was well at the bottom of the list and at the top was a poster like "Boxo prevents that sinking feeling." There you are—you know that poster as well as I do. Can we escape it? No, we cannot. That one poster is undoubtedly worth more from the advertizing manager's point of view than the whole of Mr. McKnight Kauffer's beautiful work put together—as it is in Gower Street at the present moment. How Mr. Kauffer's work comes to be displayed on our hoardings at all is a mystery to me, because it seems that, however much we want our Kauffer's, the manufacturers, if they take the results of their competitions to heart, ought to want their "Feelings" still more. But, thank heaven, Kauffer's work *is* displayed and his Whitsuntide posters for the underground show more of his ingenuity and painstaking craftsmanship than ever.—E. F.

BOOKS TO READ

SIR WILLIAM OSLER. By Harvey Cushing. (Oxford University Press.) 2 Vols. 37s. 6d. net. In 1 vol., on India Paper, £2 10s. net.

Professor Cushing's rather massive biography of one of the most eminent figures in modern medicine needs no recommendation to the profession, but it should interest laymen as well, for it is always human and only incidentally concerned with technical matters. The informal manner of the telling is apposite to its subject, who preferred "to vault a five-barred gate rather than to open it." Osler was a man of wide interests and genial character; and it is pleasant to be brought into such intimate acquaintance with him. His catholicity of artistic and religious feeling was conspicuous He was one of the chief saviours of the Shakespeare First Folio for the Bodleian. His teaching and clinical work in Canada and America did much to promote international understanding in medicine. He radiated a humour and unselfishness not always to be found in scientific leaders. A commanding figure: yet *Ich Dien* were his most fitting epitaph.

PLACES AND PERSONS. By Margot Asquith (Countess of Oxford and Asquith). (Thornton Butterworth.) 21s. net.

Miss Margot Tennant journeying to Egypt in 1891, Mrs. Asquith touring America, Spain, and Italy two or three years ago, and Lady Oxford reflecting upon life, all show the same vivacity and unflagging zest for experience. Her judgment is sound and shrewd (that is, we agree with about four-fifths of her opinions!); and when we differ, about Prohibition for instance, we are—all the more—convinced that her heart is in the right place. She is among those few who have truly "drawn themselves with a pen," in Montaigne's phrase; and her very transparency, her downrightness, her curious insensibility, make her record of society the more authentic. "There are disadvantages as well as advantages in being so sensitive to form and to beauty as I am. Want of grace influences my opinion of people, and nervous clumsiness makes me cold with impatience." After that, who could have any doubts?

A TRAVELLER IN NEWS. By Sir William Beach Thomas. (Chapman & Hall.) 15s. net.

The chief aim of these reminiscences is to cast a benign light upon Lord Northcliffe ("The Chief"), whose journals the author has served in many lands. The book as a whole makes little appeal to us; Sir William's adventures and anecdotes are not made very interesting. The part dealing with the status of War Correspondents on the Western Front is of documentary value.

NAPLES THROUGH THE CENTURIES. By Lacy Collison-Morley. Illustrated. (Methuen.) 10s. 6d. net.

The accomplished historian and critic of Italian letters gives us a lengthy and thorough account of the sinister, magnificent, and squalid town with its almost unsurpassed romantic appeal. Mr. Collison-Morley is not a typical descriptive or travel-writer, not highly *personal* in impression nor anecdote; but he is always satisfying with his stores of history, art, and legend. He leads us from the Greek period through the Middle Ages to the present day—in the last few years, one is glad to know, the untidiest streets in the world have become cleaner in every sense. His account of the Neapolitans, with a "dash of lava in the blood" is equally valuable. In fact, he is an almost impeccable authority—though, by the way, it was in 1571, not 1751, that Cervantes was in the neighbourhood.

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS. By M. Schede. Translated from the German by H. T. Price. (Blackwell.) 11s. 6d.

The ordinary tourist or "amateur" of Hellas is offered, in this volume, a satisfactory résumé of the political and artistic history of the Acropolis. The author is particularly felicitous in his earlier detail. His feeling for the various tactile values of the marbles is sensitive and unusual. He is not quite so fortunate in his descriptions of the later, Parthenon, sculpture. His touch is heavy, his insistence on the sensual responses to "soft feminine lines" and so on is a little annoying, particularly when referring to the goddess herself or her carved Nikes. Mr. Price does not escape occasional awkwardness of rendering. The plates leave nothing to be desired. The reconstructive plans are excellent.

GREEK SOCIAL LIFE. By F. A. Wright. (Dent.) 5s. net.

This is not a full-length study of the subject; but a series of excerpts, dealing especially with the great period of Athens; translated by various hands. Aristophanes and Xenophon are widely drawn upon. The whole is welded by a brief Introduction, interesting if a little superficial. The book is of value so far as it can attract those unacquainted with the elements of Greek social history.

GREEK ETHICAL THOUGHT. By Hilda D. Oakeley. (Dent.) 5s. net.

This volume contains a representative collection of Greek writing on the problem of conduct. The significance of that problem for the Greeks is not easily exaggerated: for Greek philosophy, especially in the great period heralded by the advent of Socrates, is as much a discipline of living as of thinking, and "conduct," liberally interpreted, demands not three-fourths, but the whole, of life. There can be no ultimate divorce between theory and practice, for "virtue is knowledge," and to know oneself is the beginning alike of goodness and of wisdom. *Amor veritatis vincit omnia.* The truly moral life is the rational life, that which is harmoniously organized to preserve its balanced course between the extremes of ignorance and passion. It is a life lived in a well-ordered community, each of whose members fills his appropriate place and performs that function for which he is best fitted in the wise economy of the whole. As Miss Oakeley remarks in her fine introductory essay, it is not the limitations of this doctrine which most impress us but the ubiquity of the Greek genius, the breadth and humanity of its culture. It gives us an essentially synoptic view, a vision of "all time and all existence." Though it may not, and certainly does not, close all the ethical issues, it yields us the inspiration of one of the most profound contributions to moral philosophy that the world has ever known.

HYPATIA: OR, WOMAN AND KNOWLEDGE. By Dora Russell. (Kegan Paul.) 2s. 6d. net.

It is curious that Mrs. Russell, the feminist contributor to the "To-day and To-morrow" series, should devote nearly all her space to a violent flogging of dead horses. Most of the information she imparts is stale; most of the reforms for which she agitates are already accomplished facts, and most of her assumptions about the moral and ethical habits of her fellow-beings are gratuitous to the verge of impertinence.

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL KNOWLEDGE. By A. N. Whitehead, Sc.D., F.R.S. (Second edition.) (Cambridge University Press.) 12s. 6d. net.

This book may be fairly said to constitute a landmark in the history of modern *Naturphilosophie*. Since its first appearance in 1919, Prof. Whitehead has developed his views in two further publications, and has built up a work which places him in the front rank of philosophers of science. In the present volume he attempts a systematic "revaluation" of the classical concepts of mathematical physics in the light of that "new world of thought" which the successive labours of Larmor, Lorentz, Einstein, and Minkowski have opened up regarding "the relations of space and time to the ultimate data of perceptual knowledge." Starting out from the actual facts of sense experience, Dr. Whitehead seeks to obtain a set of entities, defined in terms of these facts, which possess all the requisite formal properties and perform all the mathematical services of the traditional notions which they are designed to replace. These new entities are free from the objections which hold against the older conceptions. They are not, we find, literal existential components of nature; and yet they are, in their own type, as real as are the actual perceptible elements of which they are logical functions. Nature, as given to us in direct experience, consists of particular spatio-temporal *events*, in which are situate *objects* or universals of various types. And in terms of these natural *events* Dr. Whitehead defines the required set of physical concepts, by means of a brilliant procedure which he calls the *Method of Extensive Abstraction*. The details of his undertaking cannot be reproduced here; but suffice it to say that Dr. Whitehead has achieved a success to which few other contemporary contributions to this subject can lay claim. His book is not easy and, as he himself admits, is not always clear. But it could scarcely have been otherwise in a pioneer discussion, distinguished no less by the complexity of its problems than by the originality of their treatment. No philosopher, and no physicist interested in the wider issues of "relativity" can afford to neglect this work.

Modern Russian Literature. By Prince D. S. Mirsky. (Oxford University Press.) 2s. 6d. net.

Prince Mirsky makes a very sound contribution to a welcome series of little manuals. Critical profundity is not his business here; and he does not attempt it: but he steers skilfully between the narrow nationalism and the imported mysticism that alternatively spoil most estimates of the Russian mind. He is clear on two important points: this literature is historically quite young, and inherently realistic: but he does not relate these facts to the eminently *prophetic* quality that marks the greatest Russian works.

The Unknown Goddess. By Humbert Wolfe. (Methuen.) 5s. net.

We should like Mr. Wolfe's book better without its superficial and uncritical preface. His poems have a "quality," they have considerable grace of manner, and a quiet suggestion of emotional depths beneath.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

The Goat and Compasses. By Martin Armstrong. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

The accomplished young story-writer symbolizes the action of his novel by setting it in a dwindling south-coast village which is being slowly, slowly devoured by the waves. There is much delicacy, penetration, and restraint in the study of various inhabitants in their love affairs high and sordid, youthful and mature. The acidly genteel Susan Farly, who feeds her heart on an illusion and dies in lunacy, is strikingly etched. Why is it that a more or less primitive, rustic setting still appears to serve English novelists best?

Sea-Horses. By Francis Brett-Young. (Cassell.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Brett-Young works some interesting "psychology" into this story of adventure in Southern Seas. He has still, we think, to cut away a good deal of extraneous matter before the keenness of vision he has often shown becomes really free. The style is, of its kind, a good style.

The Glory of the Conquered. By Susan Glaspell. (Jarrolds.) 7s. 6d. net.

This, the first novel by the author of *Fidelity* is a rather beautiful, though almost *too* intense, [illegible]udy of perfect love between a great scientist and his young wife, a pain[illegible]er. It centres in Chicago University, where Karl Hubers, engaged in research work on cancer, goes blind. His wife fits herself, by months of secret toil, to become "his eyes"; but the tragic *dénouement* leaves her to fulfilment of another kind. The book has vividness and power the four chief characters are realized with discernment and passionate emotional sympathy.

Lewis and Irene. Translated from Paul Morand. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. net.

H.B.V. renders with faithful artistry the phrases that conjure up the South, the Mediterranean, and the East, of which M. Morand is so passionate and faithless an admirer. The love-story is remarkably original: and the serio-comic Madame Magnac and the wise Greek Irene, triumphant in finance but broken by emotion, are both very well-defined characters.

Trevalion. By W. E. Norris. (Hutchinson.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Norris gives us a competent and well-proportioned, if rather mediocre, story. His people are conventional, yet real: the hero, a fine and attractive character afflicted with what we believe is called an "inferiority complex," seems to lose the sympathy of his fellow-men and (more strangely) of his author in a rather unaccountable way.

NOTABLE NOVELS—*continued.*

A VOICE FROM THE DARK. By Eden Phillpotts. (Hutchinson.) 7s. 6d. net.

That a devoted admirer of Mr. Phillpotts should live to compliment him on a detective-story! His power of realistic narrative and his grasp of construction serve him well. The excitement lies, not in the identification of the murderers, but in the difficult and picturesque bringing of them to account. We are doubly rewarded in the last chapter by laying a ghost which, in Mr. Phillpotts, would have been perturbing.

THE TORTOISESHELL CAT. By Naomi Royde-Smith. (Constable.) 7s. 6d. net.

This study of a generous, artistic girl's life as schoolmistress and private secretary in London has a good deal of subtlety, humour, and sympathy. The unsuspecting Gillian's relation with Victoria Vanderleyden—a theme slightly reminiscent of Daudet's *Sappho*—is handled with a delicacy that does not lessen its power. The Dowager ("My son, Sir Reginald, the third baronet, was at Eton and Magdalen colleges") is amusing; and Miss Royde-Smith has a genius for letters of complaint.

THE RECTOR OF WYCK. By May Sinclair. (Hutchinson.) 7s. 6d. net.

A story surprising by its very quietness and moderation. Miss Sinclair makes amends to the country and the country parson. Her handling of her almost trite theme is consummate: she rarely evokes strong feeling; but never provokes æsthetic dissent.

MARRIED ALIVE. By Ralph Straus. (Chapman & Hall.) 7s. 6d. net.

An amusing story of a reader in social psychology (whatever that may be) with a reputation far beyond the limits of Cambridge, who during a rest-cure meets a startling exemplar of his theories in the person of a charming bigamist, trigamist—worse! Neither the don himself nor some of the action is as convincing as might be; but the complications are fairly well kept-up; and one character, the amiable, garrulous, old Lady Rocket, sometimes recalls the immortal Miss Bates.

LITTLE NOVELS OF SICILY. By Giovanni Verga, translated by D. H. Lawrence. (Blackwell.) 6s. net.

In these tales of peasant life where the sun blights the corn land and the volcano waits to drown the vineyard with its lava, tragedy and comedy blend in scenes that oddly recall Ireland. Verga's spirit is singularly akin to that of Mr Lawrence. His pages burn and scald with the bitterness of tyranny and poverty; but there is endurance, fortitude, even love, as well.

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